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The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.

PART I.

THE TEXT EDITED

BY

CARL HORSTMANN.

(SIDE-NOTES BY F. J. FURNIVALL.)

[*Part II, edited by Dr. J. Kail, is at Press.*]

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MINOR POEMS.

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I. La estorie del Euangelie.[1]

fol. Ciii. b.

(A FRAGMENT.)

(Title :) I ceste liuere est escrit la estorie del Euangelie en engleis solum ceo ke ele est escrit en latin, et continue de la Anunciacion nostre seignour Ihesu crist. De la Natiuite benette. De sa Passion. De sa Resurexion. De sa Ascension e de sa Glorificacion. Et de soun Auenement a Jugement et de nostre presentement en cors en alme.

(*Picture cut out.*)

Sum-while ich was wiþ sunne i-bounde,
And sunne me hath icast to grounde;
Bote, swete Ihesu, þi swete woundus — Jesus, Thy
Leesed me haþ of harde stoundus.
Whon I to þe tornde my þouht,
Pynes to þole ne greueþ me nouht;
Þy Deþ me haueþ of serwe i-brouht — death has made me love
And loue to þe in me haþ wrouht. — Thee,
Þe to loue is al my blisse,
Me longeþ sore þi woundus to kisse.
Swete Ihesu, my þouht þou wisse,
On þe to þenche þat I ne misse.
ffole þouhtes me were woned to tille,
ffeole tymes to don ille,
In word, In dede, In wikked wille,
Niht and Day, al me to spille:
Bote whon I me vndurstod
Þat þou for me scheddest þi blod,
ffolye to leue me þhouhte good — and leave folly.
And to þe, Ihesu, I tornde my mood.
Bote ȝit I me bi-gon to drede
Þat he þat eggeþ mon to quede
Wiþ sunfol þouht me wolde lede
To wikked wille or fool dede.

[1] Ed. before by me in *Engl. Stud.*, viii. 2.

I fix my thoughts on Thee.

Þerfore my þouht on þe i feste ;
ffor þer i wot to fynden reste—
Of vche loue þou art þe beste,
Þou art þe loue þat euere wol leste.
Nis no mon, Ihesu, bote in þe
In whom bi-houeþ us I-borwed be.

I would write of Thee,

Þi loue to winne, i wolde fonde,
ȝif I me mihte wel vndurstonde,
Sum þing of þe to write and rede,
Þer-þorwh of þe to winnen mede.

and tell Thy Gospel in English.

And heo þat scholden hit iheren,
Of þe Gospel mowe sumwhat leren
Þat writen is þer-Inne of þe,
On Englisch tonge þorwh swynk of me.

The Wise of old

Wyse men bi Olde dawes
Bokes made of goode lawes,
Hou me scholde hem wiþ rihte leden
And wys to ben in alle heor deden ;
And þei no-þing ne wusten of þe,

made Gods of stone,

But goddus heo maden of ston and tre,
And þing þat ne mihte seo ne here
ffor God heo honourede and heolde dere :

and of the Sun and Moon.

Sonne and Mone, Day and Niht,
Sterre and al þat ȝiueþ lyht,
Þat Goddus weren alle þei wenden,
And God of heuene no-þing ne kenden.

Clerks wrote wonders

Of grete Clerkes also we fynde
Þat Bokes made of Beestes kynde,
Of ffoul, of Ston, of Gras, of Treo,
And al for Mon þeron to seo,
Solace to haue and techinge,
And hem to holde from fool lykynge—

of Beasts,

ffor whose hereþ of Beestes kynde
Mony wondrus he may þer fynde,
ffeole þinges seon and here
Wher-þorwh he may him-self lere
Hys lyf to lede wiþ more wynne,
Good to do and hatyȝe synne.

and that the Hart, Adder, and Eagle

A wys mon seiþ þat bestes weren,
Hert and Eddre, þeos þreo, and Ern,

þat heore lyf chaungede þorwh here kynde— changed their life by nature.
ffor þus of hem I-write we fynde:
þat kuynde ȝifþ vche mon eggynge,
Of vche good þing haue ȝeornyng.
Bote beter þyng ne mai no mon fynde
þan þe, lord of alle þynge,
þat Beest and ffoul and alle wiht
At wille beoþ vndur Monnes miht.—
Ihesu louerd, þi loue to wynne Jesus, grant me grace to sin no more.
ȝif me grace to bi-gynne,
Loue me sende to fordo synne,
þat al monkynde was bounden Inne,
Ar Godus sone in þe Maiden alyhte, Before Thou wast born,
Aȝeyn þe deuel we nedde no mihte;
ffor we weren vndur his mihte,
Of good to don we loren þe sihte.
þat tyme was sunne so ryf,
In Old, In ȝong, In Mon, In Wyf:
As sone as heo laften þe lyf, men went to Hell when they died,
To helle heo wenden wiþ-outen stryf.
Habraham, Ysaak, and seint Ion,
Dauid þe kyng, and Salamon,
þidere heo wenden, euerichon,—
Heo nedden þo no beter won.
fforte Godus sone was don on Rode,
þidere[1] wente wikkede and goode, [1] MS. þiderre
þe wikkede to pyne, wiþ dreri mode, the wicked to be the devil's food,
þere to beo þe deueles foode;
Bote þulke soules swete
þat here on lyue heore synnes leete,
In freo prisun þenne was heore sete, the good to live in prison.
To abyde þe biheste of þe prophete.
Prophetes weren I-woned to grede:
"Ow schal comen wiþ-oute drede
þat flesch schal taken in Maydenhede
And us to Ioye of pyne lede."
Whon God of heuene herde þis cry,
Of Monkynde he hedde mercy:
And ches a Mayde of gret ferly, Then God
Clene in soule and in body.

sent Gabriel

To hire he sende a swete fere,
þat him was swiþe leof and dere:
Gabriel, wiþ swete chere,
to greet Mary, And hire gon grete on þis manere:
"Heil, ful of grace, God is wiþ þe,
A-Mong wy*m*men I-blessed þou be!"
þe Maide was dred on him to seo,
And þouhte what þis mihte beo.

(*Here picture: Mary and angel.*)

and tell her Jesus should be born of her;

þEnne him spac þe Aungel fre:
"Marie, nouht ne dreed þou þe!
A child schal beo boren of þe,
Iesus schal his nome be.
He schal þe ffader of heuene qweme,
In Dauid sete sitte and deeme,
þe folk of Israel he schal ȝeme
And heore fon from hem fleme."
þenne onswerde þat swete Mayde
To þe Aungel Gabriel and sayde:
"Hou schal þis be? nouȝwher I ne leide
Mi þouht to luste of mon vpbreide."
þen þe Aungel hire herte dihte,
And of þis gretynge hedde in-sihte:
the Holy Ghost should alight in her, "þe holy gost (he seide) schal in þe alihte
And in þe worche wiþ his mihte.
and her Child should be God's son. þe chyld þat of þe schal beo bore,
Godus sone he schal beon i-core;
He schal þe folk, þat herbi-fore,
To blisse bringe, þat heo hedden forlore.
And þat þou þe soþe lere,
þi nece Eliȝabeþ, lo here,
þat is in elde feole ȝere,
Heo haþ chyld take of hire feere.
þe sixte Moneþ now is anon
þat heo haþ wiþ chylde igon—
ffor to God of heuene, þat is on,
Nis word of vnmihte non."

Mary Nolde Marie no lengore plede,
þis wordes in hire herte heo sede:

"Lo me her Godus Mayde, assented,
Wiþ me do God as þou hast sayde!"
As sone as þis was in hire þouht,
In hire was Monnes kuynde i-wrouht conceivd,
And soþfast God was þerto i-brouht—
Mon, þer-of ne dred þe nouht!
þe Aungel Marie God bi-kende
And to him eode þat him sende.
And sone aftur þat mayde wende and went to
To Eliȝabeþ, hire kuynde frende. Elizabeth,
Sone so þe Mayde Marie
Entrede þe hous of ȝakarie,
Eliȝabeth In *pro*phecie
þe Maide custe and þus gon crie:
"A," heo seide, "how may þis be
þat my lordus modur comeþ to me?
As sone as ich herde þe steuene of þe,
þe Child in my wombe makede gle.
¶ A-Mong wymmen I-blessed þou be, who blest
And blessed beo þe fruyt of þe!" [1] her and her
þer bilafte þat swete may Fruit.
Wiþ Eliȝabeth wel moni a day—
Ne louede heo no foles play,
Bote louede God and þonked ay.

[1] Here should follow v. 275 ff.

(*Picture: Mary and Elizabeth.*)

þEnne þer was a swete metynge,
Swete cluppinge and swete cussynge!
A Mayde þat bar þe lord of alle þinge,
A wyf þat bar seint Ion in holy weddinge!
þis was seynt Ion for whom bi-fore Elizabeth was
His ffader hedde his speche for-lore, John the Bap-
And to þe tyme þat he was bore, tist's Mother,
As þe Aungel seide bi-fore.
¶ ȝakarie was his ffadre name; and Zacha-
Gret mon he was and of good fame. rias was his
Tyme com of þe seruyse, Father.
þat he don scholde in heore wyse:
In þe temple he saih vp rise
Bifore him *a* mon, and him gon agrise.

An Angel

HIt was an Aungel, Godes sonde,
þat gon at þe Auter stonde,
And ȝakarie he com to fonde,
Don his seruyse bad him not wonde.

told Zacharias

"ȝakarie," he seide, "ne dred þou nouht!
Bifore God þi bone is wrouht;
þat þou hast him bi-souht,
Schal in Eliȝabeth ben i-wrouht:

that he should have a child cald John,

A child þou schalt on hire winne,
þat schal ben Ioye to al his kinne,
I-blessed he beo hire wiþ-Inne;
Ion he schal hote, clansere of sinne.

(*Picture: Zacharias and Angel.*)

who should prepare God's way.

At his Burth-tyme me schal gamen & pleye:
He schal greiþen godus weye,
To þe folk he schal soþ seye
And mis-bileue he schal doun leye."

He doubted,

ȝakarie onswerde wiþ dreri chere:
"Hou may þis ben on eny manere?
Boþe we beþ olde, ich and my fere,
And forþ igon in feole ȝere."

and was struck dumb.

þe Aungel seide: "þis schalt þou se.
And for þat þou leuest not me,
þou schalt beo Doumbe, ich sigge þe,
fforte þat child ibore be."

þe Aungel bi-lafte no lengore þore,
Ne ȝakarie ne spac no more,
Bote out he eode, sikynge sore—
þe folk hedde wondur wherfore hit wore.

Bote heo seiden alle by-dene
þat he haþ sum wondur i-sene
þat he so longe haþ i-bene
In þe temple, as we wene.

But he tried,

ȝakarie þenne dude his dede,
Nout for his fleschliche nede,
But child to wynnen, ȝif he miht spede,
And so of God to wynne meede.

þat swete couple at þat metynge
Of ffleschliche lust hedde no lykynge,

Bote holy wille and swete egginge
To Godus seruyse chyld forþ bringe.
  A child he won þorwh godus mihte, — and begot a child
þorwh Godus heste, and hedde insihte:
In Eliȝabeth þe holigost lihte — on his wife Elizabeth,
And þat child in hire dihte.
  Eliȝabeth ful glad was þo
þat heo gon wiþ chylde go!
A-wey heo let al hire wo
þat heo hedde fourti ȝer and mo.— over 40.
  Whon þat child scholde iboren be, — When the Child was born,
His frendes aboute of þe cuntre
Wiþ blisful chere, gamen and gle
Alle he comen þe child to se.
¶ þenne seiden his frendes alle
ȝakarie heo wolden him calle.
  þat herde þe Modur, þer heo lay,
And onswerde and seide: "nay, — Elizabeth said he should be cald John.
"Mi leue frendes, doþ a-way!
Ion he schal hote, ȝif I may."
¶ Alle heo seiden þat *þer* nas non
In al heore kynde þat hihte Ion.
  To ȝakarie þe word heo brouhte
And bad him sigge what he þouhte.
And he a table sone souhte
And þeron þe nome wrouhte.
  On þe tablet he wrot anon — and Zacharias wrote the same,
þe childes nome, he wrot Ion—
"God bi-fore he schal gon — v. 247-8 should follow v. 196.
And to him torne mony on."
  Wondur hedde þo al his kynde
Hou he mihte þis nome fynde.
Bote God his tonge let vnbynde;
And he him louede wiþ al his Mynde.
  "God," he seide, "i-blessed þou be,
þat of his folk wolde haue pite,
And his Merci haþ i-sent to me,
þat þis child schulde i-bore be!
  [1]And þou, child, schalt ben clept *pro*phete, — and that the child should
þou schalt greiþe godus strete,

[1] This stanza follows v. 266 in the MS.

Godus folk þou schalt . . gete
And hem teche heor sunnes bete.

preach to folk how to get to heaven.

þis speche to godus folk þou schalt preche,
þou hem schalt þe soþe teche
Hou heo schulle to heuene reche."

. . . . . .

(*Picture: Birth of John.*)

Mary stayd with Elizabeth

Also as ich er seyde, þe Maide Marie
Hire lyf ladde wiþ-oute folye
Wiþ Eliȝabeth and hire cumpaygnye.

. . . . . .

Wiþ hem þenne was heo þore
þreo Moneþes, oþur more,
Wiþ-outen sunne, wiþ-outen sore—
Heo louede god, þat was hire lore.

(as Bede says)

As seiþ þe holy mon seint Bede:
ffrom hire nece nout heo ne eode

till John was born.

Ar heo say fulliche in dede
Eliȝabeth seint Ion fede.—
þenne heo þonked god, ful of blisse,
þat he wolde seo hire mekenesse
And hire a sone sende in swetnesse,
To taken in hire monnes liknesse.

Then Mary said all men should call her blessed,

"þerfore me schal al Monkynde
Blisful telle in heore mynde,
þat he wolde in me Mekenesse fynde,
þat mihtful is to lame and blynde.
Of Merci he was leche
ffrom kynde þat dredde his speche.
Of þe proude of herte he dude wreche,

for God had exalted the lowly.

And dude þe Meke an heiȝ to reche;
þe hungri in god he made stronge,
And þe riche he lette al swonge.
þe folk of Israel haþ vndurfonge
þe child þat heo abide longe;
¶ Also him spac þe heuene kyng
To Abraham and his ofspring."
Whon Marie hedde i-seȝe þe dede
Of þe child and al þe neode,

Þe Mayden hire bi-gon to spede
And leue tok and hom heo eode.
  Whon heo com hom, Iosep to queme
Þat als his spouse hire hedde to ȝeme,
In his herte he gon hire deme,
Hou heo mihte wiþ childe seme.
  Whar-of hit were, noþing he nuste,
So as he neuere hire Mouþ custe
Mid wille of sunne, ne neuer luste
Hire Maidenhod fulliche vpbreste.
  And for in him nas no falshede,
In word ne in þouht ne in dede,
In his herte nas no drede
Þauh heo hedde ilore hire Maydenhede.
  And for he neuere ne saiȝ wiþ eiȝe
Þat heo to fool dede gon hire beyȝe,
Loth him was on hire to lyȝe,
Of[1] fleschliche dede hire be-wrye.
  ffor wel he wuste, nas þer no speche,
Þorwh þe lawe of spousbruche,
Bote hire þe domesmon bi-teche,
Sone of hire to take wreche.
  Aȝe þe lawe him lyked ille
Þat me scholde a Mayde spille.
ffor-þi bi-fel hit in his wille
Þat Mayde lete and leuen hire stille.

[1] MS. Of of

Joseph wonderd

how Mary was with child.

He had never seen her do folly.

He did not wish her kild.

(*Picture: An Angel appears to Joseph in his sleep.*)

Þo Ioseph in his herte wende
  Ho[u] þis scholde come to ende,
A-slepe he fel, as god him kende,
And to him his Aungel sende:
  "Ioseph," he seide, "no-þing ne drede,
Marie as þi spouse þou lede;
Þat child in hire þo[u] schalt fede:
Hit is þe holigostes dede.
  Þe holigost hire haþ beo mylde
And Marie haþ i-brouht wiþ chylde;
God in hire haþ i-do vertu:
His nome þou schalt clepe Ihesu."

An Angel told him that

the Holy Ghost had childed her.

Her son's name was to be Jesus.

Joseph left Mary a maid.

Whon Ioseph herde þis tyþinge,
Marie he heold in clene weddynge
And wiþ þe Maide in good lykinge
Mayde bi-lafte to his endynge.—
Bi hem þat weore bi-fore
Ioseph wuste whon god scholde be bore . . . .
¶ þat tyme was mih[1] . . . . .

[1] Last words cut out with the picture on the front page.

After Cæsar's

Augustus Cesar wa . . . . . .
In al þat lond nas . . . . . .
Ouer al þat lond w . . . . . .

decree,

He criede his ban . . . . . .
To alle þat weren . . . . . .
þat vndur him no . . . . . .
þat were of eny oþu . . . . . .
Whon Ioseph þus h . . . . .

Joseph took Mary to Bethlehem

Wiþ him tok þe Ma . . . . . .
Out of Naȝareth h . . . . . .
And to Bethlehem h . . . . . .
In Bethleem he tok his wony*n*ge,
ffor Marie was neih childynge,
And for his kun and his ofspringe
Weoren of Dauidþes hous, þe kynge.
In Bethlehem hous he tok,

to a poor cottage.

Luytel and pore, as seiþ þe Bok,
In an old cote and al to-falle—
Nedden heo no bettere halle.
Seint Ierom a Mayde kende
In a writ þat he hire sende:

She earnd her bread by her needle.

þat [þat] Mayde won hire bred
Wiþ hire nelde and hire þred.
Whon þat child was forþ brouht,
Luytel heo hedde oþur riht nouht

Jesus was born in a barn, on hay and fern,

fforte leggen Inne þat Bern,
But a luyte hei oþur vern;
Heo wou*n*den hi*m* wiþ þat heo mihten gete,

and laid in a manger,

And leyden him, þer bestes ete.

(*Picture: Birth of Jesus.*)

Heo leyden him in Bestes stalles,
I-loke bi-twene two olde walles—

þenne was fuld þe prophecie
þat bi-fore seide Ysayȝe: — as Isaiah
þe Oxe and þe Asse hedde kennynge
Of heore lord in heore stallynge.
And Abacuc also haueþ i-seyd: — and Habbakuk foretold.
By-twene two bestes he scholde be leyd.—
So bi-fel þat ilke tyde
þat in þe cuntre þerbisyde
Herdes wakede in a Mede, — Herds were
Heore bestes and heore schep to fede.
Sone to hem an Angel wende
And to hem brouhte a swete tyþinge—
Heo bi-gonne to ben in doute
Of liht þat was þer hem aboute.
þe Aungel seide: "nouȝt ȝe ne drede! — told by an Angel of Christ's birth
Ich wole ow telle a blisful dede:
A child is boren for oure nede,
þat schal his folk of pyne lede.
And [þat] ich ou þe soþe bringe,
þat ich ȝiue ow to tokenynge:
In Bethlehem he liht, i-wounde — in Bethlehem in a crib.
In cloþus, and in a Crubbe i-bounde.
[1]In a Crubbe he is leyd, — This stanza is corrupt.
As ich ow habbe er i-seid.
He schal his [folk] of sunne bringe, — He shall be Lord of all.
As crist and lord of alle þinge."

(*Picture: An Angel appears to the Shepherds.*)

. . . . . .

(*The other leaves of this Poem are wanting in the MS.*)[1] — 8 leaves wanting in the MS.

[1] The Index to MS. Vern. gives the following description of the poem: CIIII Of þe Anunciacioun ihesu crist. Of his Natiuite. Of his circumcisioun. hou he [was] offred to Symeon. Of þe passioun. Of þe resurrexioun. Of þe ascensyoun. Of þe sendynge of þe holi gost. Of þe comynge to þe day of dom. ¶ And oþere diuerse Stories of ihesu crist and of his modur; þe whyche [be] in diuerse paneles in peyntur, and euery panel had his scripture acordaunt þerto, þe whiche peynture his table suffisaunt.—Then followed: fol. CXI þe pyte of crist stondynge in þe sepulcre. þe scheld off þe fey. þe scheld of þe passioun. Diuerse orisones to þe fadur and to þe sone and to þe holy gost, whit peyntures. CXII Salutaciones to vre lady, wiþ peyntur*e* annex. CXIII ȝyt salutaciouns to vre lady. Then Miserere &c.

II. Verse Paraphrase of Psalm LI.

(From the Seven Penitential Psalms, by Rich. Maidenstoon.[1] Beginning wanting, supplied from MS. Digby 18.)

[*Miserere mei, deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam:*

1. Have mercy on me, O God!

Mercy, god, of my mysdede, [Penit. Psalms, v. 385.]
ffor þi mercy, þat mychel is.
Late þi pite springe & sprede,
And of þi mercy þat I not mys,
And aftir þi goostly grace I grede.
Now, dere god, þou graunte me þis,
That I may lyue *in* loue & drede,
And neue*r*e eft to don amys!

Et secundum multitudinem miseracionum tuarum dele iniquitatem meam.

Do away mine offences

And aftir þi mercies þat be*n* fele,
Lord, fordo my wickidnesse,
And helpe me forto hide & hele
Þe blames of my freelnesse!
3if eny sterynge wolde me stele
Out of þe cloos of þi clennesse,
Wise þou me, in woo & wele,
And kepe me from unkyndenesse!

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, & a peccato meo munda me.

2. Wash me from sin.

More-oue*r*e þou wasche me fro [my] synne,
And fro my filþis clense þou me;
Enserche my soule wiþoute & ynne,
That I no more defoulid be;
And as þin herte cleef atwynne
Wiþ deolful deeþ on rode-tre,]

[Vernon MS. fol. Cxiii.] So let me neue*r*e werk bi-ginne, [Penit. Psalms, v. 407.]
Lord, but 3if hit like þe!

Quoniam iniquitatem ego cognosco &c.

3. My sin is ever before me.

ffor al my wikkednesse i knowe,
And sunne is eue*r*e me a3eyn.
þerfore let þi grace growe,
Ih*esus*, þat were wiþ Iewes slayn.
Riche and pore, hei3e and lowe,
Smale and Grete, ich am certeyn,
At domes-day whon þou schalt bowe,[1]
Of þi merci schul beo fayn.

[1] MS. D: whan beinus blowe.

[1] Ed. by Adler and Kaluza in *Engl. Stud.* 1887, X, p. 242 ff., from MS. Digby 18, with various readings from MSS. Rawl. A 389 and Ashm. 61; there are, however, several more MSS. In MS. Rawl. the poem is ascribed to Richard Maidenstoon, in MS. Digby to Rich. Hampole. The Psalm Miserere begins v. 385, MS. Vern. v. 407.

Tibi soli peccaui & malum coram te &c.

To þe only trespast haue I,
Wrouht wikkedliche a-ʒein þi glori,
Wiþ wordus and wiþ tricheri.
Þou demest riht and hast victori:
Þerfore þi blis nou beo-seche I;
ffor told hit is in moni stori
Þat hose crieþ to þi Merci,
Is endelesliche in þi memori.

4. Against Thee only have I sinned.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus.

Bi-hold hou in sunne i was conceyued
Of my Modur, as Men beon alle,
And of my ffadur nouʒt receyued
Bote flesch ful ffrele and fayn to falle.
Bote seþþhe þi flesch, lord, was parceyued
And for vr sake strauht on stalle,
Was neuer sinful mon deceyued
Þat wolde to þi merci calle.

5. Behold, I was conceived in sin.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti.

Lo, for þow hast loued riht,
Þe priue counseil of þi wit
Þou hast me schewed þorwh þi miht:
Twei kuyndes beþ to-gedere I-knit,
Þral is fre and knaue is kniht,
God is mon, as gospel writ.
ʒif my soule in peril is piht,
Merci, God, and help þou hit.

6. Thou hast loved truth.

Asperges me domine ysopo & mundabor.

Wiþ holi watur þou schalt me sprinke,
And as þe snouh I schal be whit.
ffor þauh my soule in sunne sinke,
Wiþ weopyng watur I[1] may ben quit.
Dedly drauhtes þauh I drinke,
Of repentaunce ʒif me respit.
ffor on þi peynes hose þynke,
In worldly welþe haþ no delyt.

[1] *al.* it

7. Thou shalt make me white as snow, and

Auditui meo dabis gaudium.

To myn herynge þou schalt ʒiue
Gladnesse, to glade bones meke.

8. to have gladness.

In louhnesse lere þou me to liue,
Leoue lord, I þe by-seke.
Þe þeoues gult hit was forȝiue,
On Rode-treo [his][1] bones breke. [1] MS. heore
A serwful herte and clene i-schriue
Saueþ soule and bodi eke.

A*uerte faciem tuam a peccatis meis.*

9. Turn Thy face from my sins.

ffrom my sunnes þou torne þi face,
Put al my wikkednesse a-way.
Gret is my gult, grettore þi grace,
And elles fayleþ al vr fay.
Sunnes fele þat me deface
Makeþ þat I ne con not say,
But crie Merci whon I trespace—
Ichot þer nis non oþur way.

C*or mundum crea in me, deus.*

10. Make in me a clean heart.

Make in me, god, myn herte clene,
Þat rihtful gost in me þou rewe.[1] [1] r. newe
ffrom seuen sunnes[1] þou make hit schene, [1] r. sunnes seuen
Wher so þou go I may þe suwe.
Allas þi tormentes for tene,
Þi bodi blak, þi bones bluwe!
Mekeful lord, þou make hit sene
Wiþ-Inne myn herte, þat hidous hewe.

N*E proicias me a facie tua & spiritum sanctum t.*

11. Cast me not out from Thy face.

Cast me not out from þi visage,
Tac not from me þyn holigost!
To bi-holde þat feir Ymage,
Of alle murþus hit is þe most.
A blisful brid was brouht in Cage,
Cauht[1] and Cud in eu*e*ri cost, [1] *at.* couþ
Whon þou weore drawen in tendre age
To driuen adoun þe fendes bost.

R*edde michi leticiam salutaris tui.*

12. Give me the joy of Salvation.

Of heleþe ȝif me ioye and blisse,
And strengþe me wiþ þi spirit chef,
And al my fyue wittes wisse,
Þat I may loue þat þe is lef;
And as þou miht my langour lisse,

þou brouhtest mon to gret bonchef,
So let me neue*re* þi Merci misse
Whon I am gret wiþ gostly greef.

D*ocebo iniquos uias tuas: & impii.*

þe wikkede i schal þi weies teche, 13. I will teach the wicked Thy ways.
þe sunfule schule to þe conuerte.
þou sunful soule, beo war of wreche,
And þenk hou[1] crist is hed and herte, [1] r. on
Breste, bak and bodi bleche,
Hou hit was bete wiþ scourges smerte.
To rewe on him I wolde areche,
Allas þer may no ter out sterte!

L*ibera me de sanguinib*us, *deus, deus.*

Deliuere me from blameful blod, 14. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness!
Almihti god, lord, myn heleþe:
þen schal my tonge wiþ mylde mood
Apertly schewe þi seli selþe.
þi rihtful blod ran doun of Rod,
To wasschen vs from vr flescly fulþe,
And mony a storm aȝeyn þe stood
To wissen vs from þis worldly welþe.

D*omine labia mea aperies & os meum.*

Mi lippes, lord, þou schalt vndo, 15. Open Thou my lips!
And my mouþ schal þi preisyng spelle:
þi merci and þi miht also
Parfyt[li] may no tonge[1] telle. [1] r. no tonge may
ffor whon we dedly sunne do,
þi riht vs dampned anon[1] to helle; [1] *al.* demeþ doun
But whon we sese and con sei ho,[1] [1] sei ho, *i. e.* stop.
þi Merci is vr wasschyng-welle.

Q*uoniam si voluisses sacrificium dedissem.*

Weore sacrifice to þi likyng, 16. If Thou likedst sacrifice, I would give it Thee.
I hedde hit ȝiue wiþ herte fre;
But, certeynly, no such þing
As in him-self plesaunt may be.
þi-self were offred, a child ful ȝing,
And afturward on Rode-tre,
Whon of þin herte þe blod con spring:
þerfore myn herte I offre to þe.

Sacrificium deo spiritus contribulatus.

17. The sacrifice of God is a grieved spirit.

To God hit is a sacrifice
A greued gost þat serweþ sore,
An huymble herte wol not despise,
Whil repentaunce may hit restore.
I haue forloren[1] þi seruice
And luitel i-lyued aftur þi lore;
But i repente nou and aryse:
Merci, god, I wol no more.

[1] MS. R. forleten

Benigne fac domine in bona voluntate.

18. Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem!

Wiþ meke wil do to syon,
Ierusalem walles þat þei weore wrouht.
Ierusalem, as seiþ seint Ion,
Is[1] holy churche þat erreþ nouht.
Two testamentes cordynge[1] in on
þe walles were to-gedere i-brouht,
Whon him-self was Corner-ston
þat Monkuynde haþ so deore abouht.

[1] MS. In
[1] *al.* acordeþ

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iusticie.

19. Then shalt Thou accept the service of Righteousness.

þenne schaltou sacrifice accepte
Of rihtfulnesse [&] truþe entere,
And calueren after þi precepte
þei schul beo leyd on þin Autere.
On Caluarie a calf þer crepte,
Crist on Cros, boþe clene and clere.
ffor teres þat his Modur wepte,
He schylde vs alle from helle fere!

III. Her biginneþ an orisun of þe trinite.[1]

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

FAdur and Sone and Holigost,
Lord, to þe I crie and calle,
Studefast god of mihtes most,
My sunful lyf is steken in stalle:
I preye þe, lord, þat þou þe[1] haste
Me to helpe, þat I ne falle,

[1] MS. me

help me!

And mak my soule clene and chaste
Of dedly sunnes and vueles alle.

[1] The same in northern dialect in MS. Thornton, ed. by Perry, *Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse*, E. E. T. S. 1867, No. 6, p. 75 ff.

Lord, haue Merci of my synne,
And bring me out of al my care;
Euele to do wol I nou[1] blynne, [1] P T couthe neuer
I haue I-wrouht aȝeynes þi lawe[1]: [1] r. lare
þou rewe of me [boþe] out and Inne,
And hele me of my woundes sare;
Lord, þat al þis world schal winne,
Hele me ar i fonde and fare.

FAdur in heuene þat wel[1] may, [1] P all
I preye þe, lord, þat þou me lede
In rihte weyes of stable fay;
At myn endynge whon I haue drede,
Þi grace ich aske [boþe] niht and day,
And ȝif me merci of my misdede.
Of myn askyng sei not nay,
But help me, lord, at al my nede.

Swete Ihesu, for me was boren,
þou here my preyere loud and stille,
ffor pyne þat me is leid bi-foren
Ofte i sike and wepe my fille.
Ofte so haue I ben for-sworen
Whon I haue don aȝeynes þi wille,
Suffre neuere þat I beo loren,
Lord, for myne dedes ille.

ÞE holygost, i preye to þe
Niht and day in good entent,
Of al my serwe cumforte me,
Þin holi grace þou me sent,[1] [1] P be to me sent
And schild me, ȝif þi wille be,
ffrom dedly sunne, þat I ne beo schent,
ffor Marie loue, þat Maiden fre,
In whom þou lihtest, verreyment.

I preye þe, ladi Meoke and mylde,
þat þou preye for my misdede,
ffor [þe] loue of þi swete childe,
As þou him sauh on Rode blede.
Euerȝite haue I ben wylde,
Mi sunfol soule is euere in drede:
Merci ladi, þou me schilde,
And helpe me euere at al myn nede.

Have mercy on my sin!

Father, lead me in the right way!

Jesu, let me not be lost!

Holy Ghost, comfort me, and shield me from sin!

Mary mild, help me in my need,

Merci, Marie, Mayden clene!
Þou let me neue*r*e In sunne dwelle,
Preye for me þat hit beo sene,
protect me from the pain of Hell, And schild me from þe pyne of helle.
ffor certes, ladi, riht wel i wene
Þat al my fomen maiȝt þou felle.
ffor-þi my serwe to þe I mene,
Wiþ ferful mod my tale i telle.
BI-þenk þe, ladi, euere and ay
Of alle wi*mm*en þou berest þe flour;
ffor su*n*fol mon, as I þe say,
God haþ don þe gret honour.
accept my prayers, Receyue my preyere niht and day,
Whon I þe be-seche in eny a Our;
Help me, ladi, so wel þou may,
Me bi-houeþ þou beo my counseilour.
Off cou*n*seil, ladi, i preye to þe
Niht and day, in wele and wo;
comfort me, Of al my serwe cu*m*forte me,
And beo my scheld aȝeynes my fo.
ffor, certes, ȝif þi wille hit be,
Al my fo-men maiȝt þou slo.
Help me, ladi hende and fre,
Þou take þat þe is fallen fro.
stand by me at my death! At myn endynge þou stonde bi me
Whon I schal henne fonden and fare,
Whon þat I quake and dredful be,
And al my sunn*us* I rewe hem sare.
As eue*r*e myn hope haþ ben in þe,
Þenk[1] þe*r*on, ladi, and help me þare,
ffor [þe] loue of þat swete tre
Þat Ihesu spradde [on] his bodi bare.
Jesu also, Ihesu, for þat ille[1] stounde [1] P ilke harde
Þat þou woldest on Rode blede,
At myn endynge whon I schal fou*n*de
Þou haue merci of my misdede,
And hele me of my dedlich wounde,
And help me in þat muchele nede;
help me when I die, Whon deþ me takeþ and bringeþ me[1] to grou*n*de,
Þen schal i, lord, þi domes drede. [1] om. me

LOrd, for my sunnes to do penaunce,
ffor my dedes[1] þou graunte hit me [1] P Be-fore my dede
A[1] space of verrey Repentaunce [1] P And
In serwe of herte, I preye to þe.
In þi merci is myn affyaunce;
Of my folye þou haue pite,
þat þou of me ne take veniaunce, take not vengeance
Lord, for þi benignite. on me,
LOrd, as þow art ful of miht
And as þou alle þinges wost,
My lyf amende, my dedes riht, [1] This verse added on the margin.
[1]ffor mari loue þat maide*n* chost,[2] [2] P chaste
And bringe me sone in to þat liht bring me to
Wiþ-outen ende þer ioye is most,
On þe to seo þat swete siht, sight of the Trinity!
ffadur and Sone and Holigost. AMEN.

IV. A confessioun to Ihesu crist.

SWete Ihesu crist, to þe
A gulti wrecche Ich ȝelde me I have sind
ffor sunnes þat ichaue ido
In al my lyf hider-to.
In Pruide, in Envye, In lecherye, in all the Seven Sins,
In Sleuþe, In Wraþþe, In Glotenye,
In al þis worldus Couetyse,
Ichaue isunged In alle þyse.
I-broken Ichaue þi Comaundemens against the 10 Commandments,
Aȝeynes myn owne Conciens,
And not iserued þe to queme:
Lord Merci, ar þe dom is deme.
TO ofte ichaue in my lyue
Isunged in my wittes fyue, and with all my Five Wits.
Wiþ Eres I-herd, wiþ Eiȝen siht,
Wiþ sunful speche day and niht,
Wiþ Honden I-hondlet, wiþ feet I-go,
Wiþ Neose i-smullet eft also,
Wiþ herte sunfulliche i-þouht,
Wiþ al my bodi vuel I-wrouht:

And of alle my folye
Merci, lord Ihesu, Ich crye.
Al-þauh ichaue i-sunged euere,
But I never forsook Thee, Lord. Lord, i ne forsok þe neuere,
Ne oþur god ne tok i none,
ffadur of heuene, but þe one.
And þerfore, lord, i þe biseche
Wiþ rihtful hertliche speche,
Ne ȝif þou me none mede
Aftur my sunfule dede.
Jesu, send me But aftur, lord, þi grete pite
Ihesu lord, asoyle þou me,
And send me ofte, ar I dye,
sorrow of heart, Serwe in herte, and ter in eiȝe,
ffor sunnes þat ichaue i-do
In al my lyf hider-to.
And let me neuere eft biginne
To do no more dedly synne,
So þat I at myn endyng-day
Clene of synne dye may,
Wiþ Schrift and Hosul at myn ende;
that my soul may go to bliss. So þat my soule mowe wende
In to þat blisful Empyre
þer þat þou regnest lord and sire.
Mary, Mother of Mercy. Swete ladi seinte Marie,
fful of Alle Curtesie,
Modur of Merci and of pite,
Myn hope, myn help is al in þe.
Wel ich wot, ibore þou were
In help of al vs wrecches here;
And wel ich wot þat alle þing
þi sone wol don at þi biddyng.
beseech thy Son to have Bi-sech þi sone lef and dere
ffor me synful wrecche here;
Bi-seche him, for þe loue of þe
mercy on me, þat he haue merci of me;
And help me at myn ende-day
ffrom þe foule fendes affray.
my friends, BI-seche also þe flour of alle,
þi sone, for my frendes alle,

þat he hem kepe wiþ his grace
ffrom alle *per*els in vche place,
And ȝef hem god lyf and god ende,
And Ioye whon þei schul heþene wende; 64
And also alle cristene men.
God lord Ih*esus*, Amen AMEN. 66

Seint Michel and seint Gabriel
And alle þe Angeles[1] also wel,
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 70

HOli Patriarkes and *pro*phetes,
Alle i preye ow and bi-seches:
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 74

PEter and Poul, þe Apostles alle,
Alle i beo-seche ou ȝerne and calle:
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 78

SEint Steuene and seint Laurens
And alle gode *Mar*tires þ*at* þoleden *tur*mens,
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue Merci. 82

SEint Martin and seint Nicholas
And alle gode confessours þ*at* eu*er* was,
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 86

Seinte Kate*r*ine and seinte Mergrete
And alle þe v*ir*gines gode and swete,
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 90

Seinte Marie Maudeleyne,
To þe I preȝe and eke pleyne:
Preyeþ[1] for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 94

Alle Halewen þat euere were,
þat beoþ *crist* lef and dere,
Preyeþ for me to vre ladi,
þat Ih*esus* of me haue merci. 98

[1] MS. Angis

[1] r. Prey

and all Christian men.

Pray also for me ye, Michael, Gabriel, and all Angels,

ye Patriarchs and Prophets,

ye Apostles,

ye Martyrs,

ye Confessors,

ye Virgins,

Mary Magdalene,

and all Saints;

pray for me to our Lady.

V. A preyer to þe fiue woundes.

Jesu, let Thy love be fixt in my heart as fast as the spear was in Thine!

Ihesu crist, my lemmon swete,
þat diȝedest on þe Rode-tre,
Wiþ al my miht i þe be-seche,
ffor þi woundes two and þre,
þat also faste mot þi loue
In to myn herte ficched be
As was þe spere in to þin herte
Whon þou soffredest deþ for me.
Ihesus þat diȝedest on þe Rode
ffor þe loue of me
And bouhtest me wiþ þi blode,
Jesu, have mercy on me! þou haue Merci of me:
What me letteþ of eny þing
ffor to loue þe,
Beo hit me lef beo hit me loþ,
þow do hit a-wey from me, AMEN.

VI. A preiere to ure ladi.[1]

Mary, Mother, keep me from sin, send me spiritual food.

MArie Modur and Mayden : Euere wel þe be!
Modur and Mayden mylde : Marie, þenk on me!
Modur boþe and Mayden : Was þer neuere non
To-gedere, ladi Marie : But þi-self al-on.
¶ Marie Mylde, þat Modur art : And mayden hol and clene,
To-day me schilde and euere : ffrom serwe and herte-tene;
Marie, out of synne : Euere kep þou me,
And from þe deueles cumbrement : And out of his pouste.
¶ Marie ful of Merci : ffor þi Ioyes fyue
Help me now and euere : To lyuen in clene lyue;
And for þe deo[l]ful[1] teres : þou lettest vndur þe Rode,
Send me in my lyue : Grace of gostly fode,
Wher-wiþ I may my soule : Vche day her feden;
And of bodily godus : Mi lyf also wiþ leden.

[1] MS. deoful

[1] A similar poem in short verse, from a MS. of the 15th cent., see in Wright, *Rel. Ant.* II. 212. In the MS. the poem is written in half-lines; the colons (:) were added by me.

HElp me, swete ladi : And alle frendes myne,
And schild us here from alle vr fos : And from
helle-pyne;
Swete ladi of heuene : Schild us from worldus schame, Mary, shield me and my friends from the Devil's wiles,
And from þe deueles wyles : And from wikkede fame,
Nomeliche from dedly sunne : And from vilenye,
And from alle-maner folk : Of wikked Cumpaignye.
SWete ladi Maiden : Godus Moder Milde,
Aȝeynes þe fendus turnes : þou vs euere schylde,
þat no wikkede þing : Neuere vs do dere;
ffrom sunne, ladi, euere : þou saue vs and were. and from sin.
¶ In alle tymes, ladi : Boþe day and niht [1] MS. my
Help us, seinte Marie : Wiþ al þy[1] meyn and miht.
I preye þe for my frendes : And eke also for me,
þat we moten here : Amendet beo þorw þe;
As mest vr soule is nedful : And also to vr lyue,
Marie, mak hit so : Wiþ us, for þi Ioyes fyue.
LAdi, for myn Enemys : I preye þe also, I pray thee also for my foes;
þat heo in þis lyue : Moten her do so
þat heo neuer in synne : Ne in wraþþe dye;
Swete ladi Marie : Herteliche I þe preye.
And for alle þulke : þat ben in clene lyue for all of pure life,
I preye þe, Marie : ffor þi serwes fyue;
Euere whil heore lyf laste : þer-Inne þou hem holde,
Boþe whil þei ben ȝonge : And eke whil þei ben olde.
FOr alle þo, ladi, i preye þe : þat ben in dedly synne; and all in deadly sin.
Suffre hem neuere for no þing : þat þei dye þer-Inne;
Swete ladi Marie : Heom wisse euere and rede,
And do hem amenden, ar þei dyen : heere heore misdede.
MArie, for þi Ioyes : þat blisful weren alle,
Let me neuere here : In dedly sunne falle;
Preye þou þi deore sone : Ihesu heuene-kyng, Pray thy dear Son to grant
He graunte me soþfast schrifte : Hosel and god endyng,
And for his precious blod : And his holy grace
In heuene-riche wiþ him-self : þat I mowe hauen a place. me a place in Heaven,

MArie, as my trust : Enterliche is in þe,
ffor þi leoue sones loue : þeos preyers graunt
þou me;
and ever-lasting bliss. And beo myn help studefast : To gete me þat blisse
þat euermore schal lasten : Wiþ-outen eny misse AMEN.

VII. A preyer at þe leuacioun.[1]

Welcome, Jesus, in form of Bread! WElcome, Lord, In fourme of Bred!
In þe is boþe lyf and Ded,
Ihesus is þi nome.
þou þat art In Trinite,
Lord, þow haue Merci of me
And schild þou me from schome.
Hail Thou Son of God, HEil Ihesu, godus sone,
Holigost from heuene i-come,
Kyng þou art i-Coren;
Heil mon of most miht,
Godus sone þat art so briht,
Of Marie þou were boren.
HEil god, best þe be,
heil Blosme vppon tre,
Heried beo þi sonde!
Heil fruit, heil flour,
Thou Saviour of the world, Heil be þou Saueour
Of watur and of londe.
HEil kyng, heil kniht,
heil mon of most miht,
Prince in þi Trone,
Heil Duyk, heil Emperour,
Heil beo þou gouernour
Of al þis worldus wone.
Thou flesh and blood, HEil flesch, heil blod,
heil mon of mylde mod,
Heil beo þow kyng;
Heil God ffeirest,
Heil beo þou, bern best,
þow madest alle þyng.

[1] Title in the Index : Sixe salutacions to þe trinite in tyme of þe eleuacioun of godis body.

Heil Rose vppon Rys,
heil mon of most pris,
ffor us þou were ded;
Heil God ful of miht,
Godus sone þat art so briht,
In fourme þou art of bred.

God's Son in form of bread.

VIII. A preyer at þe leuacioun.[1]

I þe honoure wiþ al my miht
In fourme of Bred as i þe se,
Lord, þat in þat ladi briht,
In Marie Mon bi-come for me.

I honour Thee, Christ, in form of bread.

Þi fflesch, þi blod is swete of siht,
Þi Sacrament honoured to be,
Of Bred and Wyn wiþ word i-diht;
Almihti lord, I leeue in þe.

I Am sunful, as þou wel wost:
Ihesu, þou haue merci of me;
Soffre þou neuere þat I be lost
ffor whom þou dizedest vppon þe tre,
Ac þorwh þat ladi of Merci most
Mi soule þou bringe in blisse to þe;
Repentaunce to-fore mi deþ,
Schrif[t] and Hosul þou graunte me,
Wiþ ffadur and Sone and Holygost,
þat Regneþ God In Trinite. Amen.

Have mercy on me, for whom Thou diedst!

IX. Þe fyue Ioyes of ur ladi.

HAue Ioye, Marie, Modur and Maide,
As þe Angel Gabriel Message to þe saide
And brouhte þe tiþing
þat crist wolde in þe aliht.
Help us, ladi, þorw þi miht
To habben his blessyng.

I. At Gabriel's message to thee.

[1] Title in the Index: An orysoun to godes body at þe leuacioun.

II. At the Birth of Jesus.

HAue Ioye, Marie, for þou were
Glad of Ihesu þo þou him bere,
And[1] wiþ-outen pyning; [1] r. al?
fful þou weore of Godus grace.
Help me, Ladi, to seo þi face,
ffeirest of alle þyng.

III. At His Resurrection.

HAue Ioye, Marie, feole siþe,
ffor Ihesus a-Ros from deþ to lyue
In a morwenyng,
þe þridde day þat he was ded.
Ladi, schild us from þe qued
And from his wikked tysyng.

IV. At His Ascension.

HAue Ioye, Marie, for þou seȝe
þat Ihesu crist to heuene steiȝe
In to his woniȝing,
And euere þou seȝe him at þi wille.
Help us, ladi, þat we ne spille,
þorwȝ þi beo-seching.

V. At Thy Coronation in Heaven.

HAue Ioye, Marie, þow were vp fet
And bi Ihesu crist I-set
þer þat he is kyng;
Qween he made þe wiþ Croune.
Help us, ladi, þorwh þi bone,
And to blisse us bring. Amen.
¶ ffadur and sone and holigost,
Al þat is and nis þow wost,
And art wiþ-oute bigining:

Lord, grant us endless joy!

Lord, for þi Modur loue
Graunt vs þe Ioye þat is aboue,
þat neuer haþ endyng. Amen.

X. An orisoun to god.[1]

Lord, let me will what Thou likest,

LOrd, my God al Merciable,
I þe bi-seche wiþ herte stable
þat I mouwe euere wilne þat þing
þat most may beo to þy lykyng,

[1] Title in the Index: An orysoun to god þe fadur.

And wysliche folewen euere þi wille,
Sikerliche knowen and folfulle
þe louereden of þi nome and blis,
Mi stat ordeynen as þi wille is.
Al þin askyng and þi wille
Euere do me, lord, folfille;
As me may most in soule nede
þi wissynge help to spede.
Mi wei to þe beo siker and riht,
And harde i-fastnet wiþ þi miht,
þat I in weole þe þonke so
And euere beo pacient in wo,
þat I ne falle neuer mo
In nouþur of hem boþe two;
Ne þat I neuere glad ne be
But in þing þat lykeþ þe,
Ne serwe neuere bote for þing
þat torne þe to mis-lykyng,
Ne þat I neuere desire to plesen
No mon falsliche ne displesen
Bote þe, deore lord, al-one,
ffor no drede of monnes mone.
¶ Al erþliche þing beo vyl to me,
Lord, for þe loue of þe,
And alle þinges þat þyne be
Leof and deore mak hem me,
And þou al-one, Almihti kyng,
Out and ouer al oþur þyng
Euer beo most in my lykyng,
And wiþ me derworþest ouer alle þing.
¶ Alle Ioyes beo nuyous to me
þat ben, lord, wiþ-outen þe.
In alle trauayles þat ben for þe
Euer-more al my lykyng be.
Restes alle þat ne ben in þe,
Anuy and trauayle beo þei to me.
Euere myn herte to þe þou dresse,
Mi sunne to clanse wiþ serefulnesse.
Boxum me make wiþ-oute feyning,
And glad wiþ-outen ryotyng,

and fulfil Thy will.

Make me patient in woe,

and desirous

to please Thee only.

Let my pleasure be in works for Thee.

Make me obedient and

Serwhful wiþ-outen þat luþer last
To maken of my-self out-cast,
Meur wiþ-outen greuoushed,
And Murie wiþ-outen wyldehed,
truthful, Soþ wiþ-outen falshed
Or eny oþur doublehed
Of fikel word wiþ double entente
To bleenden þat þe sawe mente;
Dredful wiþ-outen wonhope,
trustful, And trust wiþ-outen ouer-hope;
Min euencristne to vndurnyme so
þat þer ne beo no feynyng to,
And wiþ-outen eny pruyde
Hem to edefyen in alle tyde,
and an example to all. In word, ensaumple, and in dede,
To alle gode from alle quede;
Vmble wiþ-outen ȝein-siggyng,
Suffraunt wiþ-outen grucchyng.
Waker herte ȝif þou me
Euere, lord, a-bouten þe,
þat neuer non oþur curiousete
Ne led my herte fromward þe.
Give me a noble and ȝif me herte so noble and fre
þat no fals loue hit drawe fro þe.
ȝif me herte þat neuermore fayle,
Ne bi[1] conqueret in no trauayle. [1] = be
¶ ffreo herte, lord, ȝif me wiþ wynne,
þat vuel delyt naue kalange Inne.
right ful heart, ¶ Rihtful herte ȝif me also
þat no wrong wit ne enclyne to.
¶ Lord, ffadur of alle Merci,
I þe bi-seche hertely
skill to know Thee aright, Cunnynge, þe to knowe ariht
Wiþ bisi sechinge day and niht,
Wiþ[1] þat I kunne fynde, [1] r. wit?
Mi þewes in þi lykyng bynde;
Perseuerance þe to abyde,
ȝif me, lord, in vche a tyde,
hope to embrace Thee fast, Wiþ hope trewe and studefast,
þat þe, lord, ay bi-cluppe fast;[1] [1] some vv. wanting?

þorwh penaunce þat I mowe do
þi pyneful [l]yf[1] mowe lykne to ; [1] MS. pynefulyf
¶ And whil me lasteþ lyues space,
Gode werkes vsen þorwh þi grace,
þyne Ioyes vsen and wiþ þe wone and life with Thee in glory.
In þi glorie, wiþ ffadur and sone. Amen.

XI. An orisoun to ðr lord Ihesu.[1]

LOrd, Swete Ihesu crist : Haue Merci of me, Jesu, have
þat out of heuene come : In to eorþe for me,
And of þe Mayden Marie : Boren were for me,
And on þe cros suffredest : Bitter deþ for me.
Of Merci I þe bi-seche : þat mest of mihtes may, mercy on me!
Swete Ihesu my cumfort : Mi solas and my play ;
Of alle vices me deliuere : And of pruide, I þe pray,
þat I may þe louen as lord : And knowen for God verray.
fful muchel ouhte i þe to louen : In stable treuþe and fay, I ought to love Thee.
Whon þou were god and art : And schalt ben euere and ay,
Com in to eorþe for my loue : To take my kuynde of clay, For me Thou tookest flesh,
In þe world to wynne[1] vs wele : þou suffredest men worchen þe way. [1] MS. wynnes
In þe world, as I seide er : In bodi, fflesch and Bon,
Hunger and ffurst heddestou boþe : In hot and Cold to gon, suffredest hunger, and
Blod and watur þou swattest boþe : And Teres Mony on,
And seþþhen for þe loue of vs : þi deþ þen hastou tan.
fful hard and deolful was þi deþ : Hose hedde hit in þouht, painful death,
Whon þat þi blessede bodi : þat neuere no sunne wrouht,
Among þis false Iewes : þi-seluen hast hit brouht,
And seþþen wiþ þi blessed blod : ffrom bale þou hast us bouht.

[1] Title in the Index : An orysoun to god þe sone. In the MS. the poem is written in half-lines.

wast crownd with thorns, A Croune of þornes vppon þin hed : þei setten scharp and fresch,

naild hand and foot, Heo þe nayleden hondes and feet : Boþe þorwh bon and flesch ;

spear-thrust. A spere þorwh þi syde stong : þyn herte was ful nesch,
Whon þe blod and watur sprong : þat vs of synne wesch. 24

þerfore, Ihesu, I preye þe : þat ful art of pite,

Let me not be damnd. ffor my sunnes þat ichaue don : Let me neuere dampned be ;
But graunte me grace in to myn herte : Ihesu in Trinite,
Of stable treuþe and rihtwys werkes : Loue and Charite.

I have broken Thy behests; fful ofte ichaue þe wraþþed : And broke þi Comaundement, 29
Wiþ al my fyue wittes : In lyf þat þou me hast lent,
Vnwisliche hem dispendet : And not in good entent,
Boþe þorwh myn owne wille : And oþure entisement. 32

but, Jesu, hear me, Bote, swete Ihesu, woltou me here : wiþ schrift ichaue þe souht :
In mony werkes, as I seide ere : Vuele ichaue I-wrouht,
Non of hem schal ben vnpunissched— : þeron is al my þouht ;

forget me not, I take me al to þi Merci : ffor loue for-ȝet me nouht. 36

bring me and my friends Wiþ Mylde mod and sikyng sore : I be-seche þe
ffor my ffrendes, Ihesu crist : As wel as for me.
On domes-dai whon þou schalt demen : Scheuh us þi face freo,

to bliss in Paradise. And bring vs in to paradys : þer endeles blisse schal beo. Amen. 40

[XII. An orison to ur lady.[1]]

[1] r. neuene

Mary, let me HEil beo þou, Marie: Mylde qwen of heuene !
Blessed is þi Nome : And good hit is to nemene.[1]
To þe i Make my mone : I prey þe, here my steuene,

not die in sin! And let me neuere dye : In non of þe sunnes seuene. 4

[1] So the title in the Index. In the MS. the poem is written in half-lines.

LAdi seinte Marie : Qween Corteis and hende !
ffor þe Ioye þat þou were Inne : Whon god his Angel dude sende,
And seide þat þe holygost : Schulde in þi bodi lende,
þou bringe me to þat blisse : þat is wiþ-outen ende.
IOyful was þin herte, ladi : —þerof haue I no drede—
Whon Ihesu crist was boren of þe : ffeirest of alle þede, For Jesu's love,
And þou were Maiden biforn : And aftur, as we rede.
Marie, for þe loue of him : Help us at al vr nede. help us in our need,
SWete ladi, þou rewe on me : And mak myn herte clene,
Bring us out of sunne : þat doþ us traye and tene ; bring us out of sin!
Wo hit vs byginneþ : In werkes as we han sene ;
Schild us from þe peynes : þer non may oþur mene.
LAdi ful of grace : Ioyful was þi chere
Whon Ihesu crist from deþ vp ros : þat was þe lef and dere.
Marie, for þe loue of him : þat lay þyn herte so nere, Mary,
Bring us out of synne and serwe : While þat we aren here.
LAdi ful of muche miht : þat mylde art of mod !
ffor his wounndes fyue : þat Ronnen alle on blood,
ffor þe loue of swete Ihesu : þat dyede on þe Rod,
Get me heuene blisse : Ladi feir and god. get me heaven's bliss;
LAdi seinte Marie : Corteis, feir & swete !
ffor loue of þe teres : þat for þi sone þou lete
Whon þou seȝe him hongen : Nayled honden and fete,
þou sende me grace in eorþe : Mi sunnes forte bete.
IN counseil art þou best : And trewest in euer nede,
To sunfol men ful prest : In saumple of good dede :
ffor loue of þi deore sone : þou seȝe on Rode blede,
þou help us nou and euere : And schild us from mis-dede. help us now and ever!
LAdi seinte Marie : So Rose in Erber rede,
To þe i crie and calle : To þe I make my beode :
þou help me at myn ende : Whon I drawe to þe dede,
And let me neuer falle : In bondes of þe quede.
LAdi, for þe ioye : þat þou þi-self were Inne Lady, who art with Christ,
Whon þou seȝe Ihesu crist : fflour of al monkinne,

Steih in to his riche : þer Ioye schal neuer blynne,
Of Bale þou beo my bote : And bring me out of synne.
LAdi, for þat Ioye : þat þou to crist weore tan
In to þe blisse of heuene : Wiþ Aungeles moni an,
And set bi swete Ihesu crist : In ffel, in flesch and bon,
bring me to that bliss, þou bringe me to þat blisse : þat neuer schal beo gon.
LAdi ful of grace : þat heiȝe sittest in trone,
Loue of alle blisse : Send þou me my bone :
Ihesus to louen and drede : My lyf to amenden sone,
And comen to him þat hende : þat weldeþ Sonne and Mone.
FOr þi Ioyes fyue : Ladi feir and briht,
ffor þi clene Maidenhod : And for þi muchele miht,
that light, where joy is ever new. þou ȝif me miht and grace : To come to þat liht,
þer Ioye is euere newe : And day wiþ-outen niht.
LAdi seinte Marie : ȝif þi wille ware,
As þou art ful of Ioye : And I am ful of care,
Schild me from synne and schome : þat I falle no mare,
And send me hosul and schrift : Ar I heþene fare.
A. M. E. N.

[XIII. A confessioun of wyrschip in orysoun.[1]]

God, all-maker, GOd þat al hast mad of nouht,
ffor loue of mon þat þou hast bouht;
Wher in þe world so þat i be,
Wiþ al myn herte I þonke þe :
¶ þat þou me madest on of þyne,
And bouhtest me wiþ bitter pyne.
I thank Thee I þonke þe, lord, wiþ good entent
Of wit and grace þou hast me sent.
¶ Wiþ al myn herte and mylde moode
for all Thy goodness. I þonke þe, lord, of alle gode.
I preye þe, lord, þou graunte me miht
Wiþ al myn herte to loue þe riht.
I pray Thee ¶ I preye þe, lord, out and Inne
þat þou me schilde from dedly synne;
I preye þe, lord, þat þou me wisse
bring me to Thy bliss. And bring me to þi muchele blisse. Amen.

[1] So the title in the Index.

[XIV.]

[Another Prayer to the Virgin Mary.]

MArie Modur, Qwen of heuene, Queen of Heaven,
þenk on me and here my steuene!
Marie Meke and Mylde of mood,
ffor loue of þat holy Rood,[1] . . . [1] r. blood? orig. 2 vv. om.? 4
Marie, þat þou seȝe on Rode
Whon þou bi þi sone stode,
Marie, þat Ran out of his syde
fforte falle þe fendes pryde, 8
Marie, ȝif me knowynge of my synne,
And let me neuere die þer-Inne; let me not die in my sin.
Marie, schild me from vueles alle,
And let me neuere in fondynge falle. 12
Marie, prei for me þi sone
þat myn herte euere on him mone,
Marie, to louen him ouer alle þyng
Wiþ herte trewe to myn endyng. 16
Marie, i preye þe Meke and Mylde,
ffor loue of þi swete childe,
Marie, my scheld beo aȝeyn þe fende Mary, pity
Whon I schal out of þis world wende. 20
Marie, of myn ende is al my drede,
Of my sunnes and of my misdede:
Marie, forþi þou rewe on me, me that I may be saved,
þat I þorwh þe may I-saued be. 24
Marie, Mi ffrendes, quike and dede, and my friends too.
þou hem wisse and þou hem rede,
Marie, In to þat holy blis
þer Ihesu crist him-seluen is. 28
Marie, at my deþ whon I schal fare
Out of þis world, droupe and dare,
Marie, help me þenne as on of þyne, Mary, bring
And bring me out of serwe and pyne, 32 me into bliss with thee!
Marie, in to blisse, wiþ þe to wone,
ffor Ihesu loue, þi deore sone. AMEN.

[XV. Prayer for the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost.]

God, give me the seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost;

GOd þat art of mihtes most,
þe seuen ȝiftus of þe holigost
I preye þat þou ȝiue me,
þat I may þorwh þe grace of hem
Wynne þi loue and *of alle men*,[1]
And euere to qweme þe.

[1] By another hand on erasure.

1. Pity,

LOrd, for þe ȝifte of pite
ȝif me grace sunne to fle,
ȝif hit beo þi wille;

2. Dread,

And þorwh þe ȝifte of drede also
Euere godnesse forte do,
And neuere to don ille.

3. Wit,

IN wit, louerd, wys me make,
Worldus pruyde euere forsake,
ffor þi woundus fyue.

4. Strength,

ȝift of strengþe graunte þou me,
Out of sunne euer to be,
Whiles icham a-lyue.

5. Insight,

IN-sihte ȝif þou me also
þe to knowe, in weole and wo
Wheþer þat i beo Inne.

6. Counsel,

ȝift of counseil put in me
Euere for to serue þe
Clene wiþ-oute synne.

7. Wisdom.

SEnde me wisdam, forte se
Mi wrecchednesse and my frelete
Now and eueri day;

And at my end send me to Joy!

So þat at my lyues ende
To þat Ioye þow me sende
þat lasteþ now and ay. Amen.

[XVI. A Confessioun for necligence of þe dedes of mercy.][1]

I have not fed the hungry.

LOrd, I ȝelde me gulti
þat I neuere fedde þe hungri,

[1] So the Title in Index.

Lord, as þou bede me;
I ȝaf no drinke þe þhursti,
Wiþ wille ne wiþ bodi:
Merci, lord, I crie þe.
ÞE naked, lord, I ne haue not clad
To my pouwer, as þou bad,
Nouþur wiþ dede ne wille;
Ne sek folk ne cumforted I:
þerfore, lord, mak me sori
þat I haue don so ille.
Dede bodies haue I graue non,
But heold despyt of vchon
Wher þat I hem sawe.
In myn herborwh herborwhed I non,
Pore Mon ne Pilgrym, of fflesch and bon,
To folfulle þe lawe.
Prisones þat harde i-bounden lay,
I ne visitede hem Niht ne day:
Lord, for-ȝiue hit me,
And alle oþur wikkedhed,
þat I may comen aftur my ded
And wonen euere, lord, wiþ þe. Amen.

I have not given drink to the thirsty,
clad the naked,
comforted the sick,
buried the dead,
housd the poor,
visited those in prison.
Forgive me, Lord!
Let me dwell with Thee!

[XVII. An orysoun for sauynge of þe fyue wyttes.][1]

LO[r]d, sunged haue I ofte
In my fyue wittes, wiþ wille and þouȝte:
In Lecherouse sihtes,
Wiþ myn Eres herd wikkede sawes
Of myn Euencristne a-ȝeyn þe lawes,
Boþe day and nihtes.
In tast haue I had gret lykyng
And passed mesure In Mete and drink:
Lord, for-ȝiue hit me;
And þat ichaue sunged in smellyng,
And also, lord, in synful felyng,
ȝif þi wille be. AMEN.

I have sind in
1. sight,
2. hearing,
3. taste,
4. smelling,
5. feeling.

[1] So the Title in Index.

[XVIII. An orisoun for negligens of þe X Comaundemens.][1]

INwardliche, lord, bi-seche i þe,
Al my trespas for-ȝiue þou me:
þat I haue broken þi Comaundemens
Aȝein þi wille and þi defens.

1. I have not loved God or — I haue not loued þe ouer alle þyng
And worschiped as my lord, my kyng;

my fellow-Christian. — Min Euencristen ne loued I nouht
As my-self, in wil ne þouht.

2. I've taken Thy name in vain. — þi nome not nempned in worschupe,
Bute ofte-siþes in Idelschupe.

3. I've not kept Holy Days, — In holi-dayes haue I wrouht,
To holychurche eode I nouht.

4. or honourd father and mother. — ffadur and Modur worschupet haue not I,
But aȝeyn hem don vnboxumly.

5. I've slain men in will, and back-bited them, — Men haue I slawen wiþ my wille,
And Bakbited hem boþe loude and stille.

6. have stolen, — Wiþ wrong ichaue had muche þing,
Boþe of ȝifte and of stelyng.

7. born false witness, — Boren ichaue fals witnesse
And seldene i-don Rihtwysnesse.

8. sind in lechery, and — In lecherie haue I sunged ille
Ofte-siþes aȝeynes skille.

9. coveted my neighbours' goods — I-chaue coueyted more þen me hihte
Mi neihȝebores god wiþ vnrihte,

10. and wife. — His wyf, his seruaunt, his oþur þing.
ffor-þi, Almihti heuene-kyng,

Forgive me! — ffor-ȝif me now, and alle men
þat haue broken þi comaundemens ten.

[1] So the Title in Index.

[XIX. Patris Sapiencia,[1] sive Horae de Cruce.]

Matins of the Passion.

Patris sapiencia, veritas diuina
deus homo factus est hora matutina,
A notis discipulis cito derelictus,
A Iudeis traditus, venditus, afflictus.

v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

[Oremus] *D[omi]ne Ihesu* criste, *fili dei viui, qui pro nobis reis passionem in cruce ad mortem pie sustulisti, ob nostram vitam redimendam: In iudicio futuro animabus nostris & in hora mortis nostre succurrere digneris; prestando viuis misericordiam & graciam, defunctis veniam & requiem, ecclesie pacem et concordiam, & peccatoribus vitam & gloriam sempiternam. Qui vivis & regnas deus per omnia secula seculorum. amen.*

Erliche in þe morwenyng : Ihesu þe Iewes gunne take, — At early morn, the Jews took Christ,
His frendes and his diciples : Hedden him sone forsake ;
þei blyndfelden him and Boffeteden : And al niht heold — blindfolded and buffeted Him.
him wake :
And al soffrede swete Ihesu : ffor monkunne sake 4
þat sorwe.
How may I for-ȝete Ihesu : At Euen or at Mor[w]e ?
v[ers.] Crist, honoured mote þou be,
þat bouhtest al þe world on tre ! 8
or[emus.] Lord Ihesu, godus sone : þat synful mon — Jesus, Son of God,
wolt not tyne,

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[1] So the title in Index. The Latin text is ed. in Daniel Thes. Hymnolog. I. p. 337. In the MS. the Engl. poem is written in half-lines. Another poem on the same subject, in MS. Miscell. Lit. 104, Bodl., fol. 50 (temp. Edw. III. or II.), has been edited by Morris, *Leg. of the Holy Rood*, p. 222. It is this, as given by Morris :

Hic incipiunt matutine de passione domini nostri ihesu cristi.
Antiphona : *Patris sapiencia ueritas diuina, &c.*
Vers. *Adoramus te criste &c.*
Or. *Domine ihesu criste fili dei uiui pone passionem crucem et mortem tuam &c. Amen.*
[1]Swete ihesu cryst, goddis sone of lyue, — [1] In the beginning a stanza must be wanting.
þin passion, þin croys, þin ded, þin wondes five

Bi-twenen vr soules and þi dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne:
þi Cros, þi Deþ now and eue*r*e : And at vre endyng-tyme
grant the living, mercy; the dead, pardon; sinners, repentance! Graunte liuynde men : Grace and Merci þyne; 12
To dede, reste and pardoun;
To Churche, pes, loue in londe; : To sunful, contricioun.
v[*ers.*] Cristes passion, heuene kyng,
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-oute*n* endyng. 16

*HOra prima ductus est Ih*esus *ad pilatum,*
ffalsis testimoniis tradunt *accusatum,*
In Collo percuciunt *manib*us *ligatum,*
*Vultum dei conspuunt, lumen deo gratu*m.
v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per *crucem tuam redemisti mundum.*

At Prime, the Jews accused Christ before Pilate, At prime crist þe Iewes : Bi-fore Pilat gunne drawe,
ffalslich þei him a-cuiseden : Wiþ mony a wikked sawe; 18
and spat in His face, þei spitteden in his feire face : þe men wiþ-outen lawe,
Ne wolde þei neue*r*e blinne : Til þei hedde him slawe. 20
Ih*es*u, my dere lemmon,
Blo for-bled was þi bodi : þi brihte Rode was al won.
v. Crist, honoured mote þou beo,
þat bouȝtest al þe world on treo. 24
Jesus, Son of God, *or.* Lord Ih*es*u, godes sone : þat sunful mon wolt not tyne,
Bi-twenen vr soules and þi dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne:

Beelde us (!) houre sinful soules in[1] þin iugement, [1] M. & Nou and in tyme of ded þat we ne be y-schent. 4
[D]eyne to ȝeue myt an grace to hem þat moten lyuen,
And to dede[1] reste, here sinnes þou for-yyue; [1] M. dare
To holi chirche and kyndom loue and pes þou sende,
And to vs wreche sinful, lif wyt-outen ende; 8
þat leuest kyng god and man wyt-outen endingge,
ffader and sone and holy gost to þulke bl[i]se us bringge.

Ad primam horam.
HOra prima dominum ducunt ad pilatum &c.
v. *Adoramus te &c.* or. *Domine ihesu criste.*
At prime ih*esus* was y-lad pilatus by-fore,
Many false witnesse on hym were i-bore, 12
Hiis schines were y-beten, hiis honden weren y-bonden,
Hiis face hy gonne on spete—lyt of heuene þey fonde.

þi Cros, þi deþ nou and eu*er*e : And at vre endyng-tyme
Graun*te* liuinde men : Grace and merci þyne ; 28 grant the living, grace; the dead, rest; the Church, peace.
To dede, reste and p*ar*doun ;
To Churche, pes, loue in londe : To sunful, contricioun.
v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng,
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-oute*n* endy*n*g. 32

"*Crucifige" clamitant hora terciarum ;*
Illusus induitur veste purpurarum,
Capud eius pungitur corona spinarum,
Crucem portat humeris ad loca penarum.
v. *Adoramus te*, criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

At vndurne to do Ihesu on cros : loude gunne þei crie, At Undern, the Jews beat Christ with scourges,
And beoten him naked wiþ scourges : Whil þei mihte drie, 34
And crouned him wiþ þornes : þe blod ron in to his eiȝe; crownd Him with thorns,
And siþen maden him bere þe cros : To þe Mount of Caluarie 36 and made Him bear His cross to Calvary.
On his bac for-bete.
ffor drede of deþ men mihte seo : þe blod þat he gon swete.
v. Crist, honoured mote þou be,
þat bouȝtest al þe world on tre. 40
or. Lord Ihesu, godus sone : þat sunful mon wolt not tyne, Jesu, Son of God,
Bitwenen vre soules and þy dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne :
þi Cros, þi deþ now and eu*er*e : And at vre endynge-tyme
Graunte lyuinde men : Grace and Merci þyne, 44 grant the living, mercy; the dead, pardon; sinners, repentance!
To þe dede, reste and p*ar*doun ;
To churche, pes, loue in londe : To sunful, contricioun.
v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng,
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-outen endyng. 48

Ad terciam horam, amen [leaf wanting]
Crucifige clamitant hora terciarum
v. *Adoramus.* or. *Domine ihesu criste.* [1] M. day on wde
At hondren "do ihesu on rode[1]" þe giwes gonne grede,
In schorn he was i-wonden in purpil-palle wede. 16
. . . . . .
On his schulder he bar þe crois to þe piningge.

Hora sexta cristus *est cruci conclauatus*
*Et est cum latronib*us *pendens deputatus,*
Pre tormentis siciens felle saturatus;
Agnus crimen diluit sic deificatus.
v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

At Mid-day (the 6th hour), He was naild on the Cross.

At Midday Ihesu hondes : þei nayleden to þe Rode,
Bi-twene twey þeues : þei him hengen as wode;
þei ȝeuen him galle and Eysel : Ihesu þat blisful fode.

Mary and John stood by Him.

Serewful were boþe Marie an Ion : þer þei bi him stode,
As folk þat were mad. 53
Whose þenkeþ on Marie serwe : May he neuere be glad.
v. Crist, honoured mote þou beo,
þat bouhtest al þe world on treo. 56

Jesu, Son of God,

or. Lord Ihesu, godes sone : þat sunful mon wolt not tyne,
Bi-twenen vr soules and þi dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne;
þi cros, þi deþ nou and euere : And at vr endyng-tyme
grant the living, grace; the dead, rest; the Church, peace; sinners, repentance!

Graunte liuinde men : Grace and Merci þyne, 60
To þe dede, reste and pardoun;
To churche, pes, loue in londe : To sunful, contricioun.
v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng,
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-outen endyng. 64

Hora Nona dominus cristus *expirauit,*
"Heli" clamans spiritum patri comendauit,
Latus eius lancea myles perforauit.
Terra tunc contremuit, & sol obscurauit.
v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

Sicut oculi ancille in manibus domine sue [*&c.*]
Hora sexta ihesus est cruce conclauatus
v. *Adoramus te.* or. *Domine ihesu criste filij.*

At midday was ihesus crist y-nailed to þe rode
Bi-twixe tweye þeues he hongid for houre gode. 20
ffor þurst of stronge pine y-fuld he was wy[t] galle.
þe holi lomb[1] so god y-wrout þer buiȝt houre sinnes alle.

Deus in adiutorium.

[1] M. Ve holi louird

Hora nona dominus ihesus expirauit.
v. *Adoramus.* or. *Domine ihesu criste filij.*

At Non þer þurlede Ihesus herte : Longius, a Blynd kniht ; 65
He wupte his Eizen wiþ his blod : þorwh þat he hedde his siht.

At Noon, Longius pierst Jesus' heart.

þe eorþe quok, þe stones clouen : þe sonne les his liht,
þe dede a-risen of heore graues : In tokene of godus miht 68
þat us on Rode bouhte.

The Earth quaked, the Sun darkt, the Dead arose.

þe soules þat weren in helle : Ihesus sone out brouhte.
v. Crist, honoured mote þou be,
þat bouztest al þe world on tre. 72

Christ freed the souls in Hell.

or. Lord Ihesu, godus sone : þat sunful mon wolt not tyne,
Bi-twene vr soules and þy dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne :
þi cros, þi deþ nou and euere : And at vr endyng-tyme
Graunte liuynde men : Grace and Merci þyne ; 76
To þe dede, reste and pardoun ;
To churche, pes, loue in londe : To[1] sunful, contricioun.
v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng, [1] MS. wiþ
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-outen endyng. 80

Jesu, Son of God, grant the living, mercy ; the dead, pardon ; sinners, repentance !

DE Cruce deponitur hora vespertina,
ffortitudo latuit in[1] *mente diuina.* [1] MS. &
Talem mortem subijt vite Medicina !
Heu, Corona glorie iacuit sub spyna.
v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *& benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

At Euensong Ihesus was taken : Doun of Rode-treo.
Marie bi-heold hire deore sone : ffor wepyng miht heo not seo ; 82

At Evensong Jesus was taken from the Cross.

At none houre louerd crist of þysse lif he wende, 23
He gradde "hely," þe holi gost to his fader he sende.
A knyt wit a kene spere þerlede his syde.
þe herþe quakede, þe sonne bi-com swart, þat erer schon wel wide.
Deus in adiutorium.

De cruce deponitur hora uespertina
v. *Adoramus.* or. *Domine ihesu criste filij.*

At euensong he was i-nome a-doun þat dere us hadde ibouzt, [1] MS. hys his
His mytte, his[1] stre[n]gþe lotede in heize holi þout. 28

"A, sone," heo seide, "wiþ þe fader : of heuene is þi pouste,

Mary foretold His Resurrection. But þou schalt rise from deþ to lyue : As þou er seidest me,

Boþe God and Mon;

þorwh[1] þat deþ is blisse ibouȝt : þat loren was þorwh Sathan."

[1] MS. Wher þorwh

v. Crist, honoured mote þou beo,

þat bouhtest al þe world on treo.

Jesu, Son of God, *or.* Lord Ihesu, godus sone : þat sunful mon wolt not tyne,

Bi-twene vr soules and þi dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne:

þi Cros, þi deþ now and euere : And at vre endyng-tyme

grant the living, grace; the dead, rest; sinners, repentance! Graunte liuinde men : Grace and Merci þyne,

To dede, reste and pardoun;

To churche, pes, loue in londe : To sunful, Contrissioun.

v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng,

Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-outen endyng.

Hora completorij datur sepulture
Corpus cristi *nobile, spes vite future;*
Conditur Aromate—*complentur scripture.*
Iugis sit memoria mortis sue iure.
v. *Adoramus te,* criste, *et benedicimus tibi,*
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

At Compline, Christ was anointed and buried. At Complin Crist was enoynt : And buried in a ston.

Pilat bad his frendes : þer scholde leue non;

He sette knihtes him to kepen : þat he a-wey nere don:

He rose to life, and appeard to many. And ȝut he ros to lyue : ffor hem euerichon

Of þo,

And schewede him to þe[1] Maudeleyn : To peter and mony mo.

[1] overlined.

Swech deþ he under-feng, hele of alle wo.
Alas þe croune of worschepe to lowe hy leide þo.
Conuerte nos deus salutaris noster.
Hora completorii datur sepulture
v. *Adoramus.* or. *Domine ihesu criste,*
He was y-ȝeue to beryyng ate laste tyde,
Cristes body noble, hope of liue to byde,
In-oynt he was wyt aromat, holi writ to fulle.
ȝoruful meynde of his deþ bee in myne wille. Amen.

v. Crist, honoured mote þou beo,
þat bouhtest al þe world on treo.
Lord Ihesu, Godus sone : þat synful mon wolt not tyne, — Jesu, Son of God,
Bi-twenen vr soules and þy dom : Puttest þe in hard pyne :
þi Cros, þi deþ nou and euere : And at vr endyng-tyme
Graunte liuinde men : Grace and Merci þyne, — grant the living, mercy;
To dede, reste and pardoun ; — the dead, pardon;
To Churche, pes, loue in londe : To synful, Contricioun. — the Church, peace; sinners, Contrition!
v. Cristes passion, heuene kyng,
Bring us to blisse þat is wiþ-outen endyng. Amen.—

þE Pope Ion haþ graunted : A ful feir pardoun — Pope John
To alle þat siggen þis Matyns : Wiþ good deuocioun :
A 3er in purgatorie : Of Remissioun, — has remitted a year's Purgatory to all who say this Mattins.
So þat heo ben clene i-schriuen : Wiþ verrey Contricioun,
þorwh Grace.
God sende us lyues fode : And in heuene a place.
AMEN.

[XX. Veni Creator Spiritus,[1] englisht.]

Veni, creator spiritus,
mentes tuorum visita,
imple superna gracia
que tu creasti pectora.

Cum, lord vr makere, Holigost, — Holy Ghost our Maker,
þe þouhtes of þyne forte sene ;
þe hertes þat þou þi schaftus wost,
fful hem of þi grace by-dene.

Qui paraclitus diceris,
donum dei Altissimi,
fons viuus, ignis, caritas,
et spiritalis vnccio.

[1] So the Title in Index.

our Comfort,

Clept art þou cumfort, and euer schalt be,[1]
And ȝift of god þat al good sent,
Quik welle, ffuir, and Charite,
And also gostly Oynement.

[1] This v. in MS. written in half lines.

Tv septiformis munere,
dextre dei tu digitus;
Tu rite promissum patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

God's right-hand finger,

þou art in ȝifte seuenfold,
Godus riht hond ffinger art þou;
As us bi-het ffader al-wold,
Richesse of word[1] þou ȝiuest inouh.

[1] MS. world

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
infirma nostri corporis
uirtute firmans perpeti.

light thy light in our wits,

Lord, in vr[1] wittes tend þi liht,
And in vr hertes þi loue sende;
Vr bodi feblenesse þorwh þi miht
Strengþe hit euere wiþ-outen ende.

[1] MS. þi

Hostem repellas longius,
pacemque dones protinus;
ductore sic te preuio
uitemus omne noxium.

and keep the Devil from us!

Put fer from us þe fend, ur fo,
And send us soþfast pees anon,
þat we þorwh þe þat laft (!) us so
Blenchen sunnes euerichon.

PEr te sciamus, da, patrem,
noscamus atque filium,
te utriusque spiritum
credamus omni tempore.

Make us know the Father and the Son,

Of þe ffadur ȝif us witing,
And of þe Sone knowyng also,
Siker be-leeue and riht tokenyng
þat þou art god of boþe two.

Dvdum sacrata pectora
tua replesti gracia:
dimitte nunc peccamina
et da quieta tempora.

Holi hertes sum-tyme was
Þou fuldest, lord, þorwh grace þyne:
ffor-ȝif now gultus and trespas,
And ȝif us reste in alle tyme.

and forgive us our sins!

Sit laus patri cum filio,
Sauncto simul paraclito,
nobisque mittat filius
carisma sauncti spiritus. Amen.

ffader and Sone and Holigost be
Worschiped[1] as þei mowe beo most,
And send us schrift for his pite,
Þe ȝiftus of þe holygost. Amen.

[1] MS. Worschipest

Trinity, send us the gifts of the Holy Ghost!

[XXI. The Sweetness of Jesus.]

[1] Ihesu, þi swetnesse whose miht hit se
And þer-of haue a clene[1] knowyng,
Al eorþly loue bitter schulde be
But þin al-one, wiþ-outen lesyng.
I preye þe, lord, þat lore lere me:
Aftur þi loue to haue longyng,
And sadly set myn herte on þe,
In þi loue to haue most lykyng.

[1] *al.* clere

To Jesus' sweetness, all earthly love is bitter.

SO lykyng loue In eorþe non is,
In soule whos couþe him soþly se;
Him to loue were muche blis,
ffor kyng of loue called is he.
Wiþ trewe loue I wolde i-wis
So faste to him bounden be,
Þat myn herte weore holly his,
Þat no þing lykede me but he.

He is King of Love.

ȝIf I for kyndenes schulde loue mi kinne,
Þenne me þinkeþ in my þouht
Bi kuynde skil I schulde bi-ginne
At him þat haþ me maad of nouht:

I ought to love Him, because He cares for me as a father.

[1] Same poem in MS. Lamb. 853, ed. by Furnivall, *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, p. 8, E. E. T. S. 1867; in MS. Thornton (best MS.), ed. by Perry, *Rel. Pieces*, 1867, N. 8; and in MS. Rawl., A. 389, 104. The poem was originally composed in the North.

His semblaunt he sette my soule wiþ-Inne,
And al þis world for me he wrouht;
As ffader he fondeþ[1] my loue to winne, [1] r. fonded
ffor to heuene he haþ me bouht. 24

He cares for me as a mother.

AS Modur of him I make mynde,
þat bi-foren my burþe to me tok hede,
And siþen wiþ Baptym wesche þat kynde[1] [1] P. strynde
þat suyled was þorwh Adam dede; 28
Wiþ noble mete he norsched my kynde,
ffor wiþ his flesch he dude me fede—
So good a foode may no mon fynde,
To lastyng lyf he[1] wol us lede. [1] *al.* it 32

He is Brother and Sister to me.

MI Broþur and Suster he is wiþ skyl,[1] [1] This v. written in half lines.
ffor he seide and leret þat lore:
Hose wrouhte his fadur wil
Broþur and Suster to him þei wore; 36
Mi kuynde he tok also þer-til.
fful trewely trust I him þerfore.
He[1] þat wol neuere lete me spil, [1] *al.* þat he
Wiþ[1] his Merci salue my sore. [1] *al.* But wiþ 40

[1]ÞE loue of him passeþ, i-wis, [1] This stanza om. in P.
Al eorþly loue þat may beo here:

My love is God and Man.

God and Mon, my spouse he is—
Wel ouhte I wrecche to loue him dere! 44
Boþe heuene and eorþe holliche is his,
He is a lord of gret powere,
And called he is þe kyng of blis—
His loue me longeþ for to lere. 48

He has bought my love full dear.

AfftUr his loue bi-houeþ[1] me longe, [1] P. me burde
ffor he haþ myn ful dere abouht:
Whon I was went from him wiþ wronge,
ffrom heuene to eorþe he me souht, 52
Mi wrecched kuynde for me he fonge
And his nobley sette at nouht,
Peynes he soffrede and pouert stronge,
Aȝeyn to blisse or he me brouht. 56

To make me free,

Whon I was þral, to make me fre
Mi loue from heuene to erþe him ledde;
Mi loue al-one haue wolde he,
þerfore he leyde his lyf in wedde. 60

Wiþ my fo he fauht for me,
Wou*n*det he was and bitterly bledde,
His p*re*cious blod ful gret plente
fful piteuously for me was schedde. 64 Jesus shed His blood.

HIs sydes blo and blodi were,
þat su*m*-tyme were ful briht of ble;
His herte was perced wiþ a spere;
His wyde wou*n*des were reuþe to se. 68
Mi Rau*n*soun, I-wis, he payed þere
And ȝaf his lyf for gult of me.
His deþ most beo to me ful dere[1] [1] P. His dulefull dede burde do me dere
And p*er*ce myn herte for pure pite. 72 For my sin He gave His life.

FOr pite myn herte most breke a-two,
To his kyndenesse ȝif I tok hede:
Enchesun I was of al his wo,
He suffrede ful harde for my misdede; 76
To lastinde lyf þat I schulde go,
He suffrede deþ in his Monhede.
Whon his wille was to lyue also,
He ros a-ȝeyn þorwh his godhede. 80 Then He rose and went up to Heaven.

TO heuene he wente wiþ muche blis,
Whon he [had] vencust his batayle.
His baner ful brode displayed is,
Whon so my fo wol me assayle. 84
Wel ouhte myn herte [þen] to ben his,
ffor he is þat frend þat neu*er* wol fayle; He is a friend who never fails.
No þing wol he haue, i-wis,
But trewe loue for his trauayle. 88

Þus wolde he[1] for me fiht, [1] *al.* my spouse
And for me was he woundet sore;
ffor my loue his deþ was diht—
What kyndenesses miht he do more? 92
To ȝelden his loue haue I no miht, I cannot repay His love; but I ought to love Him.
But loue him trewely I schulde þ*er*fore,
And worche wel[1] wiþ werkes riht [1] P. his will
þat he haþ lered wiþ louely lore. 96

HIs louely lore wiþ werk[1] folfille [1] *al.* werkes
Wel ouht I, wrecche, ȝif I were kynde,
Niht and day to worche his wille, I ought to do His will;
And eu*er*more haue þat lord in mynde. 100

but ghostly foes torment me.

Bote gostly fos greuen me ille,
And my frelete[s][1] maken me blynde: [1] *al.* frele flesch
*Þer*fore his merci I take me tille,
ffor beter bote con I non fynde.

I betake me to His mercy.

Beter bote nis non to me
Þen to his m*erci* trewely me take,
Þat wiþ his flesch haþ mad me fre
And me wrecche his child wolde make.
I preye þat lord for his pite,
Þat he for su*nne* neue*r* me forsake,
But ȝif me grace from synne to fle,
And him to loue let me neuer slake.

Jesu, for Thy sweetness,

I*hesu*, for þe swetnesse þ*at* is in þis,
Haue My*n*de of me whon I henne wende;
Wiþ studefast trouþe my wittes wis,
And, lord, þou schilde me from þe fende;
ffor þi Merci forȝif me mi mis,
Þat wikkede werk my soule ne schende;

lead me into Thy bliss!

And led me, lord, in to þi blis,
Wiþ þe to wone wiþ-outen ende. Amen.

[XXII. A Prayer to Jesus.]

Jesu, God and man,

IEsu, þat art heuene kyng,
Sothfast God and mon also,
ȝif me grace of good endyng,
And hem þat I am holden to.
Ihesu lord, þat madest me,

who hast bought me with Thy blood,

And wiþ þi blisful blod hast bouht,
ffor-ȝif þat I haue greued þe
Wiþ word and wille and wiþ þouht.
Ihesu, in whom is al mi trust,
Þat diȝedest on þe Rode-tre,

draw my heart from fleshly lust.

Wiþ-drauh myn herte from flesches lust
And from worldly vanite.

Jesu, Father Almighty,

Ihesu crist, to þe i calle
Þat art ffadur ful of miht,
Kep me clene, þat I ne falle
In flescly sunne as I haue hiht.

Ihesu, for þi blisful blod
Bring þe soules in to blis
ffor[1] whom I haue had eny god, [1] r. ffro — save all my well-doers,
ffor-ȝiue hem þat þei han don amis.
Ihesu, for þat worþi wounde
þat wente to þin herte-Rote,
ffor[1] sunne þat haþ my soule bounde [1] r. ffro
þi blisful blod mot beo my bote.
Ihesu, for þi woundes smerte
Of feet and of þin hondes two,
Mak me Meke and louh of herte, — make me love Thee as I should;
And þe to loue as I scholde do.
Ihesu, for þe deolful teres
þat þou weptust for my gilt,
Heere and spede my pore preyeres, — hear my prayers!
And saue me þat I ne beo spilt!

[XXIII. Psalterium b. Mariae.[1]

By ALBERTUS MAGNUS.]

(With the first Verse of every Psalm and Canticle.)

Beatus vir qui non abijt in co[n]silio impiorum et in uia peccatorum non stetit et in cathedra pestilencie non sedit. — Beginning of Ps. 1.

Aue uirgo uirginum, parens absque pari,
Sine viri semine digna fecundari:
ffac nos legem domini crebro meditari[1]
Et in regni gloria beatificari. [1] refers to Ps. 1, v. 2.

Heyl Mayden ouer Maydenes vchon,
Modur wiþ-outen pere,
Wiþ-outen knowyng of Mon
A worþi chyld þow beere:
Mak vs vr lordus lawes kepe
And ofte to haue in mende, — Hail, Maiden-mother!

[1] Title in Index: Of euery psalme of þe sauter þe furste vers. The Latin Quatrains, however, frequently refer to other verses of the psalm, or to other parts of the Bible quoted by the commentators as illustrative of the psalm. The Latin poem is mentioned in Mone, *Latein. Hymnen des Mittelalters*, 1854, II. p. 252, but still unprinted; other MSS. are at Darmstadt (No. 2242) and Munich (Tegernsee 2005).

In to kyngdom of Ioye to lepe,
Beo blessed wiþ-outen ende. 8

Ps. 2. *Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania?*
Aue, cuius viscera natum ediderunt
Cuius ad interitum gentes fremuerunt:
Audi uoces supplicum qui te pie querunt,
Mali causas remouens que nos inueneruni.

Hail, thy womb! Heil þe entrayles o whom 9
Brouhten forþ a sone
At whos deþ boþe alle and som
ffolk grucche bi-gone: 12
Heore[1] deuoute voices al-way [1] r. here
þat sechen þe here in grounde;
Euel causes remoue a-way
þat vs here han I-founde. 16

Ps. 3. *Domine, quid multiplicati sunt qui tribulant me? multi insurgunt aduersum me.*
Aue virgo, speculum sauncti celibatus,
Cuius est ex utero puer nobis natus
Qui compassus mortuo, morte soporatus[1] [1] refers to Ps. 3, v. 5.
Morte mortem terminat, expiat reatus.

Hail, Mirror of heavenly life! Heil, Mayden and Mirour 17
Of holy heuenly lyuyng,
Of whos wombe wiþ honour
Is boren a child, vr kyng, 20
þat hedde compassion of þe ded,
Wiþ his dedliche slepyng
Wiþ deþ [deþ][1] he termyned, [1] om.
Vr gult awey wassching. 24

Ps. 4. *Cum inuocarem exaudiuit me deus iusticie mee, in tribulacione dilatasti michi.*
Ave nati filia, parens genitoris,
Preter modum[1] *generans consueti moris:* [1] MS. mortem
Nos ad statum reuoca vite melioris,
Quos tam diu tenuit vanitas erroris.[1] [1] refers to Ps. 4, v. 2.

Hail, Daughter of thy Son! Heil douhtur of þe sone, 25
Modur of þe getere,
Hauyng child aȝeynes old wone
Oþur elles comuyn manere: 28

Calle us aȝeyn in to þat staat
þat is of better lyuyng,
ffor us haþ holden longe al maat
Vanyte of erryng. 32

Verba mea auribus percipe, domine; intellige clamorem meum. Ps. 5.
Aue que[1] *nos redimens ab Egipti luto* [1] MS. *qui*
Subvenire[1] *satagis vicijs imbuto:* [1] MS. subvenite
Tu nos bene[1] *protegens voluntatis scuto*[2] [1] r. bone
Coronatos gloria colloces in tuto. [2] refers to Ps. 5, v. 11.

Heil þou, buggyng us aȝeyn 33 Hail, Mary, our Redeemer!
Out of Egyptes cley,
In vices wounden to helpe, certeyn,
þou art redi al-wey: 36
þou defendyng us wel riht
Wiþ þe scheld of wil,
Vs Corouned in blisse briht
Set sikerly wiþ skil. 40

Domine, ne in furore tuo arguas me, neque in ira tua corripias me. Ps. 6.
Aue vite ianua, salus penitentis,
Respice miseriam anime languentis;
Ne in ira senciam uocem arguentis,
Me peccatis exime simul et tormentis.

Heil, louelich ȝate of lyf, 41 Hail, lovely Gate of Life!
Hele of þe forþinkyng:
Bi-hold þe wrecchednesse so rif
Of soule þat is serwyng; 44
þat in wraþþe I ne feel
þe vois of repreyuing,[1] [1] MS. repreyning
Clanse me from sunnes eueridel
And eke from tormentyng. 48

Domine deus meus, in te speraui; saluum me fac ex omnibus persequentibus me, & libera me. Ps. 7.
Aue mater vnica, cura nostre spei,
Tuis queso meritis sis miserta mei,
Vt ab enigmatibus huius speciei
Plena plene perfruar[1] *visione dei.* [1] MS. perfruat

Heil Modur, þou onliche 49 Hail, Head of our Hope!
Hed art of vr hope:

Þorw þi merites specialiche
Haue merci on me mope,
Þat from alle þe liknesse
Of þis lyuyng heer
Give me the sight of God with Thee! I may haue wiþ fulnesse
Þe siht of god so cler.

Ps. 8. *Domine deus*[1] *noster, quam admirabile est nomen tuum in vniuersa terra!*

[1] MS. *dominus*

Aue virgo regia, summa gaudiorum,
Per quam rex mirabilis, dominus cun[*c*]*torum,*
Reuocat inmeritos in spem filiorum,
Quos proscribit multiplex causa uiciorum.

Hail, royal Maiden! Heil kynges Mayden, swete þing,
Somme of ioyes I calle,
Bi whom þe wondurful kyng,
Lord þat is ouer alle,
Calleþ us a-ʒeyn wiþ-oute deseruyng
In to his sones hope,
Þat aren ofte put in to flemyng,
In vices whon we ben crope.

Ps. 9. *Confitebor tibi, domine, in toto corde meo, narrabo omnia mirabilia tua.*

Aue thronus gracie, Mater Ihesu cristi,
Que sola concipere virgo meruisti:
Confitebor domino quem sic genuisti,
Quod nec nomen virginis mater amisisti.

Hail, Throne of Grace! Heil feir trone of grace,
Modur of Ihesu crist,
Þat to conceyue in þi space
Onliche Mayden deseruedist:
I schal knowleche to þat lord
Þat þou so dust[1] bi-gete, [1] = dudest
Þat þou þe name in dede ne word
Of Mayden and Moder ne lete.

Ps. 10 V (11). *IN domino confido; quomodo dicitis anime mee, transmigra in montem sicut passer?*

Aue virgo virginum, per quam transmigratur
Super vnum moncium in quo victimatur
Vepre tentus aries,[1] *vnde redimatur* [1] cf. Gen. 22, v. 13.
Prodigus qui rediens veniam precatur.

Heil Mayden ouer oþur met,
Beo whom is mad passyng
Vppon on of hulles gret
In whuch is don offring,
Þe weþer holden wiþ a Brer,
Whuche was a-ȝeyn biggyng
Of þe wastour þat was in wer,
fforȝiuenes þat com askyng.

Hail, Maiden above all others!

Saluum me fac domine, quoniam defecit sanctus, quoniam diminute sunt veritates a filiis hominum.
Aue mater domini, mater inquam aue,
ffac ut cristi baiulem iugum presuaue,
Quo beatitudinis particeps octaue[1]
Liberari merear prime matris aue.

[1] refers to the title of the psalm.

Ps. 11 (12).

Heil Modur of vr lord,
ȝit I sey Modur heil!
Cristes ȝok in dede and word
To bere mak me not fayl;
Þat I of þe eiȝteþe blisse
Beo parciner me borwe,
To beo diliuered and euer misse
Vr furste modur sorwe.

Hail, Mother of our Lord!

Vsquequo, domine, obliuisceris me in finem? vsquequo auertis faciem tuam a me?
Aue uirgo nomine matris insignita,
Graciarum fertili dote[1] *premunita:*
Purga mentis aciem, quo sit expedita,
Ne vnquam obdormiat in morte sopita.[1]

[1] MS. doce

[1] refers to Ps. 12, v. 4.

Ps. 12 (13).

Heil Mayden feir of fàce,
Worschiped wiþ nome of Moder;
So plentiuous I-douwed wiþ grace
Was þer neuer non oþer:
Purge þe scharpnesse of vr þouht,
So þat hit beo sped,
And þat hit to longe ne slepe nouht
In slep of sunful ded.

Hail, Maiden fair, and Mother!

Dixit insipiens in corde suo: non est deus.
Aue templum gracie, templum sanctitatis,
Templum sancti spiritus, tronus maiestatis:

Ps. 13 (14).

Salua me, per graciam salua queso gratis,
Vt sortiri ualeam regnum cum beatis.

Hail, Temple of the Holy Ghost!

Heil temple of grace most,
Temple of Sauntite,
Temple of þe holygost,
Trone of þe Maieste:

Mary, save me!

Saue me, be grace me saue,
I preye þe nou, freliche,
þat I mowe þe kyngdom haue
Wiþ seintes þat ben godliche.

Ps. 14 (15).

Domine, quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo? aut quis requiesset in monte sancto tuo?
Aue tabernaculum regis manu fortis,
Per quam cristus *particeps factus nostre sortis,*
ffractis seris,[1] *uectibus & inferni portis*
Nos a morte reuocat, triumphator mortis.

[1] r. eris v.

Hail, Tabernacle of the strong King!

Heil tabernacle Cleer
Of kyng strong in honde,
Beo whom crist is maad parciner
Of vre lot her in londe,
þat brak þe bondes and þe loke
Of helle foule ȝates,
Called us fro deþ þer we weore stoke,
Victor of deþ algates.

Ps. 15 (16).

Conserua me domine, quoniam speraui in te. d[ixi] *domino: deus meus es tu, quoniam b*[onorum] *meorum non eges.*
Aue tronus gracie Regi preparatus,
Ex qua nobis prodiit felix aduocatus:
Nostra sit hereditas cristus *ex te natus*[1]
Conseruetque seruulos, condonans reatus.

[1] cf. Ps. 15, v. 5.

Hail, Throne of Grace!

Heil, of grace þou art trone
Arayed for a kyng,
Of whom sprong forþ for us vchone
An Auoket lyking:
Crist nou beo vr heritage,
þat of þe is boren,
And kepe his seruauns in alle age,
þat þei beo not for-loren.

Exaudi, domine, iusticiam meam, intende deprecacionem meam. Ps. 16 (17).

Aue solis ciuitas, in quam introiuit Hail, City of the Sun!
Rex regum et dominus, qui te concupiuit:
Per te nos exaudiat sibi quos vniuit,
Suo vultu sacians quibus esuriuit.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 16, v. 15.

Heil of Sonne þe Cite, 121 Hail Mary, City of the Sun!
In to whuche he[1] entrid [1] MS. þou
Kyng of kynges, lord of pite,
þe whuche þe coueyted. 124
Beo þe now he us here,
þulke þat he haþ oned;
And þat he fulle hem wiþ his chere
þat he þrustyng be-mened. 128

Diligam te, domine fortitudo mea: dominus firmamentum meum & refugium meum & liberator meus. Ps. 17 (18).

Aue virgo virginum, de qua mediator
Ad nos venit, hostium vetus triumphator:
Hostes nostros conterat fortis expugnator
Et fiat per graciam glorie collator.

Heil of Maydenes Mayden clene, 129 Hail, Maiden of maidens!
Of whom a Mene of diuis[1] [1] = device
Com to vs wiþ-outen wene,
Victor of olde Enemys: 132
Vr Enemys he al to-tere,
ffihtere þat is so strong,
And beo grace beo he ȝiuere
Of Ioye þat lasteþ long. 136

Celi enarrant gloriam dei, et opera manuum eius annunciat firmamentum. Ps. 18 (19).

Aue solis regia, de qua verus exit
Veri solis radius, fraudes qui detexit
Hostis & versucias quibus nos illexit;
Ouem querens perditam, gregi quam reuexit.

Heil kynges sone (!) briht, 137 Hail, Sun of the King!
Of whom goþ forþ vche while
þe verrey sonnes bem liht,
þat huydeþ al þe gyle 140

Of vr fon, and queyntises most,
þat drawen vs in to veyn;
Seching þe scheep þat was lost
To bringe to folde a-ʒeyn. 144

Ps. 19 (20). *Exaudiat te dominus in die tribulacionis, protegat te nomen dei Iacob.*
Aue plena gracie, speciosa tota,
Virgo prudens, humilis, sine sordis nota:
Nostrum sacrificium suscipe deuota,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 19, v. 3.
Mores nostros ordinans, affectus & uota.

Hail Mary, full of grace!
Heil ful of grace, eke 145
Speciouse at al,
Mayden wys and þerto Meke,
Wiþ-outen fulþe gret or smal: 148
In alle maner vr[1] sacrifice [1] MS. of vr
Deuouteliche take þou now,
Ordeyne vr Maners on þi wyse,
Desires and eke a-vow. 152

Ps. 20 (21). *Domine, in uirtute tua letabitur rex, & super salutare tuum exultabit uehementer.*
Aue salus hominum, digna salutari,
Salutare pariens, sola carens pari:
Nostra spes & gloria sit in salutari,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 20, v. 5.
C[u]ius participio credimus beari.

Hail, Healing of Mankind!
Heil hele of monkynde, 153
Worþiful to beo gret,
þou bar helc vs alle helynde,
Saunc3 pere þou art set. 156
Al vr hope and eke vr blis
In hele beo vs be-tid;
þerof to haue part wiþ-outen mis
We leeue to beo blessed. 160

Ps. 21 (22). *Deus deus meus, respice me: quare me dereliquisti? longe a salute mea verba delictorum meorum.*
Aue cuius vterus vermem procreauit
Qui sub-mordens hederam Ione desiccauit;[1] [1] cf. Ps. 21, v. 6, and Jon. 4, 6-7.
Dum quod legis littera clausum conseruauit,
In apertum proferens nobis propalauit.

Hail thou, whose Son
Heil whos wombe sikerly 161
Brouht forþ a worm þat dred,[1] [1] r. died?

Þat vnder-bityng priuely
Þe Iuy of Ione dried; 164
Whon Þe lettre of Þe laue
Þat al Þing in clos keped,
Aperteliche wiþ open sawe
To vs forsoþe he schewed. 168

freed us from the Law!

Dominus reɣit me & nichil michi *deerit: in loco pascue ibi me collocauit.* Ps. 22 (23).
Aue Iesse virgula graciarum donis
Habundanter predita: tu correccionis
Virga sis, & baculus consolacionis,[1]
Quo nos criste *pascuis collocet in bonis.*

[1] cf. Ps. 22, v. 4.

Heil Þou ȝerde of Iesse, 169
Wiþ giftus of grace
Maad riche wiþ plente;
Of correccioun in vche place 172
Þou art staf, and eke ȝerde
Of consolacioun,
Þorwh whuche crist, Þat is nouȝt ferde,
Vs sette in pasture boun. 176

Hail, thou Rod of Jesse!

Domini est terra & plenitudo eius, orbis terrarum & vniuersi qui habitant in eo. Ps. 23 (24).
Aue terra glorie, terra non arrata,
Rore tamen gracie plene fecundata,
ffructum ferens cuius est gustu recreata
Proles Ade veteris, diu captiuata.
Heil lond of blis, 177
Eorþe nouht hered,
Wiþ Þe deuh of grace i-wis
ffulliche for euer wered, 180
Beryng fruit of whos sauour
Reformed was verreyliche
Olde Adames sone, Þe furste synnour,
Þat holden was wrecchedliche. 184

Hail, thou Land of Bliss!

Ad te, domine, leuaui animam meam; deus meus, in te confido, non erubescam. Ps. 24 (25).
Aue cuius gloriam boant vniuersi,
Per quam sursum redeunt in profundum mersi:[1]
Per te fiat, domina, ne semel conuersi
Redeant ad uomitum sibimet aduersi.

[1] MS. merci

Hail thou, whose bliss all folk proclaim!

Heil on whos blisse certeyn
Alle crien and ben not feynt,
Be whuche gon vp a-ȝeyn
In depnesse þat weoren dreynt:
þorwh þe, ladi of delyt,
Heo þat ben conuerted ones
Torn þenne a-ȝein not to vomyt,
As hound þat haþ eten bones.

Ps. 25 (26).

Iudica me domine, quoniam ego in innocencia mea ingressus sum: & in domino sperans non infirmabor.
Aue Mater, populi prospice defectum,
Et maternum filijs exibens affectum
Mores nostros ordina, tollens inperfectum,
Vt pes noster tendere qeat in directum.[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 25, v. 12.

Hail thou Mother!

Heil Modur, bi-hold þou
Defautes of þe peple,

Show thy sons thy love!

Modres affeccion schewh þou now
þi sones þat ben feble;
Ordeyn þou vr maners so,
Weyuyng inparfyt þing,
þat vr fot mowe þen go
Streiht forþ wiþ-outen lettyng.

Ps. 26 (27).

Dominus illuminacio mea & salus mea: quem timebo?
Aue mater domini suos protegentis,
Qui cateruas hominum fregit in trecentis:[1]
Queso nos respicias oculis attentis,
Procul pellens tenebras erumpnose mentis.

[1] MS. inerecentis. cf. Ps. 26, v. 3, et Jud. 7, 6-14 (application made to Gideon).

Hail, Mother of our Protector, Christ!

Heil modur of þat lord al on
þat his men doþ defende,
þat wiþ þre hundred ouercom
Gret cumpaignies and schende:
I preye þe, ladi, vs bi-holde
Wiþ þyn eȝen clere,
Derknesses fer fro us folde
And kepe vr þouhtes here.

Ps. 27 (28).

Ad te domine clamabo, deus meus ne sileas a me: ne quando taceas a me & as[similabor] *d*[escendentibus] *in lacum.*
Aue virgo domini mater illibata,
Cuius est ex utero caro deodata,

Caro carnem liberans, caro mori nata,
Caro que refloruit morte triumphata.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 27, v. 7.

Heil Mayden of a lord,
Modur saun3 tecche I-þriue,
Of whos wombe þorwh Godus word
fflesch to god was 3iue;
þat flesch dilyuered flessche,
þat flesch boren was to dye,
þat flesch refloured þat was nessche,
Of deþ þat hedde Maystrie. Hail, Maiden and Mother spotless!

Afferte domino filij dei, Afferte domino filios arietum. Ps. 28 (29).
Aue per quam filius fratres adoptauit,
Quos & dei filios recte nominauit.
Eant ergo filij quos ad se vocauit,
Agnos Innocencie ferant quos mandauit.

Heil be whom godus sone, i-wis,
Breþeren him wolde purchase,
To beo clept godus sones of blis
Be rihte In vche place.
Goþ nou sones deuoutelye
þat he haþ called him to,
Offreþ þe lombes of Innocensye,
ffor he comaundet so. Hail, thou by whom Christ adopted us!

Exaltabo te domine, quoniam suscepisti me, nec delectasti[1] *inimicos meos super me.* Ps. 29 (30). [1] MS. dilatasti
Aue tabernaculum cristo *dedicatum,*
Supra Matres optinens sola principatum,
Nostris aptans usibus saccum veteratum[1] *Propter nostra vulnera gratis vulneratum.* [1] cf. Ps. 29, v. 12, Gen. 37, 31.

Heil tabernacle of crist
Halewed worþily,
Of alle Modrus i-wist
To haue þe pris only:
Mak us redi[1] to vr vs
þe olde sacke verreyly
þat for ur wou*n*des as refus
Was wounded wilfully. Hail, Tabernacle of Christ!
[1] MS. redi, r. greiþe?

IN te domine speraui, non confundar in eternum: in Iusticia tua libera me. Ps. 30 (31).

Aue nostrum gaudium, nostra fortitudo,
Cuius est dulcedinis magna multitudo:
In te nostra sit sita spei certitudo,
Cuius piis laudibus libere desudo.

Hail, our Joy and Strength!

Heil vr Ioye of worþinesse,
And vr strengþe þerto,
Whos noble swetnesse
Is muchel and gret also:
In thee, Mary, is my hope.
In þe beo myn hope i-set
Sadly, in certeyn,
ffor in þin heriing nou I swet
ffreoliche and nouȝt in veyn.

Ps. 31 (32).

Beati quorum remisse sunt iniquitates, et quorum tecta sunt peccata.
Aue cuius utero deus est deorum
ffactus homo, tollere spinas delictorum.
O beatus vterus, & beati quorum
ffecit se participem factor seculorum!

Hail thou, in whom God was made man!

Heil of whos wombe verrey
God is of goddus alle
I-maad mon, to don a-wey
þe þornes of synne and falle.
A, blessed is þat wombe so sad!
And þei ben blessed also
þat god haþ partyng-felawes maad,
To dwelle wiþ him euer-mo!

Ps. 32 (33).

Exultate iusti in domino: rectos decet laudacio.
Aue per quam reuocat dominus eiectum, [1] MS. Que, r. qui?
Que[m][1] *a solo patrio peregre profectum*[2]
Medicus dum reperit vicijs infectum, [2] MS. pro grege perfectum
Morbi causas abstulit simul & effectum.

Hail thou, by whom God recald us outcasts!

Heil bi whom God called a-ȝeyn
Hem þat weoren out cast,
þat from his ffadur seete certeyn
Went forþ in gret hast,
Leche, þat monkynde þat was mad
Parfyt, he fonde infecte,
Causes of sikenes þen he forbad
And eke þerof þe efecte.

Benedicam dominum in omni tempore: semper laus eius in ore meo. Ps. 33 (34).

Aue mater pariens fructum benedictum,
Tactu cuius soluitur Eue maledictum,
Que transgressa temere tangens interdictum
Transtulit in posteros ulcionis ictum.

Heil Modur bringinge forþ
þe feireste fruit i-founde,
þe touche of whuche was so muche worþ
þat Eues curs was vnbounde,
þe whuche trespaced folilyche,
þat was forboden touchyng,
þe strok of veniaunce sikerliche
Laft to hem þat were comyng.

Hail, Mother of the fairest Fruit!

Iudica domine nocentes me, expugna inpugnantes me. Ps. 34 (35).
Aue per quam dominus apprehendens scutum[1]
In extento brachio propulit astutum;
Qui de scuto[1] *proprio comiscendo lutum*
Ceco lumen homini reddidit acutum.

[1] cf. Ps. 34, v. 2.
[1] r. sputo

Heil beo [whom] þe lord of liht
A scheld tok priuely,
And in his hond I-streyht ariht
Put of his enemy;
þat of his owne propre cheld (!),
Mengyng þerwiþ cley,
As moni men þo bi-heold,
Maad a blynt mon se[1] al-wey.

[1] MS. so

Hail thou, by whom Christ defied his foe!

Dixit iniustus ut delinquat in semet ipso; non est timor dei ante oculos eius. Ps. 35 (36).
Aue templum gracie, tronus deitatis,
Torrens affluencie, domus vbertatis:[1]
Per te solam reddita spes est desperatis:
fluctuantis Anchoram rege nostre ratis.

[1] cf. Ps. 35, v. 9.

Heil temple of grace,
Trone of þe godhed,
Plenteuous ryuer in vche place,
And eke hous of freohed:
Beo þe, hope is ȝolde aȝeyn
To hem þat hedde dispeir:

Hail, Throne of the Godhead!

Gouerne þe Anker in certeyn
Of vr floteryng schip in Eir! 280

Ps. 36 (37). *NOli emulari in malignantibus, neque zelaueris facientes iniquitatem.* [1] cf. Ps. 36, v. 9.
Aue carens simili, nusquam malignata,[1]
Dignitatis titulo triplicis[1] *ornata:* [1] r. duplicis
Virgo mater diceris; iungis[1] *separata,* [1] MS. iunge
Es vtrumque, docet hec fides oculata.

Hail, peerless and sinless One!
Heil þat hast non lyk to þe, 281
Wiþ vuel neuer ouer-come,
Of þreo maner of dignite
Wiþ title maad feir and nome: 284
Maiden and Modur þou art told,
Disseuered ioy[n]e[st][1] þou goodlye; [1] MS. ioye
þou art boþe two, as we be-hold—
Vs techeþ vr feiþ at eȝe. 288

Ps. 37 (38). *DOmine, ne in furore tuo arguas me, neque in ira tua corripias me.*
Aue sancti spiritus fecundata rore,
Conseruato pariens castitatis flore:
Queso fac ne arguat iudex in furore
Quos a morte proprio redemit cruore.

Hail thou, faird with dew of the Holy Ghost!
Heil wiþ deuh I-mad feir 289
Of þe holigost, parde,
þou beryng child wiþ-outen leir
Kepst flour of chastite: 292
Mak þou þat he us not missey,
þe Iuge, in no woodnesse,
þat he bouht wiþ his blood verrey
ffrom deþ, boþe More and lesse. 296

Ps. 38 (39). *DIxi: custodiam vias meas, vt non delinquam in lingua mea.*
Aue cuius filio psalmus decantatur,
Et eiusdem habitus in quo figuratur
Qui terrena transiens[1] *in hoc delectatur* [1] cf. Ps. 38, v. 7.
Si uel mentis gressibus caput consequatur.

Hail thou whose Son is praisd!
Heil of whos sone deuoutely 297
A psalm is songe wiþ cure,
And of his habit ful sotily
In whuche is suche figure 300

Whos, laft þis world outerly,
Dilyteþ him to take heed
Wiþ steppes of good þouht holy
To suwen crist, vr hed. 304

Exspectans expectaui dominum, et intendit michi. Ps. 39 (40).
Aue tabernaculum regis inpollutum,
Per quam soluit dominus ope destitutum:
Tuis iuua meritis sponte prouolutum
In lacum miserie & in fecis lutum.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 39, v. 2.

Heil tabernacle of kyng 305 Hail, Tabernacle of the spotless King!
In-pollute, wondur clen;
þorwh þe þe lord of alle þing
þat hedden non help leosed men: 308
Help þorwh þi worþinesse
Him þat is woundun al-wey
In þe lake of wrecchednesse
And in þe fulþe of cley. 312

Beatus qui intelligit super egenum & pauperem:[1] Ps. 40 (41).
in die mala liberabit[2] *eum dominus.* [1] MS. pauperum [2] MS. liberauit [3] MS. solus
Aue solis[3] *ciuitas quam dauid erexit,*
De qua sol iusticie nube tectus exit,
Qui de summis pauperum causas intellexit
Et egroto similis egros non despexit.

Heil of Sonne þe cite 313 Hail, City of David's sun!
þat dauid reised on ende,
Of whom þe sonne of riht, wuste
Wiþ cloude, hit gan forþ wende; 316
To þe causes of pore and meke
ffrom heuene heede he tok
And made him lyk to þe seke
And sek folk nouht forsok. 320

Quemadmodum desiderat ceruus ad fontes aquarum, Ps. 41 (42).
ita desiderat anima mea ad te, deus.
Aue de qua prodeunt vbertatis riui,
De qua in-undans profluit aqua fontis uiui:
Peto, mater, ueniam, qui per sordes[1] *iui;* [1] MS. sordis
ffac ut fontem siciam magis quam sitiui.

Heil from whom[1] gon ay forþ [1] MS. whon 321 Hail thou Source of the
Riueers of plente rif,

Of whom floweþ of gret worþ
waters of Life! þe watres of welle of lyf. 324
Modur, ich aske nou þi merci:
Bi fulþes haue I gon;
Aftur þat welle mak me þursti
Oftur þen I haue don. 328

Ps. 42 (43). *Iudica me, deus, & discerne causam meam de gente non sancta, ab homine iniquo & doloso erue me.*
Aue cuius thalamo iudex est egressus
Causas qui determinat, uindicat ex[c]essus;
Per quem mentis oculus tenebris oppressus
Discat vt in lumine ponat suos gressus.

Hail, thou Mother of our Judge! Heil from whos chaumbre her 329
A Iuge is forþ passet
þat determineþ vr causes cler
And punissheþ hem þat trespasseþ; 332
Beo whom of vr þouht þe eȝe,
Wiþ derknes þat is ouer-fet,
Mow lerne þenne wiþ liht in hyȝe
His steppes forte set. 336

Ps. 43 (44). *Deus auribus nostris audiuimus, patres nostri annunciauerunt nobis.*
Aue cuius filius prouehit egentes
Et affligit[1] *improbos in nos insurgentes:*[2]
Pie queso dirigat nostras in se mentes,
Reprimendo turbinum motus iminentes.

[1] MS. affugit
[2] cf. Ps. 43, v. 8.

Hail, thou Mother of our Rescuer! Heil whos worþi sone 337
Bringeþ forþ neodful, certeyn,
And proude puiteþ in tribulacione
þat risen vs aȝeyn. 340
þat al vr þouhtes in to him
He dresse, I þe preye,
And refreyn of tempest grim
þe sturinges in þis weye. 344

Ps. 44 (45). *Eructauit cor meum verbum bonum; dico ego opera mea regi.*
Aue per quam genitor verbum eructauit,
Verbum quod hominibus se contemperauit,
Qui[1] *dei & hominum federa dictauit*
Et pro nobis moriens mortem relegauit.

[1] r. Quod

Heil be whom bi3etere
A word sum tyme forþ sende,
Word þat to men here
Him-self tempred and bende;
þe whuche of god and of man
Endited feire þe bonde,
And for us alle diede þan
And deþ put out of londe.

Hail, thou Mother of our Teacher!

Deus noster refugium & uirtus, adiutor in tribulacionibus que inuenerunt nos nimis.
Aue tabernaculum domini virtutum,
In quo sumens dominus nostre carnis lutum,
Vt captiuum redimat ope destitutum,
Arcum fortis conterit & comburit scutum.[1]

Ps. 45 (46).

[1] Ps. 45, v. 9.

Heil of þat lord þe tabernacle
þat is of vertue al-way,
In whom he tok wiþ-oute obstacle
Of vr flesch þe Clay,
To Bugge a3ein þe wrecched wiht
þat non hope felede;
Of þe strong he brak in fiht
þe bouwe and eke þe schelde.

Hail, Tabernacle of the Lord of Virtue!

Omnes gentes plaudite manibus, iubilate deo in uoce exultacionis.
Aue cuius filius regnat super gentes,
Cuius psallunt nomini manibus plaudentes.
Iubilemus igitur attollendo mentes,
Indefesso capiti cristo *adherentes.*

Ps. 46 (47).

Heil whos sone so gent
Ouer folk regneþ, parfey;
To whos name men verrey[me]nt
Syngyng wiþ hondes pley.
Make we nou Ioye wiþ al vr list,
Vr þouhtes an hei3 resynge
To vr noble hed crist,
To him euer cleuynge.

Hail, Mother of the King of Folk!

Magnus dominus & laudabilis nimis, in ciuitate dei nostri, in monte sancto tuo.[1]
Aue virgo generans regem sempiternum
Quique noster deus est, deus in eternum,

Ps. 47 (48).

[1] r. eius

Qui pro nobis moriens spoliat auernum,
Solium nos faciens scandere supernum.

Hail, Mother of the Everlasting King!

Heil Maiden bringinge forþ wiþ mood
  þe euerlastinge kyng,
þe whuche is vre god so good,
  God wiþ-outen endyng;
þat for us whon he dude dye,
  Al to-spoyled helle,
To his ffadur trone on hiȝe
  To make us stye to dwelle.

Ps. 48 (49).

Audite hec omnes gentes, auribus percipite omnes qui habitatis terram.
Aue nostrum gaudium, nostre spes salutis,
Per quam cecis redditur lux, & sermo mutis:
Nobis innocencie uestibus exutis
Redde queso graciam statumque salutis.

Hail, our Joy, and Hope of Salvation!

Heil vr Ioye þat art certeyn,
  And eke hope of ur hele,
Bi whom to blynde is ȝolde aȝeyn
  Siht, and word to doumbe at mele:
To us naked in þis place
  Of cloþes of innocencie,
We preye þe gete us nou grace
  And staat of vertues hyȝe.

Ps. 49 (50).

Deus deorum dominus locutus est, et uocauit terram.
Aue salutarium summa gaudiorum,
Saluatorem generans & deum deorum,
Qui misertus miseris & consors eorum
Culpas lauans pertulit penas peccatorum.

Hail, Sum of Honour!

Heil summe of honour,
  Of heleful ioyes i calle,
þou brouhtust forþ vr saueour,
  God of goddus alle,
þat on wrecches hedde Merci
  And wox heore felawe anon,
Wasschynge heore gultus witerli
  And tok vr peynes him on.

Ps. 50 (51).

Miserere mei deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Aue uirgo generans, nostri miserere,
Languescentis animi morbos intuere;
Tu miserta miseris et compassa vere,
Morbi causas auferens mentibus medere.

Heil Maiden Mylde and meke, 393 Hail, Maiden mild!
On Monkuynde haue Merci,
Eueles of soules þat beo seke
Bi-hold þou witerly; 396
Of wrecches haue Merci verrey Have mercy on wretches
And eke Compassioun,
Causes of vueles doynge a-wey
To hele þouhtes beo boun. 400

Quid gloriaris in malicia, qui potens es in iniquitate? Ps. 51 (52).
Aue uas mundicie continens vnguentum,
Veteris malicie com*primens fermentum:*
Cordis nostri com*prime motum turbulentum,*
Tue nobis gracie conferens augmentum.

Heil vessel of Clannesse 401 Hail, Vessel of Purity!
Holdyng Oygnement I-nouh,
Of þe olde wrecchednesse
Holdyng doun sourdouh, 404
þe mouinges þat ben troublus
Of vr herte refreinynge,
ʒiuinge[1] of þi grace to vs [1] r. ʒiue?
Euer-more echynge. 408

Dix[i]t insipiens in corde suo: non est deus. Ps. 52 (53).
Aue nostri generis presens ad tutelam:
Audi quam effundimus gemitus loquelam:
Tu corrumpi[1] *nescia tolle cor[r]uptelam* [1] MS. corrumpe
Et morbosis mentibus adhibe medelam.

Heil þat euer art present 409 Hail, ever-present Defender!
Vr kuynde forte defende:
Here ur speche wiþ good entent
þat we forþ to þe sende: 412
þou þat wost no corrupcioun,
ffrom us do hit a-wey,
To seke þouhtus loke þou beo boun
Medicyn to do verrey. 416

Ps. 53 (54). *Deus, in nomine tuo saluum me fac, & in uirtute tua iudica me.*
Aue cuius filius patri coequalis
Nobis se contemperans factus est mortalis.
Nos experiencia doceat realis
Quod in eius nomine saluemur a malis.

Hail, Mother of the Son equal to His Father!

Heil whos sone glorious,
To his ffadur euene,
Haþ[1] comformed[2] him to us
I-maad of dedly steuene:
Nou beo we tauht spiritualy
Beo experience[1] Real,
þat in his nome ful sikerly
Saued we ben from eueles alle.

[1] MS. þat [2] MS. confermed
[1] MS. experimence

Ps. 54 (55). *Exaudi, deus, oracionem meam, et ne despexeris deprecacionem meam; intende michi et exaudi me.*
Aue secretarium exaudicionis,
Nostre verba suscipe deprecacionis
Nosque tue gracie predotatos donis
Ad diuine transferas pacem visionis.

Hail, Hearer of our Prayers!

Heil þou holy sacrarie,
Vr askynges euer heryng,
Vr[1] wordus þou take deuoutly
Al-wei of vre preying;
Vs also þat of þi grace
Wiþ ȝiftus maade riche ariht,
Of pees translate to þe place
Of heueneliche siht.

[1] r. þe

Ps. 55 (56). *Miserere mei deus, quoniam conculcauit me homo: tota die inpugnans tribulauit me.*
Aue Mater venie, potens misereri:
In tuorum numero fac nos recenceri,
Et cum ventilacio[1] ceperit haberi,
Iram nobis tempera iudicis seueri.

[1] MS. ventulacio

Hail, Mother of Forgiveness!

Heil Modur of forȝifnesse,
Mihti to haue merci:
Make us be founde þorwh þi godnesse
Among þi seruauns herti;
And whon þe wynewyng schal be-ginne
To parte euel from good,

Tempre þou þen to us wiþ þi ginne
Of wraþþe þe Iewes[1] mod. [1] = juge's 440

Miserere mei deus, miserere mei, quoniam in te confidit anima mea. Ps. 56 (57).
Aue nostri generis potens aduocata:
Miserere miseris, misereri nata;
Nos qui per te canimus solui iudicata,[1] [1] MS. medicata
Per te solui petimus: solue postulata.

Heil, for þou art of monkynde 441 Hail, Advocate of Mankind!
An Aduoket mihti:
Haue merci, and haue in mynde
Of wrecches þou haue merci; 444
We þat syngen þat bi þe
þat iuged is to paye,
We asken alle vnbounde to be,
To[1] pay þat asked is ayȝe. [1] r. þou 448

Si uere utique iusticiam loquimini, recte[1] *iudicate filij hominum.* Ps. 57 (58). [1] r. recta
Aue que iusticiam semper es locuta,
Cuius ope demonum fraus est imminuta:
Senciat & sapiat per te plebs adiuta
Libertati pristine quo[d][1] *sit restituta.* [1] MS. quo

Heil þou þat rihtwysnesse 449 Hail, Speaker of Righteousness!
Hast i-spoken al-way,
þorwh whos help þe queyntenesse
Of þe fend is lutled ay; 452
þat þe peple holpen beo bi þe,
ffeele þei hit in certeyn,
þat to þe furste liberte
þei beo restored a-ȝeyn. 456

Eripe me de inimicis meis, deus meus, et ab insurgentibus in me libera me. Ps. 58 (59).
Aue mater nesciens in delicto thorum,
Ad quam clamat iugite[r] turba filiorum:
Nos a malis eripe, quos a uia morum
Detorquere satagit tractus viciorum.

Heil modur þat nost sikerliche 457 Hail, sinless Mother!
Trespas don abedde,
To whom þe peple bisiliche
Crieþ and longe haþ gredde: 460

Lyuere vs from eueles euerichon,
Whuche from good maner
Vs to wiþ-drawe is bisy mon
þe drauht of vices her.

Ps. 59 (60). *Deus, repulisti nos & dest[r]uxisti nos, iratus es et misertus es nobis.*

Aue per *quam deitas carne palliata*
Idumeam[1] *visitat corrigens errata:*
Tibi, mater, iugiter psallat plebs renata,
Dei participio per te sociata.

[1] cf. Ps. 59, v. 9.

Hail, Incarnatress of God!

Heil beo whom þe godhed
In vr flesch was laced,
So Idumeam he visyted
To mende þat hedde trespaced:
To þe, Modur of worschipe,
Syngeþ peple þat cristen is,
þat to Godus felaschipe
þey mowe beo ioyned in blis.

Ps. 60 (61). *Exaudi, deus, deprecacionem meam, intende oracioni mee.*

Aue lux exposita loco preminenti,
Lux illustrans omnia radio patenti:
Nos a malis omnibus serues in presenti,
Lumen verum conferens nubilose menti.

Hail, far-shining Light!

Heil, þou hast sent forþ liht
In place most principal,
Liht euer schynynge briht
Wiþ open bem ouer-al:
Kep us from vuel þat us haþ souht,
Whil þat we dwellen here,
ʒiuynge to vre derke þouht
Verrey liht and clere.

Ps. 61 (62). *Nonne deo subiecta erit anima mea? ab ipso enim salutare meum.*

Aue per *quam deitas peregre profecta*
Visitauit exules, nube carnis tecta:
Nostra per *te deo sit anima subiecta,*
Ad soluendas domino grates circumspecta.

Hail, Mother of the God with us!

Heil beo whom þe godhed
Went forþ a-pilgrimage

And þe flemed visyted,
Huled wiþ fflesch of age:
þorwh þe vr soules to God, ladi,
Soget beo þei and meke,
To þonke vr lord ful hertily
Ay to[1] beo bisy eke. [1] r. þei?

Deus deus meus, ad te de luce vigilo. Ps. 62 (63).
Aue vite pabulum, virginum lucerna,
Quam plus ditat ceteris gracia superna:
Pietate filijs subueni materna,
Sanctitatis adipe sacians interna.

Heil, þou art code of lyf, 489 Hail, thou Food of Life!
And Maydens eke lanterne;
Whom bi-foren oþur riche and rif
Haþ maad þe grace of heuene: 492
Help þi sones of þi godnesse
As Modur of pite,
ffullyng hem of þi fatnesse
Of inward saunctite. 496

Exaudi, deus, oracionem meam cum deprecor: a Ps. 63 (64).
timore inimici eripe animam meam. [1] MS. quam
Aue virgo generans per quem[1] *defecerunt*
Hij qui velud gladium[2] *linguas acuerunt*[3]*;* [2] MS. gladij
Qui tendentes laqueos, in quos inciderunt, [3] cf. Ps. 63, v. 3.
Ex defectu proprio nobis p[r]ofuerunt.[1] [1] MS. posuerunt

Heil Mayden, him forþ bringynge 497 Hail, Maiden Mother of Christ!
Be whom al þei dude fayle
þat hedden tonges of scharpynge
As[1] swerd þat kerueþ Mayle; [1] MS. And 500
þei maden panters for oþur men
And fullen in to þe same;
Of heor oune defaute þen
To vs þe profyt came. 504

TE decet ymnus, deus, in syon, et tibi reddetur Ps. 64 (65).
votum in Ierusalem.
Aue per quam deitas, carnis indumento
Tecta, curat morbidum gracie fomento:
Queso fac ut centupli gaudens incremento [1] MS. valli non
Habundare valeam vallium[1] *frumento.*[2] [2] cf. Ps. 64, v. 13.

Hail, thou in whom God took flesh!

Heil þorwh whom godhed i-wis
Of vre flesch tok cloþinge,
fforte helen us of seknis
þorwh his grace helpynge.
þat i mou, Ioynge, prei i þe,
An hundredfold of encrece and hete,
Haue plentiuouse charite
Of þe valeye of whete.

Ps. 65 (66).

IVbilate deo omnis terra, psalmum dicite nomini eius, date gloriam laudi eius.
Aue virgo generans plebis salutare,
Cuius laudes resonent celum, terra, mare,
Qui naturam hominis uolens exaltare
Moriendo voluit mortem terminare.

Hail, Mother of our Saviour!

Heil Mayden, bringyng forþ
Of folk þe helþe, parde,
Of whos herying sounen in worþ
Heuene, Erþe and Séé,
Him þat al monkynde
Wolde en-haunce wel hiȝe,
And so for us eke dyinge
Put out deþes eiȝe.

Ps. 66 (67).

Deus misereatur nostri & benedicat nobis: illuminet uultum suum super nos & misereatur nostri.
Aue per quam miseris deus miseretur,
Per quam[1] *nostri generis scelus aboletur:*
Per te sic miseria nostra releuetur
Vt in finem gaudio uero permutetur.

[1] r. quem?

Hail, Channel of Mercy!

Heil þorwh whom God haþ muynde
On wrecches and haþ merci,
þorwh whom al Monkynde
Clansed is þat was gulti:
Beo þe al vr wrecchednis
So beo releued a-wey
þat in to þe ende of[1] ioye and blis
hit beo chaunged verrey.

[1] r. wiþ?

Ps. 67 (68).

Exurgat deus & dissipentur inimici eius, & fugiant qui oderunt eum a facie eius.
Aue de qua natus est triumphator mortis,
Deus ex te particeps factus nostre sortis,

Qui captiuos eruens ab inferni portis
Reddat nos consorcio celice cohortis.

Heil of whom boren was her
He þat deþ ouercom,
God of þe vr parciner
Was maad and vre lot nom.
He þat wrecches wiþ worschip
Lyuered fro ȝates of helle,
Restore vs to þe felaschip
Wiþ heuenlich folk to dwelle.

Hail, Mother of Death's Conqueror!

SAluum me fac deus, quoniam intrauerunt aque usque ad animam meam.
Aue stella fulgida, stella salutaris,
Stella de qua prodijt radius solaris:
Mentis pelle tenebras, nec nos paciaris
Absorberi fluctibus procellosi maris.[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 68, v. 16.

Ps. 68 (69).

Heil þou sterre schynyng briht,
Of vr hele þou art sterre;
Sterre from whom went forþ riht
þe Sonne-Beem, our herre:
þe derknesses of vr þouht
Make þou a-wey to fle;
þat we be swolewed, suffre þou nouht,
Wiþ tempestes of þe séé.

Hail, Star of the sea!

Deus in adiutorium meum intende, domine ad adiuuandum me festina.
Aue vallis humilis, in quam cum descendit
Deus verus, Abrahe semen apprehendit,
Et sic adiutorium miseris inpendit
Conterendo laqueos hostis quos tetendit.

Heil valeye of humilite,
In whom whon þer doun cam
Verrey God þat tok of þe
þe seed of Abraham,
On such maner he ȝaf helpyn[g]
To wrecches þat weoren in wer,
þe panters al to-brekyng
þat vre Enemy made heer.

Ps. 69 (70).

Hail, Valley of Humility!

In te domine speraui, non confundar in eternum; in iusticia tua libera me & eripe me.

Ps. 70 (71).

Aue vite ianua, speciem[1] *virtutis,* [1] r. species?
Protectorem generans ope destitutis:
Nostrum sis refugium, nostre spes salutis,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 70, v. 3 ff.
Per quam dure soluitur iugum seruitutis.

Hail, Gate of Life!
Heil ȝate of lyf wiþ honour,
Of vertues þou art spice,
Bringyng forþ þe protectour
To helples þorw vice;

Thou art our Refuge.
þou art refuyt to euer*i* age,
Hope of hele i-founde,
þorwh whom now of bondage
þe harde ȝok is vnbounde.

Ps. 71 (72). *Deus, iudicium tuum regi da, et iusticiam tuam filio regis.*
Aue celi pluuia vellus iroratum,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 71, v. 6.
Indumentum preparans regi purpuratum,
Qui se nostri generis gerens aduocatum
ffecit[1] *finem litibus, finem perbeatum.* [1] MS. fferit

Hail, thou Rain of Heaven!
Heil, of heuene þou art reyn,
And fleos wiþ dewh i-wet,
Cloþing of purpre þou art, certeyn,
To þat kyng arayed and met,
þat him-self to vr kuynde
Schewed him so Aduoket,
Of alle stryues made an ende,
In blisse vs forte set.

Ps. 71, 9 ff. [1]*Aue cuius filio gens ab Oriente*
Trina trino detulit, stella precedente;
Sic iunctura fidei duos u[n]iente,
Liberauit pauperem deus a potente.[1]

[1] This stanza refers to Ps. 71, v. 9—12, but is headed in the MS. by Ps. 72 (Quam bonus), and so the next Quatrains till Ps. 78 have the wrong heading.
[1] cf. Ps. 71, v. 12.

Hail, thou to whose Son the 3 Kings gave gifts!
Heil [to] whos sone gent
þreo kynges fro þe Est
Comen feire wiþ heore present,
A sterre hem ladde best;
So þe ioynture of þe fey
Twiȝen þen onynge,
God þe pore lyuered awey
ffrom þe mihti nuwynge.[1] [1] = ags. niowunga anew

Ps. 72 (73). *Quam bonus, israel, deus hijs qui recto sunt corde!*
Aue virgo generans orbis architectum,

Qui dum mortis moriens terminat effectum,
Mentis nostre gressibus iter parat rectum, [1] cf. Ps. 72, v. 7.
Vt nequaquam transeant cordis in affectum.[1]

Heil Mayden, for þou him beer
þat al þe world doþ keuere;
þat for vs alle dyȝinge heer
deþ destruyed for euere;
þe rihte wey a-rayed so
to steppus of vr þouhte,
ffor we schulde on nowyse go
As men þat no-þing rouhte.

Hail, Mother of the Creator!

Vt quid, deus, repulisti in finem? iratus est furor tuus super oues pascue tue?
Aue cuius filius operans salutem
In terrarum medio,[1] *mouet ad uirtutem.* [1] cf. Ps. 73, v. 12.
Erumpnosam remoue, mater, seruitutem,
Presens ut exilium gaudio permutem.

Heil whos sone has wrouht
Al vr hele sponnewe,
þat in þe myddes of eorþe vs souht
To meoue us to vertue.
Remuwe þou, Modur gentil,
Bondage from vr graunge,
þat we mowen vre exil
Wiþ Ioye of heuene chaunge.

Ps. 73 (74).

Hail, Mother of our Purifier!

Confitebimur tibi, deus, confitebimur, et inuocabimus nomen tuum.
Aue cuius gracia ueniam meretur
ffidem qui catholicam pie confitetur:
Tuis, virgo, meritis precibusque detur
Vt quod Eua perdidit per te reformetur.

Heil þorwh whos grace may haue
ffoȝiuenes verreyliche
He þat þe holy feiþ wol saue
And knowleche hit mekeliche:
þorwh þi merit, mayden dere,
To vs beo hit iȝiue
þat hit beo refoormed here
þat lost was þorwh Eue.

Ps. 74 (75).

Hail, Channel of Forgiveness!

Ps. 75 (76). *Notus in Iudea deus, in israel magnum nomen eius.*

Aue per *quam dominus pietate motus*
Humilis apparuit in iudea notus:
ffortem redde spiritum, frangens carnis motus,
Vt deuote seruiat tibi toti totus.

Hail, Channel of Pity!

Heil þorwh whom þe lord of miht
Was stured wiþ pite,
And schewed him meke to monnes siht
And knowen was in Iudee:
Mak þou vs of spirit strong,
Sturynges of flesche brekyng,
þat we ben alle wiþ herte and tong
Deuout to þe seruyng.

Ps. 76 (77). *Voce mea ad dominum clamaui; uoce mea ad deum, & intendit michi.*

Aue mater gracie, gemmis redimita,
Mater per *quam pauperum uox est exaudita:*
Tuus nobis filius in presenti uita
Via sit & veritas in futuro sita.

Hail, Mother of Grace!

Heil modur of grace i calle þe þen,
Schinyng as precious stones,
Modur þorwh whom of þe pore men
þe vois is herd at ones:
To vs þi sone of worþinesse
In þis lyf hol and some
Beo he boþe wey and soþfastnesse
ffor lyf þat is to come.

Ps. 77 (78). *Attendite popule meus legem meum, inclinate aurem uestram in uerba oris mei.* [1] cf. Ps. 77, v. 24 ff.

Aue terra glorie germinans frumentum,[1]
Animabus conferens uite nutrimentum,[2] [2] cf. Ps. 77, v. 25.
Quod in crucis cornibus a iudeis tentum
Moriendo centupli tulit incrementum.

Hail, Thou Land of Bliss!

Heil, þou noble lond of blis
Whete wel feir borionyng,
To mennes soules þou ȝiuest i-wis
Of lyf þe norisschyng,
þat on þe hornes of þe Croys
Iewes helden wiþ-outen les;

Dyȝinge he ȝaf wiþ-outen noys[1] [1] MS. uoys
An hundred-fold encrees.

Deus, uenerunt gentes in hereditatem tuam, polluerunt templum sanctum tuum, posuerunt ierusalem in p[omorum] *c*[ustodiam]. Ps. 78 (79).

[1]Heil from whom went forþ þo [1] Latin Quatrain to Ps. 78 wanting.
þe ffadur of fadurles,
Whos temple defouled also
þe peple of corsudnes :
Ioyne þi seruauns euerichon
To holi cumpaygnye ;
þi sones take in possession
þat peyned ben heer to dye.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 78, v. 11.

Hail, Mother of the Father of the Fatherless!

Qui regis israel, intende ; qui deducis uelud ouem Ioseph. Ps. 79 (80).

Aue lumen fidei, summa spei certe,
Caritatis vinculum ; veritatis per te
Via nobis paruit : queso nos conuerte,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 79, v. 4.
Et ne mala videant, oculos[1] *auerte.* [1] MS. ouculos

Heil, þou art þe liht of feiþ,
And vr heȝe hope, parde,
And eke of Charite, men seiþ,
þe bond. þerfore þorwh þe
Of soþnesse to us þe weye
Was schewed. we preye þe now,
Conuerte us, þat wiþ vr eiȝe
Seo vueles we ne mow.

Hail, thou Light of Faith!

Exultate deo adiutori nostro, iubilate deo iacob. Ps. 80 (81).
Aue cuius filius dextera potenti
Ab egipti cophino[1] *suos in presenti* [1] cf. Ps. 80, v. 7.
Liberando reficit adipe frumenti,
Et de petra saciat melle profluenti.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 80, v. 17.

Heil whos sone fyn
Wiþ his mihti honde
ffrom Egiptus cofyn
Diliuered us her in londe,
After þat vs refetyng
Wiþ þe ter[1] of whete, [1] 'teer of flowre, amolum,' *Pr. Parv.*
And of þe ston hony flowyng
ffulled vs at mete.

Hail, Mother of our Deliverer!

Ps. 81 (82). *Deus stetit in synagoga deorum, in medio autem deos diiudicat.*
Aue cuius filius stetit in deorum
Synagoga, iudicans principes eorum;
Qui pupillos refouens spes est egenorum,[1]
Nos adoptans erigit in spem filiorum.

[1] cf. Ps. 81, v. 3.

Hail, Mother of the Judge of Princes!

Heil, whos deore sone stod
In þe Synagoge of goddes
And iuged þer wiþ stille mood
Princis lyuynge as dogges;
And foode ȝaf to þe faderles,
And hope eke to neodi;
Vs to his sones he dude purches
In to hope on hyȝ.

Ps. 82 (83). *Deus, quis similis erit tibi? ne taceas neque compescaris, deus.*
Aue per quam nobis est similis effectus
Deus, iudex hominum paciens & rectus:
Purga conciencias, ordinans affectus,
Vt non nobis noceat noster inperfectus.

Hail, thou Maker of God like Man!

Heil þorwh whom, as we haue mynde,
To us is maad nou lyke
God, þat iuge is of monkynde,
Suffring and rihtful eke:
Purge þou vr concience,
And ordeyne vre delyt,
þat us greue nouȝt vre offence
Of wrecches in-parfyt.

Ps. 83 (84). *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, domine virtutum: concupiscit & deficit anima mea in atria domini.*
Aue tabernaculum facta deitatis,
In quo saluat seculum cristus a peccatis:
Solue queso vinculum nostre prauitatis,
Prestans habitaculum noue claritatis.

Hail, Tabernacle of God!

Heil tabernacle cler
Maade of þe godhed,
In whom crist saued þe world her
ffrom synne and wrecchedhed:
þe bond, we preye þe, vnbynde
Of vre schrewednesse,

And ȝif us place to vre dwellynge :
þat is of newe clernesse.

Benedixisti domine terram tuam, auertisti captiuitatem iacob. Ps. 84 (85).

Aue terra gracie fecundata donis,
Noue fructum proferens benediccionis :
Nostrum desiderium facies in bonis,
Nos a malis eximens praue nacionis.

Heil noble eorþe of grace
þorwh ȝiftus wel arrayed,
To bringe forþ fruyt in luytel space
Of newe blessyng assayed :
þou schalt make al vre desyr
In godnesse to be stede ;
Of al vuel quenche þou þe fyr
And eke of wikkedhede.

673 Hail, Land full of bliss!

676

680

Inclina domine aurem tuam & exaudi me, quoniam inops & pauper sum ego. Ps. 85 (86).

Aue uite speculum, uirginum regina,
Quam lustrauit vndique gracia diuina :
Aurem tuam pauperum precibus inclina,
Quos inuoluit misere sordium sentina.

Heil þou cler myrour of lyf,
Of Maydens þou art queene,
Whom grace of heuene ouer-al ful ryf
Schynyng schewed schene :
Beende þyn eres bisyliche
To pore mennes preyere,
þe whuche ben wrapped wrecchedliche
In fulþe and serwe in-feere.

681 Hail, Mirror of Life!

684

688

Fundamenta eius in montibus sanctis : diligit dominus portas syon super omnia tabernacula iacob. Ps. 86 (87).

Aue dei ciuitas, cuius fundamentum
Samarites construit, qui nos in iumentum
Semiuiuos [subleuans] plagis dat vnguentum,
Viuo[1] *legis adhibens gracie fomentum.*

Heil cite of god and man,
Of whuche þe foundement

[1] r. vino: cf. Luc. 10, 34.

689 Hail, City of God and Man!

Buylded þe Samaritan,
þat us vppon his iument
Sette þat br[o]u3t was[1] neih [of][2] dawe,
And 3af us vnement, [1] r. war [2] MS. to
Eching to hem þat lyuen beo lawe,
Of grace help verrement.

Ps. 87 (88). *Domine deus salutis mee, in die clamaui et nocte coram te.*
Aue mater domini qui spes est[1] *salutis,* [1] MS. &
Qui contriuit moriens iugum seruitutis:
Iuua nos in tempore nostre senectutis,
Nos in celum subleuans gradibus virtutis.

Hail, Mother of our Lord!
Heil Modur of [þe] lord and kyng,
þat hope art of vr hele,
þe whuche brac in his dy3ing
Of bondage 3okkes fele:
Help us nou wiþ þi preying—
We ben in ful gret age;
In to heuene vs up liftyng
þorwh vertus, stage vp stage.

Ps. 88 (89). *Misericordias domini in eternum cantabo.*
Aue nostri generis terminans lamentum,
Per quam rex disposuit uite testamentum:[1]
Gregem tuis laudibus iugiter intentum [1] cf. Ps. 88, v. 20.
Non pauere facias iudicis aduentum.

Hail, Ender of Sorrow!
Heil of Monkynde ende makyng
Of alle serwe and stryf,
þorwh whom disposet haþ vr kyng
þe Testament of lyf:
þis folk þat in þyn herying
Heer trauayleþ day bi day,
Mak þat þei haue no dredyng
Whon Iuge schal come verray.

Ps. 89 (90). *Domine, refugium factus es nobis, a generacione in generacionem.*
Aue que refugium facta desperatis
Procellose comprimis motus tempestatis:
Paca nos & applica portubus optatis,
Vultui[1] *nos offerens summe trinitatis.* [1] MS. Vultru

Heil, for þou art help ful good
To hem þat han non hope;
þou a-batest þe grete flood,
In tempest whon we ben lope:
To þat hauene þou vs brynge
þat ay desyre schulde we,
In to þe siht vs offringe
Of þe heiȝe Trinite.

Hail, Help of the Despairing!

Qui habitat in adiutorio altissimi, in protectione dei celi commorabitur. Ps. 90 (91).

Aue quam inhabitat verbum caro factum,
Qui collapsos uetiti ligni per contactum
Nos fecisse condolens cum inferno pactum,
Ligno vite reparat figuli uas fractum.[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 2, v. 9.

Heil in whom word made flesch
Dwelleþ, þat haþ mournyng
Of fallyng of Monkynde so nesch,
fforboden a treo touchyng;
þat bouhte mon fro pyne of hel,
þat *per* schulde haue bi stoke;
Wiþ þe treo of lyf he heled wel
þe vessel þat was broke.

Hail, Dwelling of Christ!

Bonum est confiteri domino, et psallere nomini tuo, altissime. Ps. 91 (92).

Aue per quam domino pie confitemur,
Cuius pie veniam consequi meremur:
Tuis sanctis precibus, mater, adiuuemur,
Vt cum cristo iugiter tecum gloriemur.

Heil þorwh whom to god mekeliche
Men make confession,
And aftur þat mercifuliche
Graunteþ us remission:
Modur, þorwh þi preyere
Beo we so holpen a-way,[1]
þat wiþ crist and þe i-fere
Ioye we mowe haue ay.

[1] r. al-way?

Hail, Way of Confession!

Dominus regnauit, decorem indutus est; indutus est dominus fortitudinem & precinxit se. Ps. 92 (93).

Aue per quam dominus induens decorem,
Matris Eue moriens terminat merorem,

Prime nos originis uocans ad honorem,
Immo statum reuocans multo meliorem.

Hail, fair Garment of God!

Heil þorwh whom God cloþing
Of feirnesse tok at morwe,
Of Eue, vr modur, for us dying
He endet al þe sorwe,
Callynge aȝein vs to honour
Of vr furst springyng forþ,
And us sette, soffring hard schour,
In staat muche more worþ.

Ps. 93 (94).

Deus ulcionum dominus; deus ulcionum libere egit.
Aue mater domini miseracionum,
Mea delens crimina spiritum da bonum,
Vt astare valeam gaudens ante tronum,
Cum in finem venerit deus vlcionum.

Hail, Mother of the Lord of Mercy!

Heil modur of þe lord
Of Merci þat is parfyt:
Do wey my synnes of dedes[1] and word,
And ȝif me good spirit,
þat I may stonde wiþ cher gladyng
To-fore þe trone of blis,
Whon god schal come at þe endyng
To venge dedes mis.

[1] r. dede

Ps. 94 (95).

Venite, exultemus domino, iubilemus deo salutari nostro.
Aue mater inclita,[1] *mater inquam dei,*
Per quem datur Sabbatum uere requiei;
Hic est qui nos liberat anno iubilei[1]*:*
Vnde nec in-merito iubilamus ei.

[1] MS. indica; the translator read modica.

[1] cf. Ps. 94, v. 10, 11.

Hail, meek Mother of Christ!

Heil modur meke wiþ-oute debat,
Heil modur[1] of Ihesu crist,
þorwh whom to us þe Sabat
Is ȝiuen of verrey rist[1];
He hit is þat lyuereþ vs
In þe ȝeer of Iubilee:
þerfore vchon as men ioyus
To him nou synge we.

[1] MS. modur of modur of

[1] MS. riht

Ps. 95 (96).

Cantate domino canticum nouum, cantate domino omnis terra.

Aue per quam domino nouit decantare
Nouum terra canticum laudans salutare;
Qui nos, cum redierit orbem salutare,[1]
Summi patris ouibus velit agregare.

[1] r. iudicare; cf. Ps. 95, v. 13.

Heil þorwh whom to vr lord
Men han lernd to synge
A newe song wiþ vois and word
Of heleþe hin[r] hery[i]nge,
þat he[1] wole, whon he comeþ aȝeyn
þe world forte grete,
His ffadres schep þen in certeyn
To-gedere he wol gete.

[1] om. he?

Hail, Causer of our new Song!

Dominus regnauit: exultet terra, letentur insule multe.

Ps. 96 (97).

Aue cuius filius regnans sine fyne
Egrotanti factus est auctor medicine,
Qui naturam hominis vniens diuine
ffit per mortis terminum terminus[1] *ruine.*

[1] MS. terminis

Heil whos sone in pouste
Regneþ wiþ-outen ende,
To syke men mad is he
Medicyn, hem to mende;
þe whuche of monkynde and diuyn
Maade an onynge,
And in his dyȝinge dude termyn
þe terme of vre fallynge.

Hail, Mother of the Everlasting King!

Cantate domino canticum nouum, quia mirabilia fecit.

Ps. 97 (98).

Aue que libidinis non sensisti motum,
Per quam fecit dominus salutare notum,[1]
Qui, quod erat hominis, assumendo totum
Ergo se contemperat, sanet ut egrotum.

[1] cf. Ps. 97, v. 2.

Heil þou þat of lecherie
ffeledest neuer no sturyng;
þorwh þe þe lord of glorie
Maade hele to vr knowyng:
He tok al þing him vppon
þat was of Monkuynde eke,
fforte helen hem euerichon
þat in soule weren seke.

Hail, pure Virgin!

Ps. 98 (99). *Dominus regnauit: irascantur populi; qui sedet*[1] *super cherubin, moueatur terra.*

[1] MS. sedes

Aue que iusticie solem nube[1] *tegis,*

[1] Ps. 98, v. 7.

Tronus facta gracie, tronus summi regis:
Nostri queso uigiles ad tutelam gregis,
Vt in nobis uigeat plenitudo legis.

Hail, Sun of Righteousness!

Heil þou þe sonne of rihtwysnes
Wiþ clene cloude huledest,
Made trone of grace and goodnes,
Trone of kyng hiȝist:
Vr flok forte defende
We prey þe wake and dawe,
Þat we mowe þriue and us amende
Wiþ ffulnesse of þe lawe.

Ps. 99 (100). *Iubilate deo omnis terra, seruite domino in leticia.*
Aue mater, cuius est pietas in-mensa,
Cuius ope languidis salus est inpensa:
Mentis uota suscipe iubilumque pensa,
Et perhenne gaudium nobis recompensa.

Hail, Mother of infinite Pity!

Heil Modur swete, whos pite
May no mon þenke ne telle;
To seke men is ȝiue þorwh þe
An hele, soþ as gospelle:
Tac þou deuocions of vr þouht,
And of gladnesse tak hede;
Þe ioye euerlastynge forȝete þou nouht
To gete us to vr mede.

Ps. 100 (101). *Misericordiam & iudicium cantabo tibi, domine.*
Aue Mater solitum gignens preter morem,
Que gignendo retines virginis pudorem:[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 100, v. 2.

Iuris & iudicij feruidum rigorem
per misericordie tempera[1] *dulcorem.*

[1] MS. tempora

Hail, Maiden Mother!

Hei[l] Modur child forþ bringynge
Aȝeynes comuyn custome,
Of Maydenhod ȝit stille holdynge
Clannesse wiþ-outen schome:
Of lawe and of þe Iuggement
Þat ilke brennynge hardnesse
Tempre þou wiþ good entent
Of Merci wiþ swetnesse.

Domine, exaudi oracionem meam, et clamor meus ad te veniat. Ps. 101 (102).

Aue per quam pauperum uoces exaudiuit
Passer solitarius[1] *qui post mortem viuit;* [1] cf. Ps. 101, v. 8.
Qui per penas diluens culpam quam nesciuit,
Iugum mortis moriens opido contriuit.

Heil þorwh whom of pore men 809 Hail, Helper of the Poor!
Voyces heereþ of breþ
þe sparwe in þe euene soleyn
þat lyueþ aftur his deþ; 812
þat wiþ peynes harde wassching
þe gultus þat he nouht kneuh,
þe ȝok of deþ for us dying
He al to-brac and dreuh. 816

Benedic anima mea domino, & omnia que intra me sunt nomini sancto eius. Ps. 102 (103).

Aue Mater titulo benediccionis
Illustrata celitus gracieque[1] *donis:* [1] MS. graciaque
Nos illustra cumulo miseracionis,
Statum mutans misere conuersacionis.

Heil Modur þat aboute by-gon 817 Hail, Blessed of our King!
Wiþ tytle of good blessynge,
Wiþ grace and vertues mony on,
þorwh ȝiftus of vr kynge: 820
Resseyue þou vs þorwh þi goodnes
Wiþ plenteuous merci,
Chaungynge ur stat of wrecchednes
In to lyuyng holy. 824

Benedic anima mea domino: domine deus meus, magnificatus es uehementer. Ps. 103 (104).

Aue Mater gracie, Mater Benedicta,
Malediccionibus Eue non astricta:
Moles queso criminum aufer & delicta,
Vt scueri iudicis temperes edicta.

Heil þou modur of grace, 825 Hail, Mother of Grace!
Modur al-wey blessid . . . .[1]: [1] 2 vv. wanting.
þe Moles of vr crym, we prey,
Do wey, and vre trespas, 828
þe Iuges harde biddynges verrey
Tempre þou in luytel spas. 830

Ps. 104 (105). *Confitemini domino & inuocate nomen eius; Annunciate inter gentes opera eius.*
Aue Mater filij, per quam[1] *liberantur* [1] r. quem?
Qui sub mole criminum[1] *pressi condempnantur:*
Ipsi, per quem federa gracie ditantur, [1] MS. crimini
Pie nos confedera cum hijs qui saluantur.

Hail, Mother of thy blessed Son!
Heil Modur of Sone i-blest,
þorwh whom dyliue*r*ed beone
þei þat wiþ crymes ben opprest,
And dampned wiþ-outen wene.
To him, þorwh hom[1] euer-mo [1] MS. him
Bondes of grace ben maade,
Meke[1] him þou bynde us to, [1] MS. Make
Wiþ hem þat ben saue and glade.

Ps. 105 (106). *Confitemini domino, quoniam bonus, quoniam in seculum misericordia eius.*
Aue cuius filio pie confitemur,
Quod Egipti tenebris[1] *per hunc amouemur*[2]; [1] MS. tenebras
Qui pro nobis gladium ponit super femur,[3] [2] MS. admouemur
Quo accinctus dimicet, ne nos expugnemur. [3] cf. Ps. 44, v. 4.

Hail, Mother of our Deliverer!
Heil to whos sone in soþnes
We knowleche wiþ good fey,
þat of Egiptus derknes
þorwh him we ben [don] a-wey;
þe whuche for vs haþ put a swerd
Vppon his syde ful riht,
And so igurt nis nouȝt a-ferd,
ffor vs redi to fiht.

Ps. 106 (107). *Confitemini domino, quoniam bonus, quoniam in seculum misericordia eius.*
Aue Mater domini qui te preelegit,
Qui cateruas hostium[1] *moriens confregit*[2] [1] MS. hominum
Et inferna uisitans, predo quos abegit [2] cf. Ps. 106, v. 16.
A predonis faucibus preda factus egit.

Hail, Mother of the Lord of all!
Heil Modur of þe lord of al
þat þe to-fore oþur haþ chosun;
þat cumpaygnyes grete and smal
[Of] þe fendes dyȝinge haþ brokun,
And aftur þat helle visityng,
þe[1] rauynour drof a-way, [1] r. þat þe?

And[1] fro þe chekes of þe Rauyning [1] om. And?
Dyliuered us, whon he was pray. 854

Paratum cor meum deus, paratum cor meum: cantabo & psallam in gloria mea. Ps. 107 (108).
Aue nostrum gaudium, nostra spes & vita,
Cuius ope salus est egris inpertita:
Generalem generis sortem non oblita,
Ad eterne pabulum uite nos inuita.

Heil vr ioye and al vr blis, 855 Hail, our Joy and Bliss!
Vr hope and eke vr lyf;
Þorwh whom to seke men heer is
Hele ȝiuen ful rif: 858
Þe comuyn lot nou of monkynde
Loke þat þou nouȝt forȝete,
And of þe lyf euer-lastinde
Þou bidde us to þe mete. 862

Deus, laudem meam ne tacueris, quia os peccatoris & os dolosi super me apertum est. Ps. 108 (109).
Aue per quam dominus nostri miseretur,
Cuius laus in filio digne recensetur;
Qui dum pacis osculum ficte non veretur,
Sibi laudem, gloriam nobis promeretur.

Heil þorwh whom þe lord of miht 863 Hail, Channel of Mercy!
On vs euere haþ merci,
Whos herying in Sone is riht
Reherced eft worþily; 866
Þe whuche whon he dredde no-þing
Iudas feyned cos,
To him-self he won heriing,
And ioye and blisse to vs. 870

Dixit dominus domino meo: sede a dextris meis. Ps. 109 (110).
Aue cuius vterus factus est castellum
Quod intrauit dominus properans ad bellum,
Qui sibi de restibus faciens flagellum
Inimicos posuit pedum sub scabellum.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 109, v. 1.

Heil whos wombe was mad wiþ riht 871 Hail, Castle of our Lord!
Castel of feir dwellyng,
In whuche entred þe lord of miht
Toward batayle goyng; 874

þat to him-self of wiþþes gret
Smart scourge made and hot
And his enemys so set
Vndur þe stol of his fot.

Ps. 110 (111). *Confitebor tibi domine in toto corde meo, in consilio iustorum & congregacione.*
Aue per quam genitor filium premisit,
Redimendi populi cui curam commisit;[1]
In quem cum diabolus manum suam misit,
Quos ad mortem traxerat nescius amisit.

[1] cf. Ps. 110, v. 9.

Hail, Mother of God's foresent Son!

Heil þorwh whom þe getere
His sone sende bi-fore,
To whom he ȝaf þen powere
Aȝeyn-bugge þulke þat weren lore;
On whom whon þe fend ful fawe
His hond hedde set wiþ bost,
þulke þat to deþ he hedde i-drawe
Vn-wityngliche he lost.

Ps. 111 (112). *Beatus vir qui timet dominum, in mandatis eius volet nimis.*
Aue stella nuncians veri solis ortum,
De qua verum tenebris lumen est exortum[1]*;*
Quod in nostris mentibus reperis distortum,
Tue participio lucis sit absortum.

[1] cf. Ps. 111, v. 4.

Hail, Star of Annunciation!

Heil sterre to vs schewyng
Springynge of verrey Sonne,
Of whom verrey lihtyng
To derknesse is bygunne.
Wheþer hit beo croked oþur vnriht
þat þou fyndest in vr þouht,
Wiþ sum partye of þi lyht
Mak hit out beo brouht.

Ps. 112 (113). *Laudate pueri dominum, laudate nomen domini.*
Aue mater pueri per quem vita datur,
Cuius laus a pueris digne predicatur:
Per te nobis puritas uite conferatur,
Que[1] *in puericie nomine signatur.*

[1] MS. Quo

Hail, Mother of the Life-giver!

Heil Modur of þat childe
þorwh whom is ȝiuen lyf;

Whos heryinge of children mylde
Preched is wel ryf:
Clannes of lyf wiþ-outen blame
To us be ȝiuen þorwh þe,
þat of childhode in þe name
Beo-tokned is, parde.

IN exitu israel de egypto, domus iacob de populo barbaro
Aue cuius filius sudans in agone
Mare nobis consecrat merso pharaone;
Qui fit preda faciens predam de predone,
Sicque predo uictus est vetus a tyrone.

Heil whos sone, whon he sweted
In his gret Agonye,
þe séé to vs he halewed,
Pharao dreynt is at eiȝe;
He þat was maad preye, haþ preyed
Mihtiliche his preyour,
And so þe olde preyour is venquised
Of a Champioun of honour.

Ps. 113 (114).

Make us pure!

Hail, Hallower of the Sea to us!

DIlexi, quoniam exaudiet dominus uocem oracionis mee.
Aue norma fidei, pacis disciplina,
Apis mella faciens, uitis fundens uina:
Vini meri calicem filiis propina,
Et de valle tristium transfer ad diuina.

Heil, þou art rule of feiþ, parde,
And of þe pees disciplyn,
Makyng hony þou art þe Beo,
A Vyne eke heldyng out wyn:
þe chalys of þe wyn so clere
ffulle to þi sones euene;
Out of þis valeye of serwes here
Translate us in to heuene.

Ps. 114 (116).

Hail, thou Rule of Faith!

CRedidi propter quod locutus sum, ego autem humiliatus sum nimis.
Aue uitis fertilis docta propinare
Vinum quod inebriat, uinum salutare,[1]
Vinum de quo dominus risum fecit Sare
Dum promisit Abrahe semen ampliare.

[1] cf. Ps. v. 13.

Ps. 115 (116, v. 10).

Hail, thou Plenteous Vine!

Heil þou plentiuous vyn,
Tauht to forþfulle and dele
Wyn þat moysteþ men wyþ-in,
þat wyn is al vr hele;
Wyn of whuche vr lord made game
And lauhtre eke to Saare,
Whon he bi-hiht to Habrahame
His seed schulde encrece mare.

Ps. 116 (117).

Laudate dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes populi.
Aue per quam factus est homo rex celorum,
Cuius passim resonat laudes uox celorum:
Te laudare iugiter summa sit uotorum,
Donec nos suscipiat chorus angelorum.

Hail, Maker of a Man King of Heaven!

Heil þorwh whom a Mon is maad
Kyng of heuene, and calle,
On whos heriinge crien ful sad
Of heuene þe voises alle:
þe to herie bisi men hem make
Wiþ herte deuoutelye,
Til þat out of þis world us take
Aungeles Cumpaygnye.

Ps. 117 (118).

Confitemini domino, quoniam bonus, quoniam in seculum misericordia eius.
Aue vitis gracie, vitis salutaris,
Quam vallauit vndique lapis angularis[1]*:* [1] cf. Ps. 117, v. 22.
Nostram sepi uineam uallo quo vallaris,
Ne nos ledat rabies feri singularis.

Hail, thou Vine of Grace!

Heil, þou art vyn of grace,
And vyne of hele al-one;
þe whuche enuyround in al space
He þat is kernere[1]-stone: [1] r. corner
Hegge þou a-boute vr vyn-ȝard
Now in þis valey here,
þat woodnes us hurte ne make aferd
Of þe wylde best singulere.

Ps. 118 (119).

Beati in-maculati in via, qui ambulant in lege domini.
Aue pia genitrix in-maculatorum, [1] cf. Ps. 118, v. 4.
Quorum lex est currere viam mandatorum;[1]

Ne a via deuient pedes uiatorum,
Quod nos grauat amoue, pondus peccatorum.
Heil þou bringere forþ so gent
Of men þat haue no synne,
In[1] þe [wey] of good comaundement
Whos law es[1] for to rinne.
Out of riht wey þat þei ne go
þe[1] feet of weyferynde,
þat vs sore greueþ remoue also,
þe burþun of hem þat synde.

[1] MS. In to
[1] MS. lawes
[1] MS. Ne

Hail, Mother of the Sinless!

Ad dominum cum tribularer clamaui: et exaudiuit me. Ps. 119 (120).

Aue de qua prodiit potens aduocatus,
Culpe qui determinat veteres reatus;
Cuius patrocinio noster incolatus[1]
Transeat in gloriam melioris status.
Heil fro whom passed forþ ful fre
An[1] aduoket mihti,
þat determyned wiþ humilite
Vr olde dedes gulti;
þorwh his help wiþ-outen mis
We þat dwellen heer al maate,
Beo we translated in to blis
Of wel better state.

[1] cf. Ps. 119, v. 5.
[1] MS. And

Hail, Mother of our Advocate!

Leuaui oculos meos in montes, vnde ueniet auxilium michi. Ps. 120 (121).

Aue virgo regia, mundi luminare,
Cece mentis tenebras potens propulsare:
Nos in montem doceas oculos leuare
Quo con[s]cendit Abraham, iussus immolare.
Heil þou kynges Mayden wrouht,
Of þis world þou art liht:
þe derknes of vr blynde þouht
Put þou a-wey wiþ miht;
Tech us in to þat hul wiþ game
Vr eȝen lufte on alle wyse,
In to whuche steih Abrahame
I-beden do sacrifice.

Hail, Kingly Virgin!

Letatus sum in hijs que dicta sunt michi: in domum domini ibimus. Ps. 121 (122).

Aue que leticiam mundo retulisti
Cum in verbo gracie verbum genuisti;
Qui cum nos preceperit ad tribunal sisti,
Ab auditu faciat non pauere tristi.

Hail, Joy of the World!

Heil þou, þat ioye and glad face
To þe world hast told,
Whon þat þou in þe word of grace
Brouht forþ a word ful bold;
Þe[1] whuche whon he us bidde cum schal
To-fore his Mageste,
Of serwhful heryng boþe gret and smal
Vs nouht to drede mak he.

[1] MS. To

Ps. 122 (123).

Ad te leuaui oculos meos, qui habitas in celis.
Aue virgo thalamus summi facta ducis;
Que de noctis tenebris miseros educis:
Nostre mentis oculos leues a caducis,
Vt intendant radio sempiterne lucis.

Hail, Chamber of the Duke on high!

Heil Mayden maade chaumbre briht
Of Duyk þat sit an heih;
Þow out of derknesse of niht
Wrecches ledest wel sleih:
Þe ezen of vr inward þouht
Lyft vp from slideri þinge,
Þat hit take hede wiþ al þe miht
To lyht euer-lastynge.

Ps. 123 (124).

Nisi quia dominus erat in nobis, dicat nunc israel,
nisi quia dominus erat in nobis.
Aue virgo, gracie mater affluentis,
Per quam cedit strepitus populi furentis:
Muni queso fortiter pedes nostre mentis,
Vt torrentem transeant aque[1] *uehementis.*[2]

[1] MS. aquam
[2] cf. Ps. 125, v. 5.

Hail, Maiden, Mother of Grace!

Heil Mayden, and Modur eke
Of grace, flowynge as flood,
Þorwh whom is maad boþe softe and meke
Þe noyse of peple wood:
We prey þe, kepe þou strongliche here
Þe feet of [vr] þouhtes longe,
Þat we mowe passe þe Riuere
Of þe watur stronge.

Qui confidunt in domino, sicut mons syon; non commouebitur in eternum qui habitat in ierusalem. Ps. 124 (125).

Aue mons sanctissime speculacionis,
In quo nostra sita est spes ascencionis:
A carnalis strepitu nos commocionis
Liberando, filios fac adopcionis.

Heil hul ful heih of met — 991 — Hail, most holy Hill!
Of holiust beo-holdyng,
In whom vr hope is hollich set
Of vre vp-steihȝing: — 994
ffrom al flescliche lykynge
And eke commocion
Diliuere us, þi sones makynge
So of adopcion. — 998

IN conuertendo dominus captiuitatem syon, facti sumus sicut consolati. Ps. 125 (126).

Aue Mater affluens pacis vbertate,
ffucta consolacio plebis captiuate:
Nos ad portum applicans pacis preoptate,
Plena plene perfrui presta libertate.

Heil Modur euer flowyng — 999 — Hail, Fount of Peace!
Wiþ ful plente of pes;
þou art maad al counseylyng (!)
Of wrecches wiþ-outen lees: — 1002
Bring us to þat hauene hom
Of pees þat we desyre,
And ȝiue us alle ful fredom—
ffor þat is vre best hyre. — 1006

NIsi dominus edificauerit domum, in vanum laborauerunt qui edificant eam. Ps. 126 (127).

Aue domus regia, quam edificauit
Rex qui pacis gaudia mundo nunciauit;
Qui dum fortis atria forcior intrauit,
ffortem ligans spolia fortis asportauit.

Heil kynges hous ful gay, — 1007 — Hail, House of the King!
þe whuche a kyng haþ buylded
þat prince is of pees al-way
And ioye to world haþ schewed; — 1010
þe whuche strengore in to þe halle
Entred of þe stronge,

þe stronge byndyng he tok preies alle
þat he hedde holden longe. 1014

Ps. 127 (128). *Beati omnes qui timent dominum, qui ambulant in viis eius.*

Aue Mater domini, genitrix beata,
filiorum filijs plene uenustata[1]: [1] cf. Ps. 127, v. 6.
Da timere dominum mente tranquillata,
Vias nostras dirigens eius ad mandata.

Hail, Mother of our Lord! Heil Modur of þe lord so gent, 1015
Of sones bringere forþ,
Wiþ sones mad feir verrement
þou art fulliche, and worþ: 1018
Graunt us alle vr lord to drede
Wiþ þouht peisiblement;
Vr weys loke þei ben dressede
To kepe his maundement. 1022

Ps. 128 (129). *Sepe expugnauerunt me a iuuentute mea, dicat nunc israel.*

Aue per quam uiribus hostes destituti
Inbecilles facti sunt, debiles & muti:
Nostre, uirgo, quesumus prospice saluti,
Vt fiamus iugiter te tuente tuti.

Hail, Subduer of our Foes! Heil þorwh whom heore strengþes alle 1023
Vr enemys han lost,
Vn-welde aren made and doun ek falle,
ffeble and doumbe of bost: 1026
We preye þe, Mayden, swetliche,
To vr hele tak hede;
Mak vs siker verreyliche
Of þi defence at nede. 1030

Ps. 129 (130). *De profundis clamaui ad te domine; domine exaudi uocem meam.*

Aue floris baiula, cuius ad odorem
Reuiuiscunt mortui: suscipe clamorem
Ad te supplicancium, nosque per hunc florem
Non pauere facias mortis ad honorem (!).

Hail, Life-giver to the Dead! Heil þou berere of þe flour, 1031
Of hos swete sauerynge
Tornen to lyf in an hour
þe dede: take þe criinge 1034

Of þulke þat preyen her to þe,
And make vs bi þat flour — Make us fearless of Death!
Nouȝt to drede, but glad to bee[1] — [1] or. beo
Of deþ wiþ good honour. 1038

Domine, non est exaltatum cor meum, neque elati sunt oculi mei. — Ps. 130 (131).

Aue cuius detulit rex humilitati
Cum te verbi thalamum fecit incarnati;
Qui pro nobis offerens se captiuitati
Captiuatos reddidit prime libertati.

Heil to whos humilite 1039 — Hail, Incarnator of God!
þe kyng so wolde obesch
þat þe chaumbre he made þe
Of word þat is mad flesch; 1042
þat him-self offred for vs
And tok vr caytyf dom,
Whon he ȝaf vs ful glorios
Aȝeyn to furste fredom. 1046

Memento domine dauid, & omnis mansuetudinis eius. — Ps. 131 (132).

Aue iesse uirgula, per quam exibetur
Quod de dauid semine pater pollicetur:
Per te quidem gracie tempus adimpletur,
Quia per te filijs pater miseretur.

Heil ȝerde of Iesse good of pith, 1047 — Hail, Rod of David!
þorwh whom is be-tyd
þat to þe seed of Dauid
Sum-tyme þe fader heted: 1050
þorwh þe þerfore þe tyme of grace
ffolfulled is, serteynly,
ffor þorwh þe in vche place
ffadur of sones hath merci. 1054

Ecce quam bonum & quam iocundum habitare fratres in vnum. — Ps. 132 (133).

Aue stella gracie stillans vnccionem[1] — [1] cf. Ps. 132, v. 2.
Que nostrarum mencium firmat vnionem:
Nos vnitos mutuam per dilexionem
Vite presta consequi benediccionem.

Heil, of grace þou art sterre 1055 — Hail, Star of Grace!
An[1] oynement droppynge, — [1] MS. And

þat, for vr þouhtes schulde not erre,
Makest[1] studefast onynge: [1] r. makeþ 1058

Make us all of one will!
Vs alle on and of on wille
To-gedere wel liuynge,
Mak vs, ladi, come þe tille
And of lyf haue blessynge. 1062

Ps. 133 (134).
Ecce nunc benedicite dominum, omnes serui domini.
Aue nostrum gaudium, nostre spes salutis,
Celi scandens solium gradibus virtutis[1]*:*
Queso fer presidium noxia secutis, [1] refers to the title (Canticum graduum).
Et a nobis excute iugum seruitutis.

Hail, our Joy!
Heil ioye of vs euerichon, 1063
Hope of old hele and newe,
Steying vp to heuene-tron
Be de-grees of vertue: 1066
Euere vs to helpe þou beo aboute,
ffor we han ben outrage;
And eke from vs loke þou schake oute
þe harde ȝok of bondage. 1070

Ps. 134 (135).
Laudate nomen domini, laudate serui dominum.
Aue cuius filius gracie preconem
Nondum natus docuit exultacionem:
Doce nos per uicij supplantacionem
Ad beatam tendere cristi *visionem.*

Hail, Mother of Christ!
Heil whos sone, ar he weore bore, 1071
To make ioye him tauhte
þat schulde prechynge go him beo-fore,
In wombe whon modur him auhte. 1074
Teche vs vices to don a-way
And eke al vuel list,
þat we atteyne euere and ay
To þe blessed siht of crist. 1078

Ps. 135 (136).
Confitemini domino, quoniam bonus, quoniam in eternum misericordia eius.
Aue virgo generans per quem liberatur
Israel, & pharao persequens necatur.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 135, v. 15.
Soluat quisque gracias & confiteatur
Quod hic mirabilia solus operatur.

Hail, Mother of Israel's Deliverer!
Heil Mayden, þou bar þat seynt 1079
þat dilyuered Israel,

And Pharao, suwyng hem, dreynt,
And his peple eueridel. 1082
Worschipeþ God now euerichon, Let all worship God!
And knowhlecheþ hertely
þat he con worche wondres al-on,
ffor he is Almihti. 1086

Super *flumina babilonis, illic sedimus et fleuimus,* Ps. 136 (137).
dum recordaremur syon.
Aue per quam principe uicto Babilonis
Cantica resumimus iubilacionis:
Per materne graciam miseracionis
Reduc nos in patriam repromissionis.

Heil þorwh whom þe Prince so strong 1087 Hail, Source of our Song of Joy!
Ouercom his[1] of Babilon, [1] = is
And we han taken vp þe song
Of Iubilacion: 1090
þorwh grace of þe Merci fre
Of þy Moodurhede so swete
Lede vs aȝeyn to þe cuntre
þat vs alle is by-hete. 1094

Confitebor *tibi domine in toto corde meo, quoniam* Ps. 137 (138).
audisti verba oris mei.
Aue Mater inclita, que sine pudoris
Tactu nostri mater es facta saluatoris:
Te laudantes muniat intus atque foris,
Per te qui remedium nostri fit doloris.

Heil Modur deore wiþ honour, 1095 Hail, Spotless Mother!
þat wiþ-outen schame
Maad Modur art of vr saueour,
And þat is þi riht name. 1098
Keep he wel hem þat þe don herye,
Wiþ-inne and eke wiþ-oute,
þorwh þe þat is remedie
Of vr serwes al-aboute. 1102

Domine, *probasti me & cognouisti me; tu cognouisti* Ps. 138 (139).
sessionem[1] *meam & resurrexionem m*[eam.]
Aue cuius filius habitu mendici [1] MS. sensionem
Carnem gerens similem carni peccatrici
Quasi dolo repulit dolos inimici,
Cum se mortis legibus passus est addici.

Hail, Mother of our Redeemer!

Heil whos sone so deore
In pore monnes cloþing,
Beryng flesch among us here
Lyk to vr flesch takyng,[1] [1] r. synnyng? 1106
And so queyntelich a-wey put he
Vr Enemyes tricherye,
Whon he him-self soffred to be
Iugged þen forte dye. 1110

Ps. 139 (140).

Eripe me domine ab homine malo; A uiro iniquo eripe me.
Auc Mater filij cuius ad congressum
Mors eructa penitus abit in secessum:[1] [1] MS. cecessum
Nos a malis eripe, nostre mentis gressum
Ad paterne dirigens dextere consessum.

Hail, Mother of Death's Conqueror!

Heil Modur of þe Sone, 1111
At whos hard batayle
Deth outurliche was ouercome
And put a-louh saun3 fayle: 1114
Liuere us from vueles heer in londe,
And þe steppes of vr þyn[kyn]g[1] [1] MS. þyng
Dresse þou, on þe ffadres riht honde
And make þer vre sittyng. 1118

Ps. 140 (141).

Domine, clamaui ad te, exaudi me; intende uoci mee dum clamauero ad te.
Aue per quam deitas carne palliatur,
Vt ad vite semitas exul reducatur:
Nostra sic[1] *oracio per te dirigatur,* [1] MS. sit
Vt succedens accio uitam consequatur.

Hail, Mother of our Redeemer!

Heil þorwh whom þe godhed is 1119
Clad in flesch of Monkynde,
To bringe a3eyn to lyf, i-wis,
þe flemed and put be-hynde: 1122
Vr Orison nou euer-mo
So dressed beo þorw þe,
þat vr dedes suwynge also
Gete vs lyf of Charite. 1126

Ps. 141 (142).

Voce mea ad dominum clamaui; uoce mea ad dominum deprecatus sum.
Aue de qua prodiens gigas manu fortis
Dormientes excitat a sopore mortis:

Redde nos consorcio celice cohortis,
Vt sit cum uiuentibus locus nostre sortis.

Heil from whom forþ goynge 1127 Hail, Mother of the Raiser of the Dead!
þe geaunt of hond so strong,
þat[1] wel a-wakeþ þe slepynge [1] ôm. þat
Of sleep of deþ so long: 1130
Bryng us a-ȝeyn to cumpaygnye
Of felawschipe of heuene,
þat wiþ hem þat lyuen murie
Vr place beo maad ful euene. 1134

Domine, exaudi oracionem meam, auribus percipe obsecracionem meam, in veritate tua exaudi m[e]. Ps. 142 (143).
Aue Mater, suscipe preces quas effundo
Grauis, sterquilinij mersus in profundo;
Munda cordis thalamum, hauriens a fundo
Sordes quibus ceteris amplius habundo.

Heil Modur, tak wiþ mekenes 1135 Hail! Receive a Sinner's Prayers!
Preyeres þat i out helde,
þat dreynt am in depnes
Of dunghul, and am vnwelde; 1138
Clanse þe chaunbre of myn herte,
Drawyng from þe grounde
ffulþus þe whuche make me smerte,
Of whuche I ful abounde. 1142

Benedictus dominus deus meus, qui docet[1] *manus meas ad prelium, & digitos meos ad bellum.* Ps. 143 (144).
Aue de qua nascitur puer Nazareus, [1] MS. docez
Per quem dum in prelio ruit philisteus,[2] [2] Goliath
Vite spem concipiens gaudet homo reus,
Voce clamans: "libera benedictus deus."

Heil, for þe child of Naȝareþ 1143 Hail, Mother of the Nazarene!
Boren was feir of þe,
þorwh whom, as þe bok seiþ,
Slayen was þe philistéé; 1146
Hope of lyf þer-of takyng
Gulti mon wiþ glad mood,
"Dilyuere me," wiþ voys criȝying,
"I-blessed beo, vr god." 1150

Exaltabo te, deus meus rex, & benedicam nomini tuo in seculum & in seculum seculi. Ps. 144 (145).

Aue de qua prodijt rex vniuersorum,
Regnum cuius omnium regnum seculorum:
Rege nos & applica cetibus eorum
Quorum summa gloria laus est eternorum.

Hail, Mother of the King of all!

Heil þou from whom riht forþ went 1151
Kyng of gret and smalle,
Whos kyngdom is verreyment
Kyngdom of worldus alle: 1154

Guide us to the Company of Angels!

Gouerne and applye aftur þis
Vs to heore cumpaygnye
Of whuche þe heiȝeste ioye is
Euer-lastyng þyng to herye. 1158

Ps. 145 (146).

Lauda anima mea dominum: laudabo dominum in uita mea, psallam deo meo quamdiu fuero.
Aue per quam populi factus est adiutor
Rex qui dicit "ego sum deus, & non mutor";
Qui per mortis semitas mortis persecutor
fit collator glorie, libertatis tutor.

Hail, Maker of the unchanging King!

Heil, þorwh þe an[1] helper good [1] MS. and 1159
Nou to þe peple is maad,
þe kyng þat seiþ "I am god,
Nouȝt chaungynge, but al sad"; 1162
þat beo þe steppes of deþ is
Of[1] deþes pursuwere [1] om. Of
I-maad þe ȝiuere of blis,
Of freodam defendere. 1166

Ps. 146 (147).

Laudate dominum quoniam bonus est psalmus; deo nostro sit iocunda decoraque laudacio.
Aue cuius laudibus laus est delectari,
Cuius nos confidimus partu salutari
Post[1] *hanc vitam glorie palma coronari,* [1] MS. Per
Si velimus domino pie conformari.

Hail, Thou whom men delight to bless!

Heil in whos heryinge 1167
Gret dilyt men haue;
þorwh hos heleful childynge
We bi-leeuen to beo saue 1170
And [after] þis lyf corouned to be
Wiþ þe palm of blis,
ȝif to þe lord of al pite
We us conforme as his. 1174

Lauda Ierusalem dominum, lauda deum tuum syon. Ps. 147 (147, 12).

Aue mater gracie, iugi laude digna,
Per quam uictis hostibus ruit ars maligna:
Captiuatis exibe pietatis signa,
Nosque post exilium patrie resigna.

Heil Moder wiþ grace Inome, 1175 Hail, Mother full of Grace!
Worþi worschiped to be,
þorwh whom enemys ben ouercome
And craft of malyngnite: 1178
To caytiues heer now wiþ good wil Hear and pity the Captive!
Of Pitéé scheuh þow þe signe,
And vs þen aftur þis exil
To good cuntre resynge. 1182

Laudate dominum de celis, Laudate eum in excelsis. Ps. 148.

Aue per quam tollitur hominum pressura,
Cuius laudes reboat omnis creatura:
Laudes quas offerimus[1] *acceptare cura,* [1] MS. offerrimus
Nos beatitudine ditans permansura.

Heil þorwh whom a-wey is don 1183 Hail, Source of our Freedom!
Of monkynde oppressure;
Whos heryinges alouwed don sum (!)
Al-Maner creature: 1186
þe heryinges þat we offren to þe,
Tac good heede hem to take;
In blessedhed þat euer schal be
Riche men to dwelle vs make. 1190

Confitebor tibi, domine, quoniam iratus es michi, conuersus est furor tuus & consolatus es me. Canticles: Confitebor Isai. 12.

Aue fons clemencie venieque uena,
Per quam nobis redditur uite cantulena:
A peccati[s] solue nos & peccati pena,
Et beatitudinis perduc ad amena.

Heil welle of mekenes, certeyn, 1191 Hail, Well of Meekness!
Veyne of forȝiuynge,
þorwh whom to us is ȝiuen aȝeyn
þe song of lyf to synge: 1194
Of sunnes vnbynd us euerichone,
And of peyne of synne,

And to þat place þou lede us sone
þer Ioye and blisse is Inne. 1198

Isai. 38, 10 (Song of Ezechias).

Ego dixi: in dimidio dierum meorum vadam ad portas inferi.
Aue laus fidelium, iubar sanctitatis,
Domini triclinium, tronus magestatis:
Placa nobis filium precibus beatis,
Seruos tuos munerans dono libertatis.

Hail, Dart of Holiness!

Heil heriinge of trewe men, 1199
Of holynesse þe clarte;
Vr lordes chaumbre men þe callen,
Trone of þe Maieste: 1202
Pese þou to us þi sone so dere
Wiþ preyeres of pite,
Rewardynge þi seruauns here
Wiþ ȝiftus of liberte. 1206

1 Regum 2 (Song of Anna).

Exultauit cor meum in domino & exaltatum est cornu meum in deo meo.
Aue celi gloria, terre fundamentum,
Cuius fit in utero continens contentum:
Tue nobis gracie prestet incrementum
Quod ad tue scribimus laudis monimentum.

Hail, Bliss of Heaven!

Heil, þou art þe blisse of heuene, 1207
Of eorþe þe foundement;
Whos wombe is maad wiþ mylde steuene
Conteynynge þat is content. 1210
Of þi grace graunte nou encresynge
To vs euerichon
þat writen to þi worschipynge
Wiþ god deuocion. 1214

Exod. 15 (Song of Moses).

[1] *C[a]ntemus domino: gloriose enim honorificatus est, equum & ascensorem deiecit in mare.*
Aue virgo generans moris fracto iure,
De qua gigas prodijt gemine nature:
Tu miserta miseris subueni pressure,
Nos in lucem transferens glorie uenture.

Hail, Bearer of God-Man!

Heil Mayden child beryng gent— 1215
Comuyn maner þer was be-hynde;

[1] The following part has a separate Title in the Index: Cantemus domino gloriose.

ffor a Geaunt from þe forþ went
þat is of double kynde :
On wrecches haue merci wiþ miht,
Help hem from oppressynge,
And translate us in to þe liht
Of blisse þat is comynge.

Domine, audiui audicionem tuam et timui.
Aue virgo supplices potens exaudire :
Que sunt deo placita fac nos tecum scire,
Et cum iudex uenerit atque dies ire,
Iudicis ad dexteram iube nos uenire.

Heil Mayden, mihti of mood
Meoke mennes preyeres to here :
þinges þat ben lykyng to god
Wiþ þe knowe we in-feere.
Whon þe Iuge schal come ful grim,
And day of wraþþe and doom,
On þe Iuges riht hond to hym
Comaunde us þenne to cum.

Song of Habac. 3.

Have mercy on the wretched!

Hail, Heaven of men's Prayers!

Audite celi que loquor, audiat terra verba oris mei.
Aue nostri generis parens & patrona,
Supra cunctas possidens graciarum dona :
Tuis sanctis precibus meritisque dona
Ne mens nostra solitum sit in malum prona.

Heil kynnes-wommon of vr kynde,
Vr patrun in vche place,
Of alle wymmen þou art hauynde
ȝiftus alle of grace :
Wiþ [þi] holy preyer [&] deseruyng
Gete us nou witerly
þat vr þouht beo not to vuel doyng,
As hit is wont, to redi.

Deuter. 32 (Song of Moses).

Hail, Patron of our kin!

TE deum laudamus, TE dominum confitemur.
Aue cuius filio cetus angelorum
"Sanctus" clamant iugiter : nos a uiciorum
Labe munda ; perfrui in regno celorum
ffac nos cum feli[ci]bus premijs iustorum.

Heil to whos sone so dere
Angeles Cumpaygnye

Te Deum.

Hail, Mother of Him whom

Angels praise!

"Sanctus" crien wiþ vois ful clere,
Bisiliche and heihe.
ffrom vices clans vs eueridel;
þe kyndom eke of heuene
Mak us haue, wiþ seintes to dwel—
Gete us þat wiþ Mylde steuene.

Benedicite (in the Service of Morning Prayer).

Benedicite omnia opera domini domino, laudate & superexaltate eum in secula.
Aue dei genitrix! laudes acceptare
Cura quas offerimus, nosque presentare
Per has deo satagas, ut cum iudicare
Venerit, nos ouibus uelit aggregare.

Hail, Mother of God!

Heil godus Modur! nou at þe last
Tac þou vre heryinge
þat we offren to þe so fast;
To God vs presentynge
þorwh þi pitéé, beo þou bysi,
Whon he schal come to dome,
þat he us gedere for his merci
Wiþ his schep to beo nome.

Benedictus (Song of Zacharias). Luc. 1, 68.

Benedictus dominus deus israel, quia uisitauit & fecit redempcionem plebi sue.
Aue deum pariens, quem pater preconis
Benedicens predicat resurrexionis
Cornu quod promiserat erecturum bonis;[1]
Ad quod nostros dirigat pedes racionis.

[1] Luc. 1, 69.

Hail, Maiden pure!

Heil Mayden clene, God beryng,
Whom ȝakarie to-foren
Preched, him fulli blessyng,
Of vp-risyng beo horn,
To goode men þat beo-het
To a-rise boþe more and lesse.
þat he of resun vre feet
þerto, þow preye, he dresse.

Magnificat. Luc. 1, 40.

Magnificat anima mea dominum.
Aue cuius anima mutuo letata
Dominum Magnificat, plus humiliata
Quo fit[1] *maior generans deum; hinc beata*
Dicitur[1] *a seculis, felix ad hoc nata.*

[1] r. fis

[1] r. diceris

Heil whos soule wiþ a word
Wel gladed of Message,
Magnifieþ vr aller lord,
Þerfore meked in ȝong age.
Þorwh þat mekenes þou were mad gret,
God þou beere þerfore;
Of þe world þou art seid and met
Blessed and sely bore.

Hail, Thou who sang praise to our Lord!

Nunc dimittis seruum tuum, domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.
Aue cuius filius templo presentatur,
Salutare gencium seni reuelatur,
Sicque petit postmodum paci dimittatur—
Que nostris laboribus tandem conferatur.

Nunc Dimittis (Song of Simeon). Luc. 3, 29.

Heil, to þe temple whos sone is
Presented feir and bolde,
Helþe of folk schewed was i-wis
To Simeon þe Olde;
To pees him lafte he þouhte saunȝfayl,
Wheþer he schulde dye or liue.
To us þat pees aftur vre trauayl
ffor euere beo hit I-ȝiue.

Hail, Mother of thy Son!

Quicumque vult saluus esse, ante omnia opus est ut teneat catholicam fidem.
Virgo sancta, suscipe mentis in conclaui
Verba quibus tociens veniam rogaui,
Et audito sepius aue tam suaui
ffac me queso liberum prorsus a ue graui.

Quicumque vult (Athanasian Creed).

Holy Mayden, tak þou goodly
Of þouht in priuete
Þe wordes þorwh whuche so bisyli
ffforȝifnes i aske of þe,
And heer þe word þat i ofte sey,
Þat is þe swete Aue;
Mak me freo, nou I þe prey,
ffrom heui serwe to be. A M E N.

Holy Virgin, hear me, and free me from sorrow!

[XXIV. Psalterium b. Mariae,[1]

ascribed to Thomas Aquinas, comprising the 50 first psalms.]

Ps. 1.

Ave uirgo uirginum, per quam uir beatus[1]
Visitauit miseros, nobis ex te natus: [1] Beatus vir is the beginning of Ps. 1.
Tu[is], Mater, meritis nostras miseratus
Releuet miserias, deleat reatus.

Hail, chief of all Maidens!

Heil Mayde cheef of alle,
þorw whom þe blessed Mon
Of þe born was In a stalle,
Vs wrecches so visyte con:
Modur, þorw þi worþinesse
He mote vs so releue,
þat of vre gret wrecchednesse
þe gult no more vs greue.

Ps. 2.

Ave cristi *domini mater illibata,* [1] cf. Ps. 2, v. 8.
Cuius est hereditas in gen[te]s translata:[1]
Ne nos ab hac dirimant conscios peccata,
Cum furor exarserit,[1] *subueni beata.* [1] cf. Ps. 2, v. 13.

Hail, Mother of Christ!

Heil Modur In Mariage
Of crist vr lord Ihesu,
Of whom is flit þe heritage
Til vs of gret vertu:
þat us from hit not twinne
Vre synnes þat we knowe,
Help, ladi wiþ wynne,
Whon wraþþe schal brenne and lowe.

Ps. 3.

Ave cuius filius mortis per soporem [1] cf. Ps. 3, v. 5.
Resurgentis meruit corporis honorem;[1]
Quem per mortem colimus mortis destructorem,
Colamus post funera uite collatorem.

Hail, Mother of Him who rose from Death!

Heil of whom þe sone so dere
ffrom slep of deþes stour
In bodi and soule boþe ifere
He ros wiþ gret honour.

[1] Title in the Index: ffyfty salutaciouns to vre lady by þis word: Aue, Heyl be þou, &c. The Latin poem is mentioned by Mone, l. c. II, p. 257; another MS. is MS. Reichen. 36. In the MS. the poem follows No. XXVIII, but I place it here, because of its affinity to the preceding poem.

His deþ we worschipe nou i-wis,
Vre deþ for hit con struye;
Such lyf he graunte vs
þat deþ no more vs nuyȝe.

Ave verbi thalamus, de quo cum exiuit, Ps. 4.
Voces inuocancium cristus *exaudiuit:*
Consignet et muniat, sibi quos vniuit,
Qui nos sui lumine vultus insigniuit.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 4, v. 7.

Heil of Crist þe chaumber derne, Hail, hidden Chamber of Christ!
Wher-of whon he out ede,
þe vois of hem þat called ȝerne
He herde wiþ ful gret spede:
Til him-self he so vs Merke,
And schilde vs also,
þat þorw his lyht from þe derke
To-gedere mote we go.

Ave templum fidei, domus sanctitatis,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 5, v. 8. Ps. 5.
Summe tabernaculum facta maiestatis:
Scuto nos premuniens bone voluntatis[1] [1] cf. Ps. 5, v. 13.
Coronet in patria cristus cum beatis.[1] [1] MS. beatus

Heil þe temple of vre feiþ, Hail, Temple of our Faith!
Hous of holynesse,
And þe logge, as dauid seiþ,
I-mad of gret hihnesse:
Wiþ his scheld vs schilde mote he
Of his owne good wille,
Wiþ hem vs coroune in his cuntre
þat blesset ben, from ille.

Ave mater gracie, graciarum plena, Ps. 6.
Tu spes penitencie, venieque vena:
A culparum nexibus soluens & a pena
Ad celestis patrie transfer nos amena.

Heil Modur ful of grace, Hail, Mother full of Grace!
þi grace may I not leyne;
To repentaunt þou getest space,
Of Merci þou art þe veyne:
Of alle þe bondes of vre synne
Vn-bynd vs, from vr peyne,
To þe blisse þat þou art Inne
So mote we atteyne.

Ps. 7.

Ave per quam particeps nostre factus[1] *sortis*
Deus iudex iustus est, paciens & fortis:[2]
Nos auertens reuocet a gehenne portis,[3]
Euasuros gladium, arcum, uasa mortis.[4]

[1] MS. factis
[2] cf. Ps. 7, v. 12.
[3] MS. mortis
[4] cf. Ps. 7, v. 13, 14.

Hail, Maker of God part with us!

Heil þorw whom partiner
God is of vre chaunce,
þat Iuge is rihtwys fer and[1] ner
And vs may wel a-vaunce:
He mote vs torne and calle a-ʒeyn
ffrom þe ʒate of helle,
ffrom Bouwe and swerd, þat, as men seyn,
Of deþ ben deop vesselle.

[1] MS. ferand

Ps. 8.

Ave per quam angelis se minorem fecit[1]
Cum se dei filius nostris interiecit,
Cuius pater pedibus omnia subiecit,[1]
Ex ore lactencium laudem cum perfecit.[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 8, v. 6.
[1] cf. Ps. 8, v. 8.
[1] cf. Ps. 8, v. 3.

Hail, Maker of Christ less than Angels!

Heil bi whom, to þe ffader euene,
Crist hym-self maade lesse
þen þe Angeles þat ben in heuene,
Til vs hym-self con dresse;

Yet God put all things in Christ's hand.

And ʒit þe fader put alle þinge
In his sones pouweere,
Whon he schewed his heryinge
Bi hem þat soukynge were.

Ps. 9.

Ave Syon filia, de qua legislator[1]
Nobis constitutus est, saun[c]tus & saluator:
Inimicum conterat fortis expugnator,
Dei iam & hominum factus mediator.

[1] cf. Ps. 9, v. 21.

Hail, Daughter of Sion!

Heil of syon douhter briht,
Of whom wiþ gret honour
þe lawe-ʒiuere til vs was diht,
þe holy sauiour:
Vre enemy mot he al to-drawe,
þat stronge werreour,
Of God and Mon þat is bi lawe
A skilful Mediatour.

Ps. 10.

Ave mons iusticie in quem transmigratur,
Vt in cristi nomine tota spes ponatur;
A quo cuius vterus dum inhabitatur,
Templum sanctum domini celumque vocatur.[1]

[1] MS. vacatur
cf. Ps. 10, v. 5.

Heil þou hul of Rihtwysnesse,
To whom þe wey is caste,
Vre hope in[1] cristes holynesse
Stabliche to faste;
In þi wombe whon he wolde dwelle,
He schewede ful gret loue;
þe holy temple men miht hit telle
And heuene of God a-boue.

Hail, Hill of Righteousness

Thy womb is cald the Heaven of God.

[1] MS. and

AVe uiri nescia virgo singularis,
Que salutem angelo salutante paris:
Opem fer, presidij stella salutaris,
Ne sanctus deficiat[1] *inter fluctus maris.*

Ps. 11.

[1] cf. Ps. 11, v. 1.

Heil vnknowen to Monnes moon,
Mayden wiþ-outen make;
Whon þe Angel þe grete con,
Vre hele bi-gon to wake:
þin help and þi swete socour,
þat we han ofte bi-souht,
þou graunte, þat in þe sees stour
þe holy ne fayle nouht.

Hail, Maiden spotless!

AVe per quam dominus nostri non oblitus
Ne[c] *auertens faciem, nobis est vnitus:*
Purus mentis oculus sit & expeditus,
Ne vmquam obdormiat in morte sopitus.[1]

Ps. 12.

[1] cf. Ps. 12, v. 4.

Heil bi whom þe lord of grace
Vs haþ not for-ȝeten
Ne tornd a-wey his feire face
ffrom vs, neor not forleten:
Myn Eȝe beo cler, þat hit not wepe,
Of my soule so briht,
And neuer-more mote hit slepe
To deþ forte be diht.

Hail, Reminder of our Lord of us!

AVe quam magnifice laudant vniuersa,
Vero sapiencie lumine respersa:
Senciat & sapiat mens ad te conuersa
Quod per te captiuitas gentis est auersa.[1]

Ps. 13.

[1] cf. Ps. 13, v. 7.

Heil whom þei preisen hollich
Alle þat I con nemene,
ffor þou art douwet richelich
Wiþ þe liht of heuene:

Hail, Thou praisd of all!

Vre þouht to þe beo torned so
þat hit may fele and saye
þat wrecchednesse from folk is gon
And torned al a-waye. 104

Ps. 14.

Ave cuius filius mons est sancte spei,
ffactus tabernaculum uere requiei :
ffac vt per iusticiam in-herentes ei
Letemur in gloria coheredes dei.

Hail, Beget ter of the Hill of Hope!

Heil, þi sone of gret Miracle 105
Is hul of holy hope,
Of reste he is vr tabernacle,
To schilde vs from reyn-drope : 108
Do, ladi, þorw þi rihtwysnesse
In him þat we mowe reste
As heyres of his blisfulnesse—
þat wol be vr beste. 112

Ps. 15.

Ave per quam reddita spes est desperatis,
Quibus est hereditas restituta gratis :[1]
Verus factus hostia cristus *pro peccatis*
Pars sit nostri calicis, pars hereditatis.[1]

[1] cf. Ps. 15, v. 5.

Hail, Mother of our Restorer!

Heil þorw whom to gret vauntage 113
Crist wolde vs restore,
To hope of vre heritage
þat was from vs forlore ; 116
ffor he was mad þe offringe
ffor vre synnes fele,
And part was of vre suffrynge,
Part til vs to dele (!). 120

Ps. 16.

Ave cuius vterum cristus *cum intrauit,*
Igne sancti spiritus cor examinauit[1]
Et vt mater fieres dignam approbauit :
Per te nos respiciat qui te visitauit.

[1] cf. Ps. 16, v. 3.

Hail Thou,

Heil, wiþ-oute pomp or bost 121
þi wombe whon crist com Inne,
Wiþ fuir of þe holigost
Assayet þin herte wiþ gynne, 124

worthy to be Mother of Christ!

And þat þou schuldest his Moder beo
fful worþi he þe fonde :
þorw þe he mote vs al bi-seo
þat visited vs so in londe. 128

Ave cuius filius celos inclinauit,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 17, v. 10. Ps. 17.
Tibi cum altissimi virtus obumbrauit:[1] [1] cf. Luc. 1, 35.
Nos in celum subleuet saluans quos creauit,
Per te qui terrigenis se contemperauit.

He[i]l to whom þi sone, þe beste,
Heuene bouwed doun lowe,
Whon[1] þe vertu of aller-hexte [1] MS. Whom
Bi-schadewed þe al, I trowe:
In to heuene he mot vp lifte
Vs þat were for-lore,
þat him-self so wolde schifte
Among þat in eorþe weor bore.

Hail Thou, to whose Son the Heavens bowd low!

Ave cuius verum regum rex ingressus, Ps. 18.
Vt sponsus de thalamo cristus est *egressus;*
Sic de tabernaculo[1] *solis sol progressus,*[2]
Nos in viam dirigat, corrigens[3] *excessus.* [1] MS. tabernaculum [2] cf. Ps. 18, v. 5, 6. [3] MS. dirigens

Heil whos wombe þe sauiour,
Kyng of alle, we Rede,
As a Brid out of his bour
Crist him-self out eode,
As þe sonne in Morwtyd grey
ʒeode out of his tente,
To[1] dresse vs in to Rihte wey, [1] r. he?
þat we be not forschente.

Hail, Mother of Christ!

Christ went out of Thy womb.

Ave que auxilium de sancto misisti,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 19, v. 2. Ps. 19.
Dum sancta sanctissimum digne concepisti:
Nostra sit saluacio fides vera cristi,
Quem fide concipiens virgo genuisti.

Heil, þat help from holi place
þou sendest to Monkynde,
Whon þou holy bi godus grace
Conceyuedest in þi Mynde
Him þat was most holy,
þat is vr sauyour,
In ffeiþ Conceyuedest verreyli
And bar hym wiþ honour.

Hail, Helper of Mankind!

Ave salutarium causa gaudiorum, Ps. 20.
Pariens in tempore Regem seculorum,
Sit[1] *corona capitis gloria membrorum,*[2] [1] MS. Sint
finis non deficiens summaque virorum. [2] cf. Ps. 20, v. 3.

Hail, Cause of all our Bliss!

Heil vre gostly hele,
And cause of al vre bliss,
Þat bar þe kyng of wele
Of al þis world I-wis.
Whon þe hed is crouned feire,
Alle þe limes ben fayne—
Of heore worschip þat neuer schal peire,
Þar vs neuer-more playne.

Mother of the King of this world's weal.

Ps. 21.

Ave de qua prodiit deus humanatus,
Nostros pie perferens in se cruciatus,
Propter nostra vulnera gratis vulneratus:
Nostros suo sanguine deleat reatus.

Hail, Mother of the God-Man!

Heil from whom God almiht
Went forþ verrey Mon,
Peyne for vs and gret dispyt
He soffred mony on,
ffor vre woundes delfuly
Woundet was he sore,
His Blood vre gultes clanly
Wusch for euer-more.

Ps. 22.

Ave quam rex omnium Matrem preelegit,
Vt sis locus pascue gregi quam collegit:
Virga sis & baculus[1] *illis quos elegit,* [1] cf. Ps. 22, v. 4.
Vt iam nichil desit[2] *his quos electos regit.* [2] cf. Ps. 22, v. 1.

Hail, Thou chosen to be God's dame.

Heil whom þe kyng of alle þing
Haþ chose þe[1] to ben his Dame, [1] om. þe
And to a folle pasturyng
To his herde wiþ game:
ȝerde and staf þou art[1] boþe [1] r. be
To hem þat he haþ chose,
And nouȝt hem wante hem-self to loþe,
He ruleþ hem nouȝt to lose.

Ps. 23.

Ave terra glorie, terra quam fundauit
Cum nobis rex glorie se contemperauit;
Qui per mortem principes mortis triumphauit,[1]
Nos a morte liberet morte quos saluauit. [1] cf. Ps. 23, v. 7.

Hail, Land of Bliss!

Heil of blisse þe riche lond,
Þat foundet was bi reson
Bi þe Ioyful kynges hond
Þat to vs com in good seson,

He þat þe prince of deþ
Wiþ his deþ ouer-com
And alle from þe harde Breþ
Of deþ he vs out nam. 184

Ave cuius filius dulcis est & rectus, Ps. 24.
Vt reducat exules peregre profectus,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 24, v. 4, 5.
Vere nobis gracie legifer efectus :[2] [2] cf. Ps. 24, v. 8, 12.
In se nostros ordinet mores & affectus.

Heil þi sone þat is so swete 185 Hail Thou, whose Son is sweet!
And rihtful of entent,
Þe Outlawes synnes forte bete
On pilgrimage he went; 188
Til vs of grace certeyne
Lawe-berer was i-kud:
In vs he mote ordeyne
Vre werkes and þouhtes hud. 192

Ave que[1] *dominicum circumdas*[2] *altare*[3] [1] MS. quem Ps. 25.
Concludens in vtero dei salutare : [2] MS. circumdans [3] cf. Ps. 25, v. 6.
Nostra purget[4] *crimina potens expiare,* [4] MS. purgeþ
Pontifex & hostia sancte factus are.

Heil þat of vr lord of heuene 193 Hail, Bearer of God!
þat Auter vmbiʒede,
In þi wombe þou speredest heuene[1] [1] = euene
Hele of god, vre mede, 196
Of vre synnes clansyng
þat haþ ful pouwere;
þat Bisschop him-self is offring
Of þe holy Autere. 200

Ave Mater domini nos illuminantis, Ps. 26.
Mater inquam filij per te nos saluantis :
Tuis virgo meritis precibusque sanctis
Mentis pelle tenebras ad te suspirantis.

Heil modur of [þat] lord so mylde 201 Hail, Mother of our Lord!
þat lihtned vs alle ful schene,
þou art moder of þat childe
þat sauede vs alle bi-dene : 204
Maide, þorw þi worþinesse
And preyeres þat holy be,
Put hem from þe derknesse
þat sikyng longen to þe. 208

Ps. 27.

Ave pudicicie titulis[1] *ornata,* MS. tutulus
Mater facta filij, sed inuiolata,
Corporis materia illi ministrata
Cuius iam refloruit caro suscitata.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 27, v. 7.

Hail, Maiden of Chastity!

Heil! of clene chastite
þe worschipe nis not luitel,
ffor Modur and mayde þouh þou be,
Worschipful is þat tytel.
þe mateer of þi swete bodi
Crist, he tok of þe,
And þouh he died delfuly,
Aȝeyn to lyue ros he.

Ps. 28.

Ave nostri generis decus sempiternum,
Cuius scandens filius solium paternum,
Residens in dextera rex est in eternum:[1]
Affectum supplicibus exibe maternum. [1] cf. Ps. 28, v. 10.

Hail, Honour of Mankind!

Heil of vre kuynde, ladi,
Worschipe wiþ-outen ende;

Thy Son ascended into Heaven.

þi sone in to heuene stih,
þat is so good and hende,
And on his ffader riht syde
Sit for euere and O:
A Moderes lappe þou open wyde
To hem þat ben in wo.

Ps. 29.

Ave de qua gaudium fulsit matutinum,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 29, v. 6
Quod detersit hominis fletum uespertinum,
Per concessum corporis sanctum cilicinum[2]
Redemptis aperiens paradisi sinum. [2] cf. Ps. 29, v. 12.

Hail, Dawn of Morning!

Heil, of whom þe Morwenyng
Ioyful schon and briht,
þat wiped awey vre wepyng
On Euen and of niht;
Wiþ þe bodi as a Sekke
þat is i-Maad of here,
Of paradys he opened þe hekke
To hem þat bouht were.

Ps. 30.

Ave regis omnium ciuitas munita,[1] [1] cf. Ps. 30, v. 22.
Ciuitas ab angelis digne custodita,
Virtutum mirifice gemmis insignita:
In te nostrum gaudium, in te sit[1] *spes sita.* [1] MS. sic

Heil þou kynges feir Cite,
Walled wel a-boute,
Wiþ angeles þat in heuene be
I-kept, wiþ mony a route;
Wiþ riche stones wonderly
Of vertues þou art by-set:
Vre Ioye in þe sikerly
And vre hope ben met. cf. Ps. 31, v. 2.

Hail, fair City of the King!

Our joy and hope meet in thee.

Ave cui non inputans dominus peccatum,[1]
Partum dedit glorie fructumque beatum:
Cor gerens & corporis decus illibatum,
Erumpnosas contere spinas voluptatum.

Ps. 31.

Heil to whom no-maner synne
Vre lord a-rette con,
þat ȝaf a burþe of blisse wiþ-inne,
þe ffruit of Blod and bon;
Herte wiþ-Inne nor bodi wiþ-oute
Of ffulþe hedde no dispit:
þe woful þornes vs aboute
þow bruse of foul delyt.

Hail, sinless One!

(*Ps.* 32 *wanting.*)

Ave cuius anima in deo laudatur,[1]
Benedicens dominum per quam exaltatur:
Tuis, virgo, benedic, & benedicatur
Per quam[1] *benediccio facta predicatur.*

[1] cf. Ps. 33, v. 2.

[1] r. quem?

Ps. 33.

Heil whos soule worþily
In god is fully preysed,
In Blessynde god ful hihly
þorw whom þou art vp-reiset:
Blesse alle þyne, Maiden dere,
þi-self also be Blesset,
þorw whom blessyng is preched here
And from vs not lesset.

Hail, thou praisd in God!

Ave de qua voluit nasci rex virtutum,
Non abhorrens tangere carnis nostre lutum;
Apprehendens iusticie arma syue scutum[1]
Hominem eripuit ope destitutum.

[1] cf. Ps. 34, v. 2, 10.

Ps. 34.

Heil of whom he wolde be bore,
þe kyng of alle vertuwe,
And wlated nouȝt to touche þerfore
Vr fflesch of Cleyȝes huwe;

Hail, Mother of the King of Virtue!

þer-of (!) he made him-self a scheld
Priueliche to dare,
fforte rescouwe in þe feld
Mon of help ful bare.

Ps. 35. *Ave fecundissime domus vbertatis,*
Torrens indeficiens vere voluptatis.
ffonte nos inebria sancte karitatis,
Cor ad lumen exitans summe claritatis.[1] [1] cf Ps. 35, v. 9, 10.

Hail, House of Plenty!
Heil þou hous bi niht and day,
þou art[1] of gret plente, [1] r. þat is
And þe Brok þat rennes ay
ful of likerouste:
þou fulle vs alle of þat welle
fful of Charite,
þat vr hertes mouwe euer dwelle
In Brihtnesse wiþ þe.

Ps. 36. *Ave benignissima, nusquam malignari,*
Nec in malignantibus uolens emulari;
Cuius est in domino semper delectari:[1]
Eius nos deliciis dona saciari. [1] cf. Ps. 36, v. 4.

Hail, mildest of Women!
Heil of wymmen mylde most,
þat noldest no luþurnesse,
Nor haddest in no luþur gost
Loue nor swetnesse,
But in vr lord þe lyked wel,
And euer-more þou schal:
þerof þou graunte vs sum del,
To fullen vs þer-wiþ-al.

Ps. 37. *Ave mater vnicum generans dulcorem:*
Venientis iudicis tempera furorem,
Ne in ira senciam illum correptorem,
Set vite perpetue per te largitorem.

Hail, Mother of the sweet Child!
Heil Moder of þe newe gyse
þat bar þe swete childe:
Whon he comeþ, þat hiȝe Iustise,
ffrom his wraþþe vs schilde,
þat we fele not þat harde snibbyng
þat mony mon schal drede,
But of þe lyf euer-lastyng
Mote we han vr mede.

AVe cui spiritus sanctus obumbrauit, Ps. 38.
Dum carnis materiam caro ministrauit;
Cum nostram substanciam sibi sociauit,[1]
Ad suam nos gloriam deus exaltauit. [1] cf. Ps. 38, v. 8.

Heil whom of þe holigost
þe schadewe haþ vmbicast,
Of þi flesch, as wel þou wost,
þi sones flesch made in hast;
Whon he vr kuynde in þat manere
Tok to his felawe,
To his Blisse þat is so dere
On heiȝ he con vs drawe.

Hail, thou overshadowd by the Holy Ghost!

AVe per quam reddita lux refulsit cecis, Ps. 39.
Quam per Euam abstulit gustus ille necis:
De lacu miserie & de luto fecis[1] [1] cf. Ps. 39, v. 2.
Nos educat meritum tue sancte precis.

Heil þorw whom to þe blynde
Liht schon ful feire,
þat Eue, Modur of vre kynde,
Wiþ tast of deþ con peire:
Out of þe Slouh of wrecchednesse
And of þe dregge of cleye
To lede vs to þi worþinesse,
þyn holi preyere seye.

Hail, thoú Light to the Blind!

AVe beatissima per quam nos respexit Ps. 40.
Quando super pauperes deus intellexit;
Egestatem hominis diues non despexit,
Sed in nos carismatum munera conuexit.

He[i]l blesset beo þi mood,
þorw whom God bi-held
And on þe pore he vnderstod,
In toune and in feld;
Vre neode nolde he dispise,
þouh he were riche i-nouh,
But in mony a wyse
His Richesse to vs drouh.

Hail, Source of Blessing to the Poor!

AVe quam fons glorie uoluit implere, Ps. 41.
Vt in cristo *fieres fons salutis uere:*
Nostre desiderium mentis intuere,
Dans de plenitudine fontis nos gaudere.

Hail, thou fild from the Well of Bliss!

Heil whom þe welle of bliss
Wolde fulle ful of wele,
So þat þou weore Maad, i-wis,
þe welle of verrey hele:

Consider our yearning!

Vr þouhtes and vre ȝernynge,
Ladi, þou so bi-holde
þat of þe welles spri*n*ge
We mouwe beo glad and bolde.

Ps. 42.

Ave quam de gentibus dominus discreuit,
Cum in ventre uirginis verbum requeuit;
Causam & c[h]yrographum pleniter[1] *deleuit*
Quam in primum hominem prima lex decreuit.

[1] MS. plenum

Hail, thou set-apart to bear God!

Heil whom God specialy
ffrom oþere wolde twynne,
Whon he þi bodi priuely
Wolde reste wiþ-Inne.
þe cause of Obligacion
þat vs to helle bond,
He brac wiþ gret fuson
Of his riht hond.

Ps. 43.

Ave cuius uiscera cristum ediderunt,
Per quam[1] *uicti subiacent qui nos afflixerunt:*
Salua nos in brachio, cuius uim senserunt
Qui victrici dextere cristi restiterunt.

[1] r. quem?

Hail, thou whose Womb bare Christ!

Heil of whom þe holi gutte
Crist haþ forþ sende,
Bi whom þei ben vndurputte[1]
þat vs ȝerne wolde schende:
Saue vs alle in his miht,
þat þei han ofte feled
þat wiþ-stonden aȝeyn þe riht
þe hond þat haþ hem greued.

[1] orig. vndurpotte

Ps. 44.

Ave stans ad dexteram domini Regina,
Quam ambit uarietas virtutum diuina:[1]
Vide, regis filia, & aurem inclina,
Natus ex te fructus sit nobis Medicina.

[1] cf. Ps. 44, v. 10.

Hail, thou Stander at God's right-hand!

Heil þat stondest neuer loþ
On riht half of vr lord;
Whom sondernesse vmbigoþ
Of vertuwes in a-Cord:

Bi-hold, þou douhter of þe kyng,
And bouwe doun Ere þyne,
þe ffruit of þe spryngynge
Beo vre Medicyne.

Ave tabernaculum, quam sanctificauit Ps. 45.
San[c]torum sanctissimus, in te cum intrauit;
Ex te nobis impetus fluminis manauit,
Ciuitatem domini qui letificauit.[1] [1] cf. Ps. 45, v. 5.

Heil þou tente for þe schour
And for þe hete of Sonne,
Whom god com in to þi bour,
Wiþ þe for to wonne;
ffrom þe to vs in gret plente
þe water ron a-flod
þat gladed al þe grete Cite—
Wher-of we mowe þink good.

Hail, thou Tent from Rain and Heat!

Ave per quam filius dei cum descendit Ps. 46.
Nos in sui nominis amore succendit;
Particeps substancie nostre cum ascendit,[1]
Ascendendi pariter nobis spem inpendit. [1] cf. Ps. 46, v. 6.

Heil þorw whom wiþ-oute blame
God dounward wolde beende,
In þe loue of his name
Vre hertes forto teende;
Of vre kuynde for he part hadde,
Whon he steih vp in to Blis,
þe rihte wey he vs ladde—
We hopen þider, i-wis.

Hail, thou Kindler of God's Love in us!

Ave magna domina & laudanda nimis, Ps. 47.
Regis magni ciuitas, mons syon sublimis:
Tu magna, tu predita meritis opimis,
Tuos ad celestia transfer ab hijs imis.

Heil þat art so gret ladi
And gretlych artou preised,
Cite of þe kyng þat [sit] on hih,
Hul Syon vp-reised;
Deserued þou hast gret Richesses
þat gostly ben, i trouwe:
fflette us from þe wrecchednesses
þat we dwellen in so lowe.

Hail, Lady, great, and greatly praisd!

Ps. 48.

Ave per quam homines[1] *natos ad laborem* [1] MS. hominis
Ad amissum reuocans dominus honorem,
De nostra substancia sumptum carnis florem
Ipsis fecit angelis in se celsiorem.

Hail, thou Restorer of Man's loss!

Heil þorw whom, þat was boren
Mon to gret vnreste,
To þe worschipe þat he hedde lore
Whon he was lik a Beeste,
God restored hym a-ȝeyn
And set Monkynde aboue
þe hexte Angeles, as we seyn—
þerfore we schulde him loue.

Ps. 49.

Ave mater filio digna nascituro,
Corporis materiam ministrans passuro:
Purges[1] *consciencias, ut sic*[2] *corde puro*
Procedamus obuiam judici uenturo. [1] MS. purgans [2] MS. sit

Hail, Mother of God!

Heil Modur most worþi
To God þat schulde be bore,
Of þe tok þe swete bodi
þat pyned was so sore;
þorw þat peyne he clensed[1] vs so, [1] r. clense
þat wiþ herte schene
Sikerly we mou go
Aȝeyn vr Iugge bi-dene.

Ps. 50.

Ave nobis miserans, nostri miserere,
Quod misericordie mater dicta uere;
Misereris omnium qui tuis scincere
Laudibus & gaudijs gaudent inherere.

Hail! Have mercy on us!

Heil, of vs þou haue merci,
Of Merci we þe prey,
ffor Moder þou art witerly
Of Merci, as we seye.
þou hast merci of hem alle
þat wiþ deuocioun
And wiþ preisyng on þe calle,
þou herest heore Orisoun.

[XXV. A salutacioun to ȝre lady.][1]

MAyden, Modur, and comely Qween, Ever blessed be thou, Mary!
Þat art in heuene and eu*er* schal ben,
Euere beo þou blessed,
ffor þow sendes me help and grace,
Whon I was in a place
Þer Deth was to me dressed.

Mi lyf I wende me hedde forsaken, I was at the point of death:
And drery deþ to me taken,
To make wiþ him to wone:
Wiþ my tonge, als I couþe,
I Criȝede, "Ladi, help me nouþe, I cried to Thee,
Þow prey to þi swete sone!"

Þi grace com to me þat day and thy grace came to me.
In to a Castel þer I lay,
Men seide I was but ded;
Ihesu, þat þou louedest dere,
Com to me þorwh þi preyere
In þe fourme of bred.

Marie, of ioye þou berest þe pris,
ffor þou art ȝate of paradis, Thou art the Gate of
Þer Ioye is Murie and long. Paradise.
ffeire Modur and Mayden swete,
Wiþ fyue Ioyes I þe grete, I greet thee with five
Ladi, here my song. Aue Maria. Joys.

HEil beo þow, Marie Modur of crist, Hail, thou conceivedst
Þat Conceyuedest him al wyth lyst, Christ.
Ihesu þat was so mylde;
He liht in to þe, soþ hit was,
As dude þe Sonne þorwh þe Glas,
And so þow wex wiþ chylde. Aue M.

Heyl Marie, of Maydens þe flour, Hail, Flower of Maidens! thou borest Christ.
Þow beer Ihesu, vr sauiour,
Wiþ-outen eny peyne.
ffeir hit was, þat ilke[1] burþe, [1] MS. ille
Þat in his ȝ uþe made murþe
Wiþ þi pappes tweyne! Aue.[1] [1] Some stanzas seem wanting.

[1] So the title in the Index.

Hail, everlasting Queen!

Heil Mayden, þat euer-more
Schalt beo Qween, and hast ben ȝore,
In heuene and in eorþe.
þeos ben foure of power most:
ffadur, and Sone, and holygost,
And þou, Ladi, þe feorþe. Aue.

To thee we cry

Heil gracious qween Mari,
To þe vs neodeþ calle and cri
Whon we ben sori and syke.
Heil hele in halle and boure;
þou louest men þat þe honoure,
þi loue is eue*r*e i-like. Aue.

for remedy when bale is nigh.

Heil, sone boote þer bale is neih;
þauh þi wony*n*ge beo an heih,
þou herknest to vs at nede.
Heil rest to weri bones;
Whon I was stoned wiþ harde stones,
þow halp wiþ-outen mede. Aue.

Hail, thou Joy of Angels!

Heil, to al Angeles Ioye and blis,
þow art Qwen þer, I wot, I-wis,
Witnes of vr Bokes.
Heil witti and wys of werkes,
þou drawest boþe prestes and Clerkes
Out of þe fendes hokes. Aue.

Foe of fiends!

Heil fendes fo, feirest of alle!
þi Bed was In an Asse stalle
Whon þi sone was Born.
Heil weddet wyf and Mayden eke,
Of þe þis holy p*r*ophetes speeke
An hundred ȝer bi-forn. Aue.

Hail, thou mightiest of Middle-Earth!

Heil mihtiest of Middel[1]-ert,
Of þe þe fendes ben a-ferd
And douten þe ful sore.
Heil cu*m*fort of Careful wyues;
When þei ben ferd of heore lyues,
þou helpest hem euer-more. Aue.

[1] MS. Mildel

Thou wast born in Nazareth,

Heil chyld boren In Naȝareth,
þou beere a child þat to[c][1] þe deth,
As alle trewe telle.

[1] MS. to

Heil Godus Modur gentyl and good,
þou[1] let Adam and his blood [1] r. þat
Out of þe pit of helle. Aue. 78

Heil Modur Merciabel, Hail, merciful Mother!
He is þi sone wiþ-outen fabel
þat alle þynge wot. 81
Heil Meke marie of renoun,
þi sone haþ for vs I-leyd a-doun
His herte-blood al hot. Aue. 84

Heil Mari þat to vs hiȝes!
þi Modur bar þreo Maries—
So feire hire beo-tydde; 87
On was Marie Iacobe,
And þat oþur Cleophe,
And þou, ladi, þe þridde. Aue. 90

Heil Marie, wiþ most honour Hail, Queen of Heaven!
Corouned qween in heuene-tour
Bi-fore þy sones face; 93
To alle neodful þou art couþ,
Wel art þou cald wiþ Angeles Mouth, thou wast greeted by the Angel.
"Marie ful of grace." Aue. 96

"Heil Marie ful of grace,
Heil beo þou in vche a place,
ffor god is laft wiþ þe." 99
In heuene and eorþe þou beo honoured,
ffor my lyf þou hast socoured
And drawen deþ from me. Aue. 102

Heil feirest of alle floures, Fairest of Flowers,
A-postles,[1] Martires an Confessoures [1] MS. Of postles
þe for ladi calle; 105
Heil brihtor þen þe sonne-beem,
þou beere Ihesu In Bedlehem, thou borest Christ in Bethlehem.
Wiþ Blood þat bouht vs alle. Aue. 108

Heil feirest of alle landes,
To god þou hef vp þyn handes
Whon Gabriel þe grette. 111
Heil clerore þen þe Cristal-ston,
þou art in heuene, Blood and Bon,
ffor þer þi sone þe sette. Aue. 114

Hail, Mary!

Heyl Marie, Blessed kidde,
A feir grace þe beo-tidde—
þi peere is nouhwher leued:
God him-self þi bodi chees,
To sitte wiþ him on his dees
And bere Coroune on heued. Aue.

Heil Marie as briht as day,

In thee lay God's Son,

Goddus sone wiþ-Inne þe lay
His Burth to a-byde.

who, when 32, fought as man's champion

Whon he was two and þritti ȝeer old,
He fauht for men as kempe bold,
And baar ful blodi syde. Aue.

Heil Marie, þat art ay boun
To kepe us from temptacion
Of þe fendes Blake;
Heil riche Qween of vche a toun,

and sufferd death.

þi sone haþ soffred passioun
ffor al Monkynde sake. Aue.

Heil briht Braunche of Rose rote,
Of þe sprong a sauour swote
þat sauereþ ay so swete.
Heil Modur of al-holy Chirche,
And alle þat euere wol wysly worche,
I rede þat heo þe grete. Aue.

Heil Ioachyms Ioyful seed,

Thou sawest how Christ raisd Lazarus,

þou sayh whon Laȝarus was ded
ffoure dayes and More;
Bi-fore Martha and Magdeleyn
Ihesu called him to lyue a-ȝeyn
And for him rewed sore. Aue.

Heil Marie, Mayden sleihe,
Mony goode dedes þou seiȝe
Of þulke þat Ihesu wrouhte:

and how a widow's son,

A Mon was ded and lay on Bere,
His Moodur wiþ ful reuþful chere
Grace at Ihesu souhte; Aue.

Heil Marie, of gret pite,
Ihesu for þe loue of þe
Made þat wommon bliþe:

To þe Bere he put his honde
And bad þe Cors anon vp stonde;
To lyue hit ros als-swiþe. Aue. 156

at His bidding, rose from the bier to life.

Heil Mayden, heil þou,
Alle þi Ioyes I may not nou
In my song telle; 159
Is mony an hundred ȝer a-gone
Þou hast ben, ladi, queen þyn one
Of heuene, Erþe and helle. Aue. 162

Maiden, Queen of Heaven, Earth and Hell,

Holy Mayden, wel þe be,
Þat was at þe feste of Galyle,
Þer was wanted wyn: 165
Þi sone comaundet men in halle
Wiþ watur fulle heor vessels alle
By-fore Architriclyn; Aue. 168

thou sawst how Christ in Galilee

Heil Marie, þat sauh al þat:
Whon Ihesu on þi Barm sat
And blessed hit wiþ his honde, 171
Al þe watur þat þer was brouht
By-com red wyn al vn-souht,
Þer nis no beter in londe. Aue. 174

turnd water into wine.

Heil semlokest vndur sonne,
Þorwh þe was a werk by-gonne
By-twene God and Mon; 177
Blessed beo þou of alle wymmen,
And þe fruyt of þi wombe, Amen,
Þat such a werk bi-gon. Aue. — — 180

Through thee the work of man's redemption was begun.

Blessed beo, ladi, þyn holy nome,
Þat schilde[s][1] vs from synne and schome,
And Makes þe fend vnglad; 183
Þer þat nempned is Mari,
Þe fendes by-gynnen a-wei to fly
And diȝeþ neih for drad. Aue. 186

[1] MS. And schilde

Blessed be thy Holy Name, and

Blessed beo, ladi, þyn heued aboue,
Þer god hath schewed his moste loue
On heih riht in his halle: 189
Þe Coroune of heuene *þer*-on is set,
Wiþ alle þe Angeles þou art gret
As ladi of hem alle. Aue. 192

thy Head!

Blessed be thy Brain,

Blessed beo, ladi, þat[1] witti Brayn : [1] r. þi
þou hast maad þe fend vn-fayn
þat deope in helle sit ; 195
Monnes soules þat weore lost,
þou beer a child on þi Coste
ffro helle-pyne haþ hem quit. Aue. 198

thy Fore-head,

Blessed beo, ladi, þat holy frount,
þat holy is holden and sount,
þe cheef of al þi face ; 201
þer-in is set a bond of wit,
Vndur þe croune comly knit
Wiþ a louely lace. Aue. 204

thy Brows,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi Brouwes bent :
A feir grace God haþ þe sent,
þi lookyng is louely ay. 207
Ladi, for þi louesum chere
Prey þi sone, þat we mowe here
Serue him to pay ! Aue. 210

thy right Ear,

Blessed be, ladi, þy Riht Ere :
þe holygost, he liht in þere
fflesch and Blod to take ; 213
God sende his sone adoun,
To soffre pine and passioun
And faiht wiþ þe Drake. Aue. 216

thy left Ear,

Blessed beo, Ladi, þyn oþur Ere,
ffor hit herknes ay-where
To Men þat haue to done ; 219
þyn Ere is open at vre callyng :
Whon we preye for eny þing,
Vr erende comeþ sone. Aue. 222

thy Eyes,

Blessed beo, ladi, boþe þyn Eizen,
þat þreo kynges offringes sezen
þat kneled þe by-fforen. 225
þou seost euer-more I-lyche
Ioye and Blisse in heuene-riche—
To godur hele þou weore boren ! Aue. 228

thy Nose!

Blessed be,[1] ladi, a-mong þi wittes [1] MS. be þou
þi ffoire Neose, þat comely sittes
Amidde þi frount bi-neþen. 231

Ladi, for þe loue of Anastas
Let vs seo þi feire ffaas,
Whon we wenden heþen! Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, boþe þi chekes: Blessed be thy Cheeks,
Merci for vs to him þou sekes
þat þe for Modur Ches.
Ladi, as þou art Modur mylde,
ffrom worldus schome þou me schylde,
And gete vs grith and pes! Aue.

Ladi, I-blessed beo þi Mouth: thy Mouth,
Whon God þe sende in to þe south
þe Aungel Gabriel,
þow onswerdest Mekelych and sayde,
"I am heer Godus hond-Mayde"—
þis word is in gospel. Aue.

Blessed be, lady, þi trewe tonge: thy Tongue,
A-Mong wy*mm*en olde and ȝonge
þat euerȝite han ben,
So treowe I-founden was neuer non;
ffor-þi þou art in Blod and Bon
Corouned heuene-Qween. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi Chin I-chose: thy Chin,
þer-on schal neuer mon lose
To blesse hit niht and day;
Hit schal reue him serwe and synne,
And make him in his lyf to wynne
þe Ioye þat lasteþ ay. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi brihte neb-schaft— thy Face,
Of kuynde he couþe ful wel his craft
þat hit hedde entayled!
þe teres ron doun of[1] floode [1] r. a?
Whon þou seȝe þi sone on Roode,
ffeet and hondes nayled. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi white sweere: thy Neck
Ihesu, þat þou louest deere,
Clupped hit ofte a-boute.
Whose wol his synne forsake
And of þat cluppyng Ioye make,
Hym þar no deueles doute. Aue.

Blessed be thy Throat,

Blessed beo, lady, þi clere þrote:
At neode euere þou dost vs note
Whon Bale vs haþ I-bounde.
Ladi, þou neuere woldest ȝelpe,
Prey þi sone þat he vs helpe
ffor his Blessede wounde! Aue.

thy Shoulders,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi scholdres two,
And þi cleer Canel-bonus also
þat semely ben in siht:
As kyng, kniht or Champioun
ffor Men þou art redi-Boun
Wiþ þe fend to fiht. Aue.

thy Arms,

Blessed beo, ladi, þyn Armes tweyne:
In vche a gederyng þou art gayne
To helpen vs at nede;
Vr wo þou tornest to weole,
And sauest vs from wreches fele—
Blessed beo þou to Mede! Aue.

thy Hands,

Blessed beo, ladi, boþe þin hondes,
þat swaþeled him in swaþelyng-bondes
þat Monnes soule haþ wrouht,
Heuene and helle and alle londes,
ffisch and ffoul, Séé and Sondes,
Al he maade of nouht. Aue.

Blessed beo,[1] ladi, and feyre hem falle,

[1] MS. beo þou

thy Thumbs and Fingers,

þi þhommes and þi ffyngres alle
þat genteliche are Maket,
On eiþer hond wiþ ffyngres fyue;
þow þat[1] hondelet him on lyue

[1] r. Wiþ þat þow

þat helle-fuir has[1] slaket. Aue.

[1] MS. was

thy Breast,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi brihte Brest:
Ihesu tok þer-in[1] Rest,

[1] r. on?

Mon of miht most.
Was neuer non so clene of lyf
As þow weore, boþe Mayden and wyf,
To Resseyue þe holygost. Aue.

thy Heart!

Blessed beo, ladi, þi stable herte:
Whon þou seȝe þi sone smerte,
Gret Care þou keptest;

Whon þou sauh him Buffet and beten,
Al his bodi of blood by-weten,
No wondur þauh þou weptest. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi brihte wombe: Blessed be thy Womb,
Þer-in was þe holy Lombe
Þat bouht Adam and Eue,
And þe þridde day also blyue
He ros vp fro deþ to lyue—
Such is vre bi-leeue. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi softe sydes, thy Sides,
In Ioye and blis þou vs abydes,
Þer þou schalt beo founden;
Þi sone vs bouhte wiþ Raunsoun
And drouh vs out of dungoun,
Þer Lucifer liht i-boundun. Aue.

Blessed be, ladi, þi feire Bak, thy Back,
And þi leendes wiþ-outen lak,
Þat dwellen ay in Blis.
Ladi, for þi muchel honour
Þin holy help and þy socour
Let vs neuere mis! Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þy Maydenhede: thy Maiden-head,
Neuer was in þe sowen sede
As of wommon-kynde;
ffor-þi þou art coround Qween
Of alle wy*m*men þat han I-ben
Or euer schal Mon fynde. Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi boþe þhiȝes, thy Thighs,
To help vs ay þat hiȝes
ffrom þe vn-hold honde.
Ladi, to þi sone vs dresse,
And preye hym þat he vs blesse
And mayntyme in sonde! Aue.

Blessed beo, ladi, þi comely knen, thy Knees!
Þat for vs alle kneolynge ben
Boþe niht and day.
Hit is but on vs I-long,
Whe þer we worche ille or wrong,
Hou we schul haue vr pay. Aue.

Blessed be thy Shanks and Shins,

Blessed [beo], ladi, alle beo-dene
Þi Schonkes and þi Schynes schene
Þat are strong and styþe;
Ofte hast þow erly and late
Don vr erende at heuene-ʒate
And Maked vs ful bliþe. Aue.

thy Haunches and Feet,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi Maydenhede,
Þyn haunches and þi feire fete,
Þat for vs trauayle.[1]
Ladi, for þi grete grace
A-Mong þi Ioyes of a place
Let vs neuere fayle! Aue.

[1] MS. doost tr.; doost overl. by another hand.

thy Toes,

Blessed, ladi, beo al þi toos:
Whon þou of Childbedde a-Ros,
To þe Temple þow ʒeode,
fforte folfulle þat lawe
Þat was vsud by Olde dawe—
Symeon sauh þat dede. Aue.

thy Flesh, Blood, Skin, and Bones,

Blessed beo, ladi, al at ones
Þi fflesch þi blod, þi skyn þi bones,
And þin Entrayles wiþ.
Ladi, for þi Muchel honour
Prey Ihesu vr sauyour,
He graunt vs pees and grith! Aue.

thy Strength,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi grete strengþe:
Þou hast drawen my lyf on lengþe
And don an Almus werk;
Þow holdest þe fend vndur foote,
Þow geete fro his herte-Rote
Theophules lettre, þe Clerk. Aue.

thy Morals,

Blessed beo, ladi, þi goode þewes,
Þat kepen vs from þe blake schrewes
Þat Mennes soules han craued;
Þe grete oþus þat Men han sworen
Hedde I-maad þe world for-loren,
But as þou hast hit saued. Aue.

thy stedfast Thought!

Blessed beo, ladi, þi stable þouht:
Vre neodes for-ʒetest þou nouht,
Þow delest wiþ non hoket;

Bi-fore þe kyng þat demes riht
þou pledest for men day and niht—
Blessed beo þat voket! Aue. 390

Blessed beo, ladi, þi swetnes. Blessed be thy Sweetness,
Al Monkynde more and les
To helle were þei gon, 393
þei weoren alle in helle i-bounde,
Til þi Sone wiþ blodi wounde
Hed leesed hem out vchon. Aue. 396

Blessed beo, ladi, þi feirhede, thy Fairness,
Menget al wiþ whit and Rede,
Wiþ brihtnes al bi-Ron. 399
Ladi, flour of alle londes,
Bryng him out of carful bondes
þat hath þis song bi-gon! Aue. 402

Blessed ladi, Blesse I schal
þy Lyf, þi Soule, þi Bodi al thy Life, Soul and Body!
þat eeuene to heuene went. 405
As wis, ladi, beo vr frend
And schild vs from þe foule fend, Shield us, Lady, from the Fiend!
And let vs neuer be schent. A M. E N. 408

[XXVI. An orisoun to þe fyue woundes of ihesus *cristus*.][1]

Ihesus, þat diȝedest vppon þe tre Jesu, keep
And þoledest deþ for loue of me
And for myn elder sake, 3
ffrom þe deuel and al his miht me from the Devil!
þow kepe me, boþe day and niht,
Wher I slepe or wake. 6

Lord, ȝif me grace to worche þi wille Give me grace to do Thy will!
And þi Comaundement to forþfille,
þat heuene may beo my Meede. 9
Ihesu, bring me to þi Reste,
þat euere wiþ-outen ende schal leste,
And help me at al my nede. 12

[1] So the title in the Index.

Now God, þat died on þe Rode
And þer-on schedde þin herte-blode,
And of Marie was boren,

Hear me when I call to Thee!
Heer me whon I to þe calle,
And let me neuere in synne falle,
Ne for my mis-dede be loren.

For each of Thy 5 Wounds, let us say a *Pater Noster*.
Ihesu, þi[1] fyue woundes on þe Roode
þat þou þoledest for monnes goode,
Moot my socour be.

[1] MS. for þi

In þe worschipe of þi wounde

The wounds 1. in Thy Heart,
þat þyn herte þolede in þat stounde,
A Pater noster sei we. Pater.

2. in Thy right Hand,
In þe worschipe of þi riht honde
þat was woundet in þe holy londe
And nayled to þe tre,
Heere to-day my preyere,
As wis as þou bouhtest me dere
Haue Merci, lord, on me. Pater.

Ihesu lord þat is so Mylde,
ffrom dedly synne þou me schilde
Boþe day and niht;
Cumforte me, Ihesu, wiþ þi sonde,

3. in Thy left Hand,
As wisliche as þi luft honde
Was nayled wiþ on-riht. Pater.

God, schilde my soule þat day fro care
Whon hit schal from my bodi fare;
Haue Merci, lord, on me,
As wis as I leue wel and wot

4. in Thy right Foot,
þat on þe goode ffriday þi riht fot
Was nayled to þe tre. Pater.

As wis as harde to þe tre

5. in Thy left Foot.
þi lift ffoot was nayled for me,
Graunte me þi grace,
þat I may haue þi Ioyful reste,
þat wiþ-outen ende schal leste,
And seo þi louely face. AMEN. Pater.

[XXVII. An orisoun to þe fyue ioyes of ure lady.][1]

MArie Modur, wel þe bee! Mary, shield me
Modur and Mayden, þenk on me
ffor þi muchel miht!
Marie Mayden meke and mylde,
ffrom mis-chaunce to-day me schylde, from mis-chance!
þat me ne dere no wiht. Aue.

Marie, þou hast no peere,
Heere to-day my preyere, Hear my prayer!
þouh I vn-worþi be;
To þe I clepe and calle:
As þou art flour of alle
þou haue Merci of me. Aue.

Marie Modur and Mayden eke, Help me for thy Five Joys:
ffor þat Ioye I þe by-seche
þat Gabriel þe grette, 1. when Gabriel greeted Thee;
þat Ioye me kepe day and niht
ffrom þe deuel and al his miht,
And of mis-dede me lette. Aue.

ffor þe Ioye þat God was boren 2. when God was born of thee;
Let me not, ladi, beo forloren
þat þi sone bouht dere,
But vndurfong to-day my beode,
þat hit may stonde me in sum steode
þorwh þi preyere. Aue.

And for þe Ioye þat fro deþ to lyue 3. when He rose from the Dead;
God vp-Ros wiþ woundes fyue
Vppon þe paske-day,
Beo-seche þi sone, ladi Mylde,
ffrom mischaunce þat he me schilde
As wis as he best may. Aue.

And for þe Ioye God steih to heuene 4. when He ascended into Heaven;
On holy þoresday wiþ mylde steuene,
Help me, ladi of miht,

[1] So the title in the Index.

And beo boþe my scheld and spere,
þat no wikked mon me dere
Ne deuel bi day no niht. Aue.

And for þe Ioye aftur þyn ende,
Bi-fore[1] to heuene þer þou dudest wende
In Murþe and Iolyte,
Bryng me *in* to þat reste
þat euer wiþ-outen ende schal leste,
ȝif þi wille be. Aue.

Ladi, flour of wy*m*men-kynne,
ȝif me grace þi loue to wynne,
Mayden feir and fre,
And let me neuer for no synne
ffor-go þat Ioye þat þou art Inne,
AMEN par Charite. Aue.

[1] r. ffor?

5. when thou wentest to Heaven.

Lady, let me

never lose the Joy that thou art in!

[XXVIII. A salutacio*u*n to þre lady.][1]

Heil beo þow, Marie Moodur and May,
Mylde and Meke and Merciable!
Heyl follich fruit of soþfast fay,
Aȝeyn vche stryf studefast and stable;
Heil soþfast soule in vche a-say—
Vndur þi sone is non so able;
Heil logge þat vre lord in lay,
þe formast þat neuer was fou*n*den in fable.
Heil trewe, troupeful and tretable,
Heil cheef i-chosen of Chastite,
Heil homely, hende and amyable:
Do prey for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil sterre þat neuer stunteþ liht,
Heil Busch Brennyng þat neuer was brent;[1]
Heil rihtful rulere of eueri riht,
Schadewe to schilde þat scholde be schent;

Hail, Mother and Maid,

chief of Chastity!

[1] A simile used by Chaucer.

[1] So the title in the Index. The first 6 stanzas are printed in Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, 1871, II. p. 283.

Heil, Blessed beo þow, Blosme briht, — Hail, bright Blossom,
To troupe and trust was þyn entent;
Heil Mayden and Modur most of miht,
Of alle mischeues a-Mendement.
Heil spice sprong þat neuer was spent,
Heil trone of þe Trinite, — Throne of the Trinity!
Heil soiour[1]ne þat Godus[2] sone to sent:
þow preye for vs þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil hertely in holinesse,
Heil hope of help to heihe and lowe, — Hail, Help to high and low,
Heil strengþe and stal[1] of stabelnesse,
Heil wyndouwe of heuene-wowe,
Heil reson of al rihtwysnesse,
To vche a Caytyf cumfort to knowe,
Heil Inocent out of Angernesse,
Vr takel, vr tol þat we on trowe;
Heil frend to alle þat beoþ forþ flowe, — Friend to all, and Light of Love!
Heil liht of loue and of lewte,
Heil brihtor þen þe blod on snowe:
þow preye for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil Mayden, heil Modur, heil Martir trewe, — Hail, Martyr, and Confessor,
Heil kyndely I-knowe Confessour;
Heil euenere of old lawe and of newe,
Heil Buildere boold of cristes bour;
Heil Rose hiȝest of hyde and hewe,
Of alle ffruytes feirest fflour; — fairest Flower,
Heil Tortul trustiest and trewe, — truest Turtle,
Of alle troupe þou art tresour;
Heil puyred princesse of paramour,
Heil Blosme of Brere, Brihtest of ble,
Heil owner of eorþly honour:
þou prey for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil hende, heil holy Emperesse, — Empress and Queen!
Heil quene[1] corteis, comely and kynde;
Heil distruyere of eueri stresse,
Heil mender of eueri monnes mynde;
Heil Bodi þat we ouhte to blesse,
So feiþful frend may neuer mon fynde;
Heil lenere and louere of largenesse,
Swete and swettest þat neuer may swynde;

[1] on erasure. [2] r. god is

[1] on erasure.

Heil Botenere of eu*e*ri bodi blynde,
Hail, Burgeon of Bounty! Heil Borgun brihtes[t] of alle bounte,
Heil trewore þen þe wode-bynde:
þou pray for us to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil Modur, heil Mayden, heil heuene-qwene,
Heil ȝatus[1] of paradys, [1] r. ȝate
Heil Sterre of þe Se þat eu*e*re is seene,
Heil riche, Ryal and Riht-wys;
Heil Buyrde, I-blesset mote þow beene,
Hail, Pearl, Heil perle, of al perey þe pris,
Heil Schadewe in vch a schour schene,
Heil fayrore þen þe flour delys;
Heil cher chosen þat neuer nas chis,
Heil chef chaumbre of Charite,
Heil in wo þat euere was wys:
þow prey for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Water of Life, Heil welle of merci, watur of lyf,
Heil gentel ȝerde of Iesse Roote;
Heil Mayde, heil Moodur, heil wedded wyf,
þi blessednes brouht us til vr bote;
Heil studefast stuntere of eueri strif,
þe feirest þat euer ȝeode vppon fote;
ffrom vs vche a deuel þou deest drif;
Heil swete, heil swettest, heil most swote;
Heil Mayden þat for vs most mote,
Princess of Pity, Heil puired princes of pite,
Heil Mirour vche mon on to tote:
þow pray for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.
Heil holy herte, hope of hele,
Heil fostrere of vre ful fay,
Heil worchere of þis worldly wele,
Heil wissere of vre rihtwys way,
Feller of Fiends! Heil fallere of þe fendes fele,[1] [1] or. frele
Heil logge þat vre lord in lay,
Heil Chartre þat Ih*esus* gon a-sele:
ffor vs, ladi, to þi sone þou pray
þat at þe dredful domus-day
Vre a-vokes þat ȝe may be,
ffor non oþur þen help us may
Saue þi-self and þi swete sone fre. Aue.

Heil hed of worschip, cristes trone,
Þe semely Temple of Salamon;
Heil brihtest Sonne, vn-meued Mone,
Heil ful fles of gedeon;[1]
Heil help to hem þat han to done,
Loue of Angel, murþe of man:
Þi socour, ladi, send vs sone
And help vs, for we han mis-gan.
Charbokel neuer so cler schone
As ȝe schyne in cristes see.
To ȝow, ladi, I make my mone:
Prey for vs to þi sone so fre. Aue.

[1] on erasure.

Hail, Temple of Solomon, Sun and Moon!

[1]Heil Archa federis euere I-loke,
Cristes trewe tresorie;[2]
Heil Archa of noe neuer to-broke,
ffor worldli wawe þat neuer wolde wrie;
Heil esterne ȝate faste I-stoke
Seþþe god þi sone eode out þer-bye;
Heyl chosen chastite þe ȝoke,
engendreer of vre gentrie;
Heil kuyndenesse, heil cortesye,
Heil douweer of diuinite,
Heil susteynour of Seyntuarie:
Þou preye for vs þi sone so fre. Aue.

[1] This stanza in the MS. written at the foot of the page.
[2] MS. trosorie

Hail, Ark of the Covenant, Treasury of Christ!

Heil lok, heil loue, heil Marie!
I heile þe wiþ herte and þouht,
I heile þe wiþ Mouþ and eiȝe,
ffor my wilde werkes han beo nouht;
I heile þe and Merci crie,
Wiþ al my bodi I haue mis-wrouht;
I heile þe whon I schal dye,
And help to blisse þat we be brouht.
Pray þi sone, þat vs deore bouht,
Graunt vs grace for his pite,
þauh synnes haue vs þorwh-souht;
Bring vs to þi blis þat euer schal be, Amen. Aue.

Hail Lock, Love, Mary!

Bring us to thy Bliss!

[XXIX. Miracles of oure lady.][1]

(*A Picture.*) I. [hou þe cite off croteye was delyuered of þeir enemys by vre lady coote.][2]

I'll tell you how the City of Crotey was deliverd by Our Lady.

LOrdus, 3if 3e wol lusten to me,
Of Croteye, þe noble Cite,
ffurst hou hit bi-seget was
And seþþen dilyueret þorw god*us* gras 4

[1] Ed. before by me in *Herrig's Archiv*, 1876. On the various collections of Miracles of our lady see Mussafia, *Sitzungsber. der Wiener Acad. der Wissensch.*, 1887-8.

[2] So the title in the Index.

The Index to MS. Vern. gives the following list of these Miracles; only the first 9 (the 9th unfinished) are preserved in the MS.

1. hou þe cite off croteye was delyuered of þeir enemys by vre lady coote.
2. hou þe Iewes, in despit of vre lady, þrewe a chyld in a gonge.
3. hou an holy hermyt prayde a synful womman pray god for hym.
4. hou a Iew putte his sone in a brennyngge ouene, for he was communed wit oþur cristene children on þe pask-day.
5. hou a man, for ache, cut of his foot, and was heled a3eyn by vre lady.
6. hou a iew lente a cristenemon moneye, and took vre lady to borow.
7. Of a prest þat lay by a nonne.
8. hou vre lady 3af mylk off heore pappes to a man þat hadde þe squynacye.
9. Of an incontinent monk, þat was drouned, and rered a3eyn by vre lady to lyf.
10. Of a clerk þat wolde euery day segge þe fyue ioyes of vre lady.
11. hou vre lady dude þe offys of a sextresse fyftene 3eer for a nonne.
12. hou a god wyf by-nam fro an ymage of vre lady þe ymage of heore child.
13. Of a deuout knyt off kyrkeby.
14. hou a wommon slow heore doutour hosebonde, and was dampned to þe fuyr, and delyuered by vre lady.
15. hou þe deuel took lyknesse of a wommon, and seyde he was godes modur.
16. hou out of a monkes mouth, æftur his deeth, grew a lilie, and in euery leef was wryten wyt large lettres of gold : aue maria.
17. hou a nonne fur3at to grete vre ladye, and ful in apostasye.
18. hou seynt Bernard say twey children ydrouned for þeir inobedience.
19. Of þys antynene : Salue regina.
20. hou vre lady sauter bygan.
21. hou vre lady was a medewyf in þe churche of seynt michel in monte tumba.
22. hou þe feste of þe natiuite of vre lady by-gan.
23. Of a deuout clerk þat died in drenkelenschipe, & was wyrned sepulcre.
24. Of a þef þat was þre dayes hanget, and saued by vre lady.
25. Of a prest þat coude non oþur masse but salua *sancta* parens.
26. hou þe deuel, in liknesse of a bole and of oþur bestes, encumbrede a monk for he was ones drunke.
27. Of a wommon off Rome þat conceyuede bi heore owne sone, & slou heore child.
28. Off a child þat weddede an ymage of vre lady.
29. hou at þe cite of Tholuse þe priuetes were knowe of Iewes.

1. *The Saving of Crotey City.*

And þorw þe helþ of vre ladi,
So witnesseþ Miracle of Mari.
Out of peihtes lond þer came
A kniht þat Rollo was his name;
He gederet wiþ him out of þe north Cost
Of diuerse nacions a wel gret host,
Out of Denemarch and North-wey,
Of feolore folk þen I con sey.
Mony Cuntres he can destruye,
Wel muchel pepule he gan anuye,
In mony a Coost, bi Est and West,
He won him londes bi Conquest.
ffurst he bi-gon in þe North Cuntre,
And aftur he schipet ouer þe Séé.
Sire Rollo wiþ al his host
Ariuede in ffraunce vp in a cost.
þat Cuntre gon he furst destruiȝe,
þerfore he called hit Northmondye,
ffor þei dude men to deþe i-lome
þat out of þe North cost come;
þerfore he called hit Northmondye,
As writen I fynde in his storye:
Of Bruit þe Cronicle witnesset wel
þis Conquest of Rollo eueridel.
Hit was þe furste Duik in þat lond,
ffor he furst won hit wiþ his hond.

From the Picts' land,

Rollo came with a host,

and conquerd Northern Countries.

Then he won Normandy,

and was its first Duke.

30. hou vre lady ȝaf to seynt Bonyte þe bisschoph holy vestemens.
31. hou þe deuel, in fals liknesse of seynt Iame, made a man cutte of his priue menbres.
32. Of a monk of Cisteus, þat vre lady took in heore armes, and custe hym.
33. hou Constantyn þe Emperour ordeynede for euere-mor in seynt petre churche at Rome, in wyrschip of seynt petre, a lampe wyt Baume perpetuelly brennyngge.
34. Of seynt fulbert þe bisschop, þat made þe storye, and þe legende, and oþur tretys off þe natiuite of vre lady.
35. Of a mayden þat was cald Musa.
36. Of a malicious priour of seynt sauyours of þe cite of papye.
37. Of seynt Ierom, bisschoph of papye.
38. Of a whyth corporaus was in-tync wit red wyn, in seynt Micheles churche, þat his cald cluse.
39. hou vre lady taute a clerk hou he schulde segge heore complyn.
40. Of þe schrewednesse of Iustynyan þe emperour.
41. And why þe feste of þe puryficacion was ordeyned.
42. hou an ymage of þe child off vre lady taute anoþur child and preyde hym to come dyne wyt hym.

Whon Rollo þat kniht was þider I-come*n*
And mony a toun þei hedde I-nomen,
Rollo kild many men. Mony a Mon þei dude to deþe,
fful fewe þei saueden, and ȝit vnneþe.
And as he trauayled on his Iorney,
He com to a Citéé, was called Crotey.
þus sone Sire Rollo wiþ his Route
He besiegd the City of Crotey. Bi-sette þat Citéé wiþ sege a-boute.
Wiþ-Inne þe Citéé men hedde gret drede:
Heore Enemys were*n* so douhti of dede;
Of socour þei seȝen non oþur won
But ȝelden þe Cite, or elles ben slon.
Bp. Waltelin AN holi Bisschop *þer* was þer-Inne,
þat was called sire Waltelinne,
He was Bisschop of þat Citéé,
A swuyþe noble mon was he.
bad the citizens pray for help. He tauhte heom ȝerne knele and crie
To crist and to his Modur Marie;
þorw help of hire þat bar vr lord
He hopede þei schulden han sone cu*m*fort.
Seþen him-self goþ to þe Sextriȝe,
þat was þe Munstres treserye;
Vr ladi Curtel *þer*-Inne he fou*n*d.
He prayd to the Virgin Mary, Wiþ gret Reue*r*ence he kneled to grou*n*d,
þer to Marie he beed his bone
To sende þat' Cite socour sone.
and bare her kirtle in procession thro' the town, Wiþ peple and gret *pr*ocessioun
He bar þat Relyk þorw al þe toun,
fful deyntely diht vppon a spere,
As lordus Baner displayet in werre.
þe Bisschop heet cast vp þe ȝate
And bad his folk folewe hym algate,
Him-self bi-fore*n* and þei be-hynde;
He hoped in Marie help to fynde.
and into their foes' host. A-non as þei were þus out went,
Heore enemys lette*n* he*m* not but schen*t*:
ffor so a-stoneyd and ferede men
Nere neue*r* worse þe*n* þei were þen!
This relic blinded Rollo's men, Whon on þat relyk þei caste heore siht,
þei woxe start[1]-blynde anon-riht;

[1] r. stare

Þei mihten no more defenden heom Þen
Þen so mony blynde or drounkene Men.
Þe Citeseins token hem at heore wille,
Summe to Raunsum, and summe to spille.
Siþen Þei turnen aʒeyn to Þe Citéé
Wiþ Murþe and gret solempnite,
And herieden heihly Þat Mylde may
Þat socourde and saued hem so Þat day.
And do we on Þe same wyse
Boþe glade and bliþe wiþ bisy seruise,
Þe same ladi forte qweme,
Þat so in Mischeef to vs takeþ ʒeme
To hire sone crist vre erende to bede,
And socoureþ vs so at eueri nede.
Nou, ladi, preye Þi sone on hih
To alle cristene he graunte Merci! Amen.

so that the Citizens captured them,

and blest Mary for her help.

Lady, pray thy Son to have mercy on all Christians.

(*Picture.*) II. [Þou Þe Ieowes, in despit of ure lady, preowe a cnyld in a gonge.]

2. *The Child slain by Jews.*

WOse loueþ wel vre ladi,
Heo wol quiten his wille wel whi,
Oþur in his lyf or at his ende:
Þe ladi is so freo and hende.
Hit fel [so] sum-tyme in Parys,
As witnesseþ in holy writ Storys.
In Þe Cite bi-fel Þis cas:
A pore child was of porchas,
Þat wiþ Þe Beggeri Þat he con wynne
He fond sumdel what of[1] his kinne,
His ffader, his Moder, and eke him-self;
He begged in Cite bi eueri half.
Þe child non oþur Craftus couþe
But winne his lyflode wiþ his Mouþe.
Þe Childes vois was swete and cler,
Men lusted his song wiþ riht good cher;
Wiþ his song Þat was ful swete
He gat Mete from strete to strete.
Men herked his song ful likyngly:
Hit was an Antimne of vre lady,

[1] r. for

In Paris was

a poor child,

who got his living by sweetly singing

He song þat Antimne eueri-wher,
Alma Redemptoris Mater. I-Called Alma Redemptoris Mater,
þat is forþriht[l]y to mene:
"Godus Moder, Mylde and Clene,
Heuene ʒate and Sterre of se,
Saue þi peple from synne and we."
þat song was holden deynteous,
þe child song hit from hous to hous.
ffor he song hit so lykynglye,
The Jews were disgusted at this. þe Iewes hedde alle to hym Envye.
Til hit fel on a seters-day
þe Childes wey þorw þe Iewerie lay:
þe Iewes hedden þat song in hayn,
þerfore þei schope þe child be slayn.
So lykingly þe Child song þer,
So lustily song he neuer er.[1] [1] vv. 33-34, 35-36 to be transp.?
So one Jew On of þe Iewes Malicious
Tilled þe child in to his hous;
His Malice þere he gan to kuyþe:
cut the boy's throat, He Cutte þe childes þrote alswiþe.
þe child ne spared nout for þat wrong,
But neuer-þe-latere song forþ his song;
Whon he hedde endet, he eft bi-gon,
His syngyng couþe stoppe no mon.
þer-of þe Ieuh was sore anuyet.
Leste his Malice mihte ben aspyet,
and put him down a privy. þe Ieuh bi-þouhte him of a gynne:
In to a gonge-put fer wiþ-Inne
þe child adoun þer-Inne he þrong.
But still the Child sang on. þe child song euere þe same song;
So lustily þe child con crie,
þat song he neuer er so hyʒe:
Men mihte him here fer and neer,
þe Childes vois was so heiʒ and cleer.
His Mother þE Childes moder was wont to a-byde
Euery day til þe Non-tyde,
þen was he wont to bringe heom mete,
Such as he mihte wiþ his song gete.
Bote þat day was þe tyme a-past.
*þer*fore his Moder was sore a-gast;

Wiþ syk and serwe in eueri strete
Heo souhte wher heo mihte wiþ hi*m* mete.
  Bote whon heo com in to þe Iewery,
Heo herde his vois so cler of cry.
Aftur þat vois his Modur dreuh:
Wher he was Inne, þerbi heo kneuh.
  Þen of hire child heo asked a siht.
Þe Iew wiþ-nayted him anon-riht,
And seide *þer* nas non such child þrinne.
Þe childes Moder ȝit nolde not blinne,
But euer þe Moder criede in on.
Þe Ieuh seide euere þer nas such non.
Þen seide þe wo*m*mon: "Þou seist wrong,
He is her-Inne, I knowe his song."
Þe Ieuh bi-gon to stare and swere
And seide þer com non such child þere.
But neuer-þe-latere men mihte here
Þe child song eu*er*e so loude and clere,
And euer þe lengor, herre and herre,
Men mihte hi*m* here boþe fer and nerre.
  Þe Modur coude non oþur won:
To Meir and Baylyfs heo is gon,
Heo pleyneþ þe Ieuh haþ don hire wrong
To stelen hire sone so for his song;
Heo preyeþ to don hire lawe and riht,
Hire sone don come bi-fore heore siht,
Heo preyeþ þe Meir p*ar* Charite
Of him to haue freo lyuere.
  Þe*n*ne heo telleþ þe Meir a-Mong
Hou heo lyueþ bi hire sone song.
  Þe Meir þen haþ of hire pite,
And su*m*neþ þe folk of þat Cite.
He telleþ hem of þat wo*m*mons sawe,
And seiþ he mot don hire þe lawe,
And hoteþ hem wiþ hym to wende,
To Bringe þis wo*m*mo*n*s cause to ende.
  Whon þei cu*m* þider, for al heore noyse
Anon þei herde þe childes voyse,
Riht as an Angeles vois hit were,
Þei herde hi*m* neuer synge so clere.

sought her boy; and in the Jewry heard his voice.

She askt for him,

but the Jew said he was not there.

Still the Child sang on.

His Mother

prayd the Mayor to deliver her boy.

The Mayor and people went,

heard the Child's voice,

enterd the Jew's house,
þer þe Meir makeþ entre,
And of þe child he askeþ lyuere.
þe Ieuh may nouȝt þe Meir refuse,
Ne of þe child hym wel excuse,
But nede he moste knouleche his wrong,
A-teynt bi þe childes song.

and found the Boy drownd in the filth.
þe Meir let serchen hym, so longe,
Til he was founden in þe gonge,
fful depe I-drouned in fulþe of fen.
þe Meir het drawe þe child vp þen,[1]
Wiþ ffen and ffulþe riht foule bi-whoruen,
And eke þe childes þrote I-coruen.
Anon-riht, er þei passede forþere,

The Jew was judgd.
þe Ieuh was Iugget for þat Morþere.
And er þe peple passede in-sonder,

The Bishop came,
þe Bisschop was comen to seo þat wonder.
In presence of Bisschop and alle I-fere
þe child song euere I-liche clere.
þe Bisschop serchede wiþ his hond:

and found in the Child's throat a Lily with golden letters,
Wiþ-inne þe childes þrote he fond
A Lilie flour, so briht and cler,
So feir a Lylie nas neuere seȝen er,
Wiþ guldene lettres eueriwher:

Alma Redemptoris Mater.
Alma Redemptoris Mater.

When the lily was taken out,
Anon þat lilie out was taken,
þe childes song bi-gon to slaken,
þat swete song was herd no more;

the Child lay dead,
But as a ded cors þe child lay þore.
þe Bisschop wiþ gret solempnete

and was then buried, after a procession thro' the town,
Bad bere þe cors þorw al þe Cite:
And hym-self wiþ processioun
Com wiþ þe Cors þorw al þe toun,
Wiþ prestes and clerkes þat couþen syngen,
And alle þe Belles he het hem ryngen,
Wiþ torches Brennynge and cloþus riche,
Wiþ worschipe þei ladden þat holi liche.

in the Minster.
In to þe Munstre whon þei kem,
Bi-gonne þe Masse of Requiem,

At the Mass of Requiem,
As for þe dede Men is wont.
But þus sone þei weren i-stunt:

[1] 2 vv. wanting?

Þe Cors a-Ros in heore *pr*esens, — the Child's corpse sang *Salve, sancta Parens!*
Bi-gon þen Salue sancta parens.
Men mihte wel wite*n* þe soþe þer-bi:
Þe child hedde i-seruet vr swete ladi,
Þat worschipede hi*m* so on erþe her
And brouhte his soule to blisse al cler.
Þer*f*ore i rede þat eueri mon — Let, then, every one serve Our Lady.
Serue þat ladi wel as he con,
And loue hire in his beste wyse:
Heo wol wel quite him his seruise. — She will requite his service.
Now, Marie, for þi Muchele miht
Help vs to heuene þat is so briht!

(*Picture.*) III. [Þou art holy hermyt prayde a synful womman pray god for hym.] — 3. *A Hermit asks a Harlot to pray for him.*

GOd, þat al þis world haþ wrouht — May God Almighty
And formed alle þi*n*g of nouht,
Seþþen alle þing wiþ-outen him
Is deþ and dernesse and dim,
Graun*t* vs grace and space and miht — grant us grace
Þat we mowe serue hi*m* so ariht:
Whon we out of þis world wende,
To wynne þe Ioye wiþ-outen ende. — to win everlasting bliss!
To hele of soule is noble þing
To louen and lyken holy talkyng
Of holy men þat sum-tyme were,
And of heore holy lyf to here.
ffor synne i[s] cald þe deueles schakel, — The Devil
His net, his tool, his takyng takel;
Wiþ lust he eseþ his put-falle,
To gylen wiþ cristene soules alle: — tries to guile us,
But grace a-ȝeynes þat is obstacle,
Wiþ help of halewen, þorw Miracle
Geten bi halewen specially,
Bote souereynlokest þorw vre ladi, — but Mary, by miracle,
Þat sikerest socour is at vr nede,
Synful Monnes erende to beode;
Whon we ben synfol and vn-clene, — helps us to gain mercy.
To wynne vs Merci, heo is Mene:

At Rome
As sum-tyme in Rome bi-fel,
þe storie i-writen witnesset wel.

once livd a Harlot,
þer was sum-tyme in þat Cite
A wommon þat louede not chastite;
Hire lyf heo ladde in gret folye,
In fulþe and lust of Lecherye;
Wiþ no Mon spared heo forte do synne
Of whom heo hoped Moneye to wynne.
þat wommon greiþed hire queynt and gay,
And wolk in þat Cite on a day.

who met a holy Hermit.
Heo mette wiþ an holy heremyt
þat in deuocion hedde gret delyt;
He bad his beodes deuoutely,
And holi Aues to vre ladi.

The Harlot tempted the Hermit.
þat wommon, as heo com hym bi
And sayh hym cloþed Boistusli,
Of synne and folye heo talked him tille
And temptede þe holy Monnes wille.

He took no notice of her.
þe hermyte onswerde hire nouht,
In his deuociun was al his þouht.
Whon he of hire tok no Reward,
In scorn heo cleped hym papelard,

She abused him, and askt what he was mumbling.
And seide: "þou fol, þou dotel ffrere,
What chaffest þou and chaterest þus here?
What is al þat pryue roun
þat þou whistrest her vp and doun?"—
ffor he folewede nout hire dilyt
þe wommon hedde of him dispyt.

þE Hermite onswerde ful myldely:
"Damesele, þis is þe cause why:
I am my-self a synful Mon
And of goodnes ful lutel I con,

He said, "My prayers for myself,
To god I preye boþe day and niht
ffor grace, to seruen hym ariht,
And [for] alle þat haþeþ hym ouht a-gult,

for you,
And for þe, wommon, ȝif þow wolt,
þat God graunte þe such grace
To serue þi god, whil þou hast space.

and all Christians."
Boþe þou and I and alle oþur,
ffor eueri cristene is oþeres broþer,

In gode bedes we moten tristen,
Boþe þou and I and alle cristen."
ÞE wo*m*mon seide: "Biddestou for me?" The Harlot
Þen seide þe Hermyte: "damesele, ȝe,
I preye for þe as for my-self
An alle oþere cristene in godes half,
Þat god for-ȝiue vs vre misdedes;
So verrey Charite techeþ vs nedes."
Þen seide þe damesele aȝeyn: said
"To preye for me þou worchest in veyn;
Leoue ffrere, of me tac non hede,
ffor to þi preyere haue I non nede." she didn't need the Hermit's prayers.
Þo seide þe Hermite: "Damesel,
Þe neodeþ me nouht, I leeue hit wel,
Me, ne non preyere of myne.
But mekeliche I preye þe of þyne So the Hermit askt the Harlot to pray for him.
To Ihesu and his Modur Mari,
To graunte me of my synnes Merci.
Þe nexte chirche þat þou comest Inne,
I preye þe, damesele, so bi-gynne;
Þat I þi bone þe bet may fele,
I prey þe, damesele, þat þow knele;
Wiþ herte and good deuocioun
Of my synnes geť me pardoun;
Mekely knelyng on þi kne
Þreo Pater Noster preye to god for me,
And to his swete Moder Mari
Þreo Aues þerto, for my Merci."
ÞEn onswereþ þe damysel: She promist she would,
"Þis nis but luyte, I grau*n*te hit wel;
Hose wuste þat hit mihte a-vayle,
Þis nis bote a luytel trauayle."
Þenne onswereþ þe Hermyte:
"Damysele, seþþe hit nis bote luyte,
I preye þe do þis þing for me;
Þi trauayle I-quit riht wel schal be
Or in þi lyue or afturward;
I preie þe, damysele, hold foreward."
Þenne seide þe damysel:
"Þe foreward i hope to holde wel;

Wher hit a-vayle oþur elles nouht,
as he wisht it. I wol don as þou hast bi-souht."
þe hermyte Mekely kneled adoun
And þonked hire wiþ deuocioun.
The Harlot þE Damysele wende forþ hire wey
Abouten hire murþus and hire pley.
And as heo streihte þorw a strete,
Heo þouhte what heo þe Hermyte bi-hete;
And in a strete as heo com bi,
Heo seih a Chapel of vre ladi:
went into a Chapel of Our Lady, with an image of the Virgin and Babe. In to þat Chapel heo made entre.
þer was an ymage of Marie fre,
Of þat blisful Mayden Mylde,
Vppon hire barm heo bar hire childe.
The Harlot þe damysele caste on hire a siht
And þouhte þat ymage swete and briht,
And þouhte, bi foreward hou heo was bounde
To knele bi-foren hire on þe grounde;
Heo tok to god non oþur reward
But for schome to breke forward.
knelt down Heo kneled adoun vppon hire knes
And seide þe paternostres and þe Aues,
As was hire foreward furst bi-fore,
and prayd for the Hermit. And seide: "Ihesu, lord, þyn Ore!
ffor-3if þe Hermyte his trespas
And graunt hym Merci, þorw þi gras,
Of al þat euer he haþ mys-do
In al his lyf 3ut hider-to."
The Babe Christ lookt angry at his foe praying for his friend, þEnne þhou3te þe damisele verreyly
þe Babe loked on hire wroþly,
Hire þhou3te þo he tornde his Bak,
Such wordes to his mooder he spak:
"Moder, seostou hou 3ond neih hend
Myn enemy preyeþ for my frend?"
Hire þhou3te þe Moder onswered a3ein
Wiþ wordus Mylde, plat and pleyn:
"Sone, for þy ffrendes sake,
What-euere þin Enemy haþ mis-take
ffor-3iue hit, sone, of þi Merci,
As þou art, lord, God almihti,

And also, sone, for þe loue of me
Hire synnes I preye for-ȝiuen be."
ÞE child onswerde wiþ louely chere:
"Mi swete Modur, Mi norice dere,
Þi bone mot nedes I-grau*n*ted be,
What þou wolt wol I not werne þe."
Þenne seide Marie: "lo, Damysel,
Þou schalt haue grace, þou hast herd wel;
But þow maiȝt sen riht wel bi þis
Hou þou hast lad þi lyf amis,
ffor þou hast liued in luþur lyue.
Tac a prest and do þe schriue
Wiþ sereuful herte and repentau*n*ce,
And gladly vnderueng penaunce;
ffor at þis fourti dayes ende
Þou schalt out of þis world wende
And wone wiþ vs in murþe and play,
Þat lasteþ in Ioye for euere and ay."
Þis was þat synful wo*m*mons ende,
Þorw help of Marie, þat Mayden hende.
Bi-seche we ȝerne þat swete may
To helpen vs at vre laste day
Of hol Remission of vre synne
And to Ioye þat heo woneþ Inne. amen.

but forgave the Harlot at his Mother's request.

The Virgin

exhorted the Harlot to repent,

as she had only 40 days to live,

and then dwell in bliss.

Let us pray Mary to help us at our last day.

(*Picture.*)

IV. [Þou a Ieu putte his sone in a brennynngge ouene, for he was communed wit oþur cristene children on þe pask-day.]

4. *A Jew-boy saved from a burning Oven.*

[1] LOrd, Makere of alle þing,
Almihti God in Maieste,
Þat eu*er* was wiþ-oute biginning
And art and euermore schal be:
Grau*n*te vs boþe miht and space
So to serue þe to pay,
Þat we mowe þorw þi grace
Wone wiþ þe for euere and ay!
Of þe Miracles of vre ladi
We ouhten wel to hauen in Muynde,
Þat writen beþ in soþ stori,
Hou helplich heo is eu*er*e to Mo*n*kynde.

[1] The poem, most likely, was originally composed in 8-lined stanzas, which are still obvious in vv. 69, 117, 141, 157.

God Almighty,

grant us so to serve Thee that we may dwell with Thee for ever!

Once in a city

Sum-tyme fel in on Cite—
Herkneþ wel, and ȝe may here—
As Iewes weren I-wont to be
Among þe cristen and wone I-fere:
þe Cristene woneden in On halue
Of þat Cite, as I þe hete,

the Jews had to live in one street,

And alle þe Iewes bi hem-selue
Were stihlet to wone in a strete.
þe Cristene children in a Crofte
I-mad hem hedden a wel feir plas.

but a Jew's boy used to play with the Christian children.

þer-Inne a Iewes child ful ofte
Wiþ hem to pleyen I-wont he was.
þe childes ffader nom non hede,
Ne to his child he sette non eiȝe,
þerfore þe child boþe com and eode
As ofte as euere hem luste to pleye.
So ofte to pleyen hem fel i-fere
þe Iewes sone on heore pleyes coude,
þat riht as on of hem he were;
Wiþ loue þerfore þei him alouwede.

At Eastertime,

At an Aster tyme bi-tidde,
Whon cristen made solempnite—
A Menskful Munstre was mad amidde,
As semed best, in þat Citéé:

when the Christians went to Mass,

þerto þe cristene peple can drawe,
To here boþe Mateyns and eke Masse,
As falleþ bi þe Cristene lawe
Boþe to more and eke to lasse;
Eueri mon in his array,
Boþe housbonde and wyf also,
As falleþ wel for asterday
And al as cristene men schul do.
þe children foleweden heore fadres *in*-fere,
As þei weore euere I-wont to do.

the Jew boy went with 'em.

þe Iewes child wiþ wel good chere
Wiþ hem wel fayn was for to go.
Wiþ-Inne þe chirche whon he was Riht,
Him þouhte he nas neu*er* er so glad

He'd never seen so fair a sight,

As he was of þat semeli siht,
Such on bi-fore neuer seȝe he had:

Boþe laumpes & tapers, brenninde briht,
And Auters curiousliche de-peynt,
IMages ful deinteousliche i-diht,
And guld of moni a good corseynt.

A comeli qween in O Chayer — as the Virgin clad in gold,
fful semeli sat, al greiþed in golde,
A blisful Babe on Arm[1] heo beer, — [1] r. barm, cf. v. 160. and her Babe, crownd, on her arm.
fful kyngly Corouned, as he scholde.

Of þat ladi þe child tok hede,
And of þat blisful Babe also,
Hou folk bi-foren heore bedes bede,
As cristen Men beþ wont to do.

þe Iewes child euere tok such ȝeme
To alle sihtes þat he þer seiȝ,
Him þhouȝte hem alle so swete to seme — The Jew boy was de-lighted.
ffor Ioye him þouȝte I-Rauessched neih.

Whon heiȝ-Masse of þat day was do,
þe Prest bad alle men knelen a-doun:
Wiþ Confiteor, as falleþ þer-to,
He ȝiueþ hem Absolucioun;
He biddeþ hem More and lasse also,
To vengen heor sauiour busken hem boun.
þe Iewes child tok tente þer-to, — The Jew boy knelt and
Among þe cristene he dude him doun. — prayd with the Chris-tians,

AMong þe pres þauh he were poselet,
He spared no-þing for no drede
AMong þe cristene til he were hoselet; — and took the Sacrament.
Of such a child me tok non hede.

To ende whon alle þing was brouht
And eueri cristene drouh him hom,
þe Ieuh þorw toune his child haþ souht, — His father saw him
And saih wher he from chirche com. — coming from Church,

He asked his sone wher he hedde ben,
Whil he hedde souht him al þat day.
Al riht as he hedde i-don and seon,
þe child him rikenet al þe a-Ray.

His ffader þerfore wox wood-wroþ, — and was mad with anger.
And seide anon: "þou getest þi mede!"
And to his houene al hot he goþ,
þat glemede as glowyng as a glede.

The Jew father threw his boy into the oven, and closd it.

In to þe houene þe child he caste:
To askes he þouȝte þe child to brenne;
And wiþ þe Mouþ-ston he stekeþ hi*m* faste,
And þouhte þat neue*r* couþ scholde hi*m* kenne.

The boy's Mother

*Þer*of whon his moder herde,
In a stude þer as heo stood,
As ffrayed in ffrenesye heo ferde,
ffor wo heo wente as waxen wood,

ran about crying.

Euer hotyng out, heo tar hire her,
In eueri stret of þat Citee,
Nou In, Nou out, so eueriwher;
Men wondret on hire and hedde pite.

BOþe Meir and Bailifs of þe toun,
Whon þei herden of þat cri,
Þei aresten hire bi Resoun,
A[nd] maden chalange enchesun whi
Heo criede so in þat Cite
And putte þe Peple in such affray,
To serwen in such solempnite,
And nomeliche on heore Aster-day.

The boy's Mother

As sone as heo mihte sece of wepe,
Þis was þe seyinge of hire sawe:
"Sires, ȝe han þis Citéé to kepe,
As lordus han to lede þe lawe:
Allas, Allas, I am i-schent,
And help of ow me mot bi-houen,
I prey ow of Iust Iuggement,

told the Citizens how her husband had shut her boy up in a glowing oven.

Mi cause I schal bi-fore ȝou *prou*en:
Mi hosebonde haþ my child ibrent,
I-stopped him in a glouwyng houen;
Goth seoþ, sires, bi on assent,
And I schal ȝiue ow gold to glouen."

They went to the oven,

BOþe Meir and Baylifs wiþ folk i-fere
To þe Iewes houene ben gon.
As sone as þei þider come were,
þe Meir Comau*n*det: "doþ doun þe ston."
Þer eue*r*i Mon wel mihte i-seo

had its cover off,

þe houene-Roof, þat was so rou*n*d,
Hou hit was Blasyng al of bleo
As glouwyng glos, from Roof to grou*n*t.

þe child sat þere boþe hol and sound,
Ne nouht I-harmet, hond ny her,
A-Midde þe gledes of þe ground,
As he seete in Cool Erber.

and found the Boy safe and sound, unharmd by the fire.

þe childes Moder, whon heo þat seih,
Hire þouhte heo nas neuer er so glad;
In to þe houene heo sturte him neih,
þus sone wiþ hire him out heo had.

All wonderd.

And al þe peple þere present
Wondred on þat selly siht,
And heried god wiþ good entent,
ffor Miracle is more þen Monnes miht.
Hou he haþ non harmes hent
Among þe brondes þat brenneþ so briht,
þei asken of him bi on assent.
þe child onswered a-non-riht:

The Boy said that the brands were like sweet flowers to him, through the care of Mary and her Babe.

"Of alle þe Murþes þat I haue had
In al my lyf ȝit hider-to
Ne was I neuere of gleo so glad
As aftur I was In þe houene I-do!
Boþe Brondes and Gledes, trustily,
þat weren bi-neþen vndur my fote,
As feire floures, feiþfully,
As special spices me þhouȝte hem swote;
þe Blisful Qwen, þat Maiden Milde,
þat sitteþ in Chirche in hih Chayer
Wiþ þat comely kyng, hire childe,
þat Blisful Babe, on Barm heo ber,
ffrom alle þe schydes þei cunne me schilde,
ffrom gledes and brondes þat brende so cler,
ffrom alle þe flaumes þat flowen so wilde,
þat neuer non mihte neihȝe me ner."

The folk blest God for this miracle.

Boþe Men and wymmen, al þat þer wore,
þei herieden God hertily,
Boþe luytel and muche, lasse and more,
Of þis Miracle, witerly.

The Mother and all the Jews turnd Christians.

þE Iewesse þorw hire sones sawe
Was conuertet to crist a-non;
þe Child tok hym to cristes lawe,
And alle þe Iewes euerichon.

The Mayor adjudgd

Þe Meir sat on þe Ieuh him-selue,
ffforte beo Iuge of his tresþas;
To siggen þe soþe i-sworen were twelue,
To ȝiuen heore verdyt in þat caas.
Þei counseiled i-vere vppon þat caas,
And comen aȝeyn bi on assent;
Þe wordes of þat verdyt was:
the Jew-Father to be burnt in his own oven. "In þat same houene he schulde be brent."
Þus is endet þis stori
Of þe Miracle
I-writen a-boue.
God graunt vs Ioy
In heuene an hih,
Ihesu, for þi Moder loue. Amen.

5. *Mary gives a Man a fresh Leg.*

(*Picture.*) V. [Hou a man, for ache, cut of his foot, and was heled ageyn by ure lady.]

Jesus, as Thou wast born of Mary

[1] IEsu, God and Godus sone: þat were a Babe I-boren
Of þe Mayden swete Marie: Kuynde Qween I-Coren:

and wast crucified for us,

As þou rayled on þe Roode: On Crois, I-Crouned of þorn,
To beete þe gultus of vre ffadres: þat fer weren vs biforen;

as Thou rosest from the dead,

And aftur þat þe þridde day: ffrom deþe þou vp a-Ros,
To leesen hem out þat weren I-punt: ffor synne in helle clos—

freedest the souls in Hell,

Þe soules, lord, þat weren in helle: Were glad of þin vp-Rys,
Wiþ þe þou laddest hem whon þou rise: To B[l]isse of Paradys;

ascendedst into heaven,

Þe ffourtiþe day þerafturward: þou steih to heuene an[1] heih, [1] MS. and
þer þou sittest on his riht syde: þi ffader swyþe neih;

and sentest the Holy Ghost to Thy Disciples,

Þeraftur þenne þe tenþe day: þou sendest doun wiþ þi sonde
Þe holigost to þi disciples: To don hem vndurstonde
Wit and wisdam, resun and skil: To knowen þi godhede
And preche þe bileeue among þe folk: And hem to good lyf lede:

In the MS. the poem is written in half-lines.

Wel ouhte we alle to þonke þe, lord : Of alle þi goodnes, — we ought to thank Thee and Thy Mother.
And eke þi Moder, swete Marie : Of whom com vre encres :
ffor riht as Eue, vre furste Moder : Of vre synnes was Roote,
Riht so of Marie, þi swete Moder : Sprong hele of al vr boote.
þerfore we ouhten day and niht : To hauen þi Moder In Muynde,
To louen hire eke wiþ al vr miht : And seruen hire as þe kuynde.

FOr hose loueþ þat ladi wel : Heo gladeþ him in his greef, — She is solace in every sorrow,
Heo is solase in eueri serwe : And Medicyn in Mischeef,
In eue*r*i serwe or seknesse ouþer : Heo is soureynest leche ;
No Mon fayleþ þat studefastlych : Vre ladi wol bi-seche. — and never fails,
þouȝ heo helpe nouȝt anon : Beo not þerof agast,
ffor ofte heo tarieþ of hir help : To Make Mon studefast.[1] — tho' she ott delays.
þouh heo grau*n*te not þi bone anon : Beo þou not in despeir :
ffor, ȝif þou bidde hire studefastly : I fynde ensaumple feir,
What serwe or seknesse so þou soffre : þorw hire þou schalt spede.
To schewe þe þat bi good ensau*m*ple : A ffeir Miracle I Rede.

[I]N þe Cite of Viuari : A Munstre I-foundet was — In the City of Vivary was a minster of Our Lady,
In þe honour of vre ladi : þer schewed was muchel gras :
þer In muynde of vre ladi : Was a swete ymage,
To whuch þe peple of þat cuntre : Made gret Pilrymage : — to which sick folk made pilgrimage.
ffor hose of serwe or seknesse hadde : Or eny oþur Mischeef,
þorw help and socour of vre ladi : þere he fond Releef.
þidere come seke Mesels monye : Halte, Croked, and Blynde ;
What-maner seknesse þat Mon soffred : þer hele was wont to fynde.

[1] vv. 25-6 are repeated.

Among others, came a man, whose leg burnt like fire from foot to knee.

AMong al oþere þer com a Mon : I-bootned forte be,
His leg was brennyng as a fuir : ffrom fot vp to þe kne.
fful longe he dwelled in þat Cite : fforte a-byden grace,
And eueri day in hope of hele : He visited þat same place,
To Marie his boones he bed : His hele forte haue :
He felede no leggaunce of his peyne : ffor al þat he may craue ;
Him þhouhte þat he died almost : ffor serwe and peyne and wo.

He was advised to have his leg cut off,

He was Counseyled hewe of his leg : þen longe to suffre so.
Hym þhouȝte euere so leng so wors : While he haunted þat stude,

and did have it amputated.

þerfore riht as counseiled he was : So bi his leg he dude ;
ffor al þe while he was so seek : He feled neuere lisse ne lith,
þerfore hym þouȝte beter legles : þen so to suffre þer-wyþ.
Whon his leg was smiten of : þe kneo, þat was bi-laft,
He heled hit vp wiþ salues and drunches : And plastres of leche-craft.
þerafturward whon he was hol : He haunted þe same stude,

He still prayd to Our Lady,

He bad and offred to vre ladi : As he bi-fore þer dude.
But as he kneled þer on a day : His Bedes for to bidde,
Er he passet out of þe place : þis feir Miracle bi-tidde :

and sorrowd

[Wiþ][1] wepe and wringyng serufoly : To Marie he made his pleynt :

[1] om.

"Allas, Marie, Modur of grace : In sum synne I am Cleynt !

that while all other sufferers obtaind relief,

ffor alle þat soffren serwe and sor : þe seke, þe Croked, þe blynde,
In eny Mischef hose preyeþ to þe : Sum grace þei may fynde,

he got none.

Saue I sunful Caytyf out-cast : In þe may fynde non."
Wiþ syk and serwe, swounyng al-most : To Marie he makeþ his mon.
And as he was in such serwyng : And mihte not stunte of wepe,

A-Middes alle his moste serwe : He fel riht [s]ofte on slepe. 64
Him þhouȝte in sweuene, a fe[i]r ladi : Hondelede hym bi þe kne
And drouh out *þer*-of a newe leg : As furst was wont to be.
Whon he a-wok, he groped his leg : He feled hit hol and sount,
In al his lyf neuer lihtore : Whon he wende on þe grount. 68
Þen alle Men mensken[1] þe Mylde ladi : þat seȝen þis open Miracle.
In alle Mischeues heo is Medecyn : Aȝeyn seknesse obstacle.
Þerfore good is þat eueri mon : Serue vre swete ladi;
In alle synnes and serwes eke : Heo geteþ to vs Merci. 72
Now, ladi Marie, qween of heuene : And Emperisse of helle,
Help vs þat we mowe wiþ þe : ffor euere In Ioye dwelle!

Then he fell asleep,
and thought a lady puld a new leg out of his knee.
When he woke, he found he had a new sound leg.
So every one should serve Our Lady.

[1] r. mensked

6. Mary is Surety for a Merchant.

(*Picture.*) VI. [Hou a ieu lente a cristenemon moneye, and took hre lady to borou.]

At Constantynnoble in þat Cite
Dwelled a Marchaunt of herte fre,
Sumtyme was riche, ful of lewte,
And after fel in pouerte; 4
And, as þe Bokes telles vs,
He was i-clept Teodorus.
He louede god and vre ladi,
And serued þat Mayden speciali. 8
And in þat Cite, soþliche,
A Ieuh *þer* dwelled, was wonder Riche;
In his lay he hedde good name,
He was I-clepet Abrahame. 12
Theodorus he louede wele,
Gret lykyng hedde wiþ *him* to dele.
Theodorus hedde þouht and care,
ffor he nedde not wiþ to chaffare; 16

At Constantinople a rich merchant,
Theodorus, fell into poverty.
A rich Jew,
Abraham,
lovd Theodorus.

He caste him þer*fore* to borwe.
To þe Ieuh he wente a-Morwe;
þer he told him his Mischeef
And preiede hym of sum Releef,
Of his Gold him for to lene,
And þus to hym he gon hym mene.
þe Ieuh onswerde wiþ gret' honour:

The Jew Abraham agreed to lend Theodorus money if he'd find a surety.

"Loke hou þou maiht make me seur
Me to paye at certeyn day,
And þe to helpe I schal assay."
Theodorus seide: "icham be-hynde,
ffor me þer wol no Mon hym bynde;
He þat sum-tyme was my fere
Me passeþ bi wiþ-outen chere.

Theodorus proposed the Virgin Mary.

But ȝif þou dorstest be so hardi
To take vr ladi seinte Mari
ffor my Borw, be Mi ffay,
I schulde þe pay wel at þi day."
þe Ieuh seide: "my goode feere,

The Jew agreed to accept her if

I graunte þe, sire, þi preyere,
ffor I haue herd ofte-siþe
þat ladi is Corteis and Bliþe,
Men seiþ heo wol hem neuer fayle
þat in hire seruise wol trauayle.
þerfore go we in to ȝour chirche,
And þer þis forward we wol worche;
þer is an ymage of hire iliche,
A-Rayed wel wiþ Iuweles Riche:

Theodorus would pledge her by her image's hand.

Tac þou hire me þer bi þe hond!
Of þe kep i non oþur bond."
Whon he hed seid, þei gonne to gon.
To þat churche þei comen anon.

Theodorus

Theodorus In good Manere
Kneled a-doun, bad his preyere,
And aftur þat wiþ good visage
Went hym vp to þat ymage,

took Mary's image by the hand, and bade the Jew take her as surety for him.

And tok hit bi þat on hond,
And bad þe Ieuh scholde to him fond,
And seide: "sire, so god me saue,
ffor my Borwh þis ladi haue,

Þat i schal paye Þe at my day
Treweliche and wel al Þi Monay
Þat Þou schalt me nou take,
Al my disese wiþ to slake."
Þe Ieuh him tok a su*mm*e of gold, — The Jew lent him the money.
Good Moneye and wel I-told,
And sette hym Þ*er* a certeyn day
Him to paye hit wiþ-oute delay.
Þe Cristen Mon Þen was ful fayn,
Þey wenten hom ful fayn a-ȝayn.
And he arrayed hi*m* ful fast
A schip wiþ seil and eke a Mast:
To Alysau*n*dre he gon sayle. — Theodorus traded with it at Alexandria,
Þer he a-Ryued wiþ-oute*n* fayle.
Þe*n*ne he bouȝte faste and solde,
And eueri day Þe pons tolde
He won faste day by day.
Þe ȝeer passed sone a-way.
He Þouhte so muche on his wynnyng
ffor-ȝat Þe day of his paȝyng, — but forgot his pay-day till the evening before it.
Til Þe Euen was I-comen
A-Morwe schulde paye Þat he hedde nome*n*.
Hit fel in to his Muynde Þon
He schulde bi holde a fals Mon;
To Þat Cu*n*tre so fer a-twynne
In so schort while miht he not wynne
fforte holde his day of paye.
Bote to vr ladi he gon to praye — Then he prayd Our Lady for counsel.
Hym to counseyle and to rede
What mihte Þe*n*ne be his beste spede;
And cast hit in herte outurly
To truste in god and vre ladi.
He tok hym Þenne a luytel kyst, — Theodorus put the money for the Jew into a chest,
Þer-Inne he putte, Þat no wiht wist,
Þe summe of gold, verreyment,
Þat Þe Ieuh hedde hym I-lent,
And a lettre, Þat seide Þus:
"Þis to Abrah*a*m Ieuh sent Theodorus;"
Aftur Þat, wiþ his hond
Aboute wiþ Iren he hit bond,

cast it into the sea, and prayd Mary to send it to Abraham.

In to þe séé þen he hit cast,
Preied vr ladi ben Schip and Mast,
Hit to saue In Godes nam
To þe Ieuh Abraham.

Next morning the Jew

þe Ieuh a-Ros vppon þe Morn,
As I ow telle, wiþ-oute scorn,
And stilliche forþ gon he stalke
To þe séé-syde, þer forte walke,
þat Ebbet and flowed faste bi his house
þer he dwellede and his spouse.

saw the chest floating to him.

Soone he was war wel I-nouh
Of a Cofre, touward hym drouh,
ffloterynge in þat salte séé.
Gret wonder he hedde what hit miȝt be.
fful sone to hym he hit vp nom,

He took it home, found the money,

Vndur his arm he bar hit hom.
he fond þer-Inne, verrement,
þe gold þat he hedde furst and lent;

and knew who it came from;

Beo þe lettre he wuste also
ffrom what Mon þat hit com fro.

but put it in a box,

He caste hit þenne in to an Ark,
þat was boþe styf and stark.

and said nothing about it.

To telle þerof no wiht him luste,
But wente *him* forþ as no wiht wuste.

When Theodorus came home,

Longe afturward in Godes nome
Theodorus was comen home.
Wiþ him þer mette mony on
þat him welcomede swiþe son.

Wiþ Abraham þe Ieuh he mette,
fful Corteysliche he hym grette
And þonked hym of his fordede,
And preied god schulde quite his Mede.

the Jew Abraham reproacht him for not paying.

þe Ieuh seide þo: "so mot I þe,
I trouwe þat þou scorne me;
Whi hast þou broken þi terme-day
Of þe payȝement of Mi Monay?"

Theodorus seide: "þou wost wel,
I haue þe payed euericlel;
I take my Borwh to my witnesse,
I owe þe nouþer More no lesse;

Go we to churche boþe i-fere,
And þer þe soþe þou schalt here."
"I graunte wel," quaþ þe Iewe;
"But þou me paye þou schalt hit rewe!"
þe Iew made hit wonder touh
And wende hit hedde beo good I-nouh.
Whon þei were bi-fore þat ymage
þat for þe gold was mad his gage,
Theodorus seide wiþ Mylde steuene:
"Ladi, as þou art qween of heuene,
Help me nou from worldly schome,
I preye þe in þi sones nome;
þou wost wel, ladi, þer þou sist,
I putte þe gold in to a kist
And, to þis Ieuh þat hit schulde wende,
I preyed þe hit to him sende.
As I truste on þi sone and þe,
Ladi, þe soþe scheuh for me."
þE ymage spac, as god hit wolde,
And seide: "Ieuh, þou hast þi golde,
And in þe botme of þyn ark
þer þou hast leid eueri Mark."
þe Iewh wox a-schomed þo
And graunted wel þat hit was so.
Alle þat leeued on his lay
A-schomed weren þat ilke day.
þer he hedde saumple bi good dome
Cristene mon forte bi-come.—
þis ladi is ful gracius,
þat þenkeþ euere þus on vs.
þerfore to hire loke þou be trewe,
And chaunge we hire not for non newe!
Heo wole vs helpe in vre Mischeef
In þis world to vs[1] Releef,
And afturward wiþ-outen mis
Geten vs heuene-riche blis
þorw þe grace of hire sone,
Wiþ him þere forte wone.
And þat hit mote so be
Seiþ alle AMen, Par charite. AMEN.

Theodorus challenged him to go to the Church,

and told Mary's image

that he'd put the Jew's money in a chest,

and prayd her to send it him.

The image said, "Jew, you have the money in your box."

He confest he had.

Let all folk be true to Mary!

[1] r. vr

7. The naughty Priest.

(*Picture.*) VII. [Of a prest þat lay by a nonne.]

A Priest once fornicated with a Nun.

IN Bok we fynde, as we Rede,
Of a preest, was wylde of dede,
þat was I-wounde in mony a vice,
But at þe laste he was not[1] nyce
And to synne so wel dude wone
þat wiþ a Nonne he hedde to done.
þerof wolde he him not schryue
Til þat he schulde lete þe lyue.

[1] ? *read* so

Yet he servd Our Lady.

3it he serued vre Ladi
Day bi day ful specialy,
Matyns and vres day Bi day
Of hire he seide wiþ-oute delay.
At þe laste he fel seek,
And schulde be ded as we schulen ek.

She wisht him to purge his conscience.

Vr ladi þat he hedde in Reuerence
Wolde he schulde clanse his Concience,
And þat hym fel riht wel in Mynde,
A trusti frend 3if he mihte fynde.
A prest þer was he louede wel,

He told his sins to a Priest-friend,

He tolde his lyf to Eueridel;
He sykede sore and criede Merci
þat god schulde on him haue pite forþi,
And for his synnes was sori.
He preyed þe prest ful feiþfuli
þat, as þei hedden be felawes long,

and begd him to pray for him.

He schulde þenken on him a-mong
His Masse and his Almes-dede,
þat God mihte quite hym his Mede
And þat his soule þat was vngeyne
þe sannore mihte passe out of peyne.
þat oþer, þat he wolde, he seide.

Then he died.

After he dy3ede, In eorþe was leyde.

His Friend thought daily of him at Mass.

ÞE prest forsoþe for-3at hym nouht,
But euere hedde hym in his þouht,
Al þat 3eer, day Bi day,
He song his Masse, as I ow say,
þat O day he song of vre Ladi,
þat oþer of Requiem, sikerli.

Al þe ȝer þis Charge he nom.
Atte laste his Mynde-day com.
As he stod at his Masse þo,
After þe sacryng In Memento,
He sauh stonden him bi-fore
þe ffeireste ladi þat eu*er*e was bore,
Vppon þe Auter þer he stod.
Heo seide to him wiþ Mylde Mod:
"þou hast me trauaylet wiþ þi preyere,
Now at þis tyme to ben here.
As þou hast preyed in þi Messe,
I haue geten forȝiuenesse
To þi felawe of my sone dere
Of al þat eu*er*e he mis-dude here;
Of his peyne he is releset,
And his Ioye schal ben encreset;
Lo wher he kneleþ þe bi-hynde:
To ben I-hoselet he haþ in Mynde."
þE prest torned hym softely
And sauh him knele faste by;
Anon wiþ godes Bodi
Hoselde him deuoutli.
þen sauh þe prest vr ladi þer
Come a-doun of þat Auter
And take his felawe bi þe honde,
Out of þe Chirche forte fonde.
Of þis siht he was ful fayn,
And tornede to his Masse a-ȝayn;
þerof þenne he made an ende,
Preyed god grace hi*m* to sende
þorw preyere of his Moder dere,
So to lyuen and to don here,
After þis world þat is al wast
To haue þe blisse þat eu*er* schal last.—
Wel are we holden day and niht
Worschipen hire wiþ al vr miht
þat euer is so redi diht
To bringen vs alle to heuene-liht.
And þat hit mote so be,
Seyeþ to hire an Aue!

When the dead Sinner's anniversary came,

Our Lady told his Friend that she had got forgiveness for him,

and he now knelt behind.

The Priest gave him the Sacrament,

and Our Lady led him out of church.

We are all bound to worship Our Lady.

8. *The Monk with the Quinsey.*

(*Picture.*) VIII. [how ure lady 3af mylk off heore pappes to a man þat hadde þe squynancye.]

A Mon of gret deuociun
Was sum-tyme in Religiun,
A Monk was þe Bok seiþ he was a Monk,
And in godes seruise swonk; 4
To vr ladi he was deuout,
once always serving Our Lady. Hire to serue euer was a-bout.
Whon he herde of hire eny speche,
Of al his dissese þat was his leche, 8
þat hedde he leuere þen drinke or ete,
ffor Ioye þe teres wolde he lete.
Of oþer þinges rouht he nouht,
So swete on hire was his þouht. 12
þat tyme riht as men doþ floures
He collected her Matins and Hours Men gederede furst Matines and vres
þat men vsen now of vre ladi,
And seiden hem deuoutly; 16
Whose mihte hem þenne gete,
His (!)[1] was holde for Miracle grete. [1] r. Hit
þis Monk hem hedde, I ow say,
And seide hem riht wel eueri day, 20
and special Prayers. And mony a special preyere
þat men han mad of hire here.
Atte laste, as hit schulde falle,
þe Monkes þrote grete swalle, 24
Then he got the Quinsey, Men called þat vuel Comuynli,
þat he hedde, þe Qwinaci.
His vuel bi-gon so to encrese,
Wiþ-outen eny relece, 28
and folk thought he was dead. þat al þat þer abouten stood
Seide he was ded, bi þe Rood!
But neuer-þeles hit was not so.
Vre ladi com to hym þo, 32
As he tolde aftur mony a Mon,
But Our Lady spirted milk out of her teat into his mouth, His leche to ben, as heo wel con;
Wiþ hire pappe in to his Mouþ
Milk heo spreynt, þat is selcouþ! 36
And seide to him: "Mi seruaunt swete,
I am comen þi bale to bete;

Wiþ my seruauns haue I be, lo:
Þat Made me beo so longe þe fro.
Beo not a-ferd, þou schalt not dye,
I schal þe hele of Maladye,
Þi feire þrote þat me haþ serued
I schal not soffre beo ouer-torned,
Þy vois þat þou dest wiþ me grete
At þis tyme schaltou not forlete,
And, for ichaue ben longe from þe,
Þe sannore schaltou heled be."
Vnder his nekke heo putte hire Arm,
Wiþ hire swete fyngres stroked his harm.
Þe swellyng slaked, he feld no sore.
He set him vp anon-riht þore.
Hym þouȝte verreliche i-nouh
Þat heo aweiward from hym drouh:
And after hire faste he rauhte,
But he hire take mihte nauhte.
Þen he cried an heih al oute
To hem þat weren hym aboute:
"Vn-Corteis folk ȝe ben, I-wis,
Whi worschiped ȝe not þe queen of Blis,
AMong ou alle a space i-lete
Þat þe ladi mihte haue sete?
Ne seih ȝe nouht hou louh heo went,
Wiþ þe dost wel neih be-schent,
ffor to salue me of my sore
Whon my lyf was wel neih lore?
Wiþ ȝor noise, ȝe folk vn-þriue,
Out of þis hous ȝe han hire driue."
Þerwiþ he wepte for Ioye wel glad;
And euer was hire seruaunt sad,
Worschuped hire Corteis and hende
Euer to his lyues ende.—
Oþur help or oþur leche
Vs nedeþ not no forþere seche
But Mari, Modur and Maiden clene,
In heuene þat is so briht and schene.
Preye we, heo preye hire sone Ihesus
Þat euere he haue Merci on vs,

and said she'd cure him.

She stroked his swelling, and it went.

He tried to take hold of her, but couldn't.

He wept for joy, and was ever her faithful servant.

We need no other helper.

þat to his blisse he take vs to
þat is and schal ben euer-mo. Amen.

9. *The incontinent Monk.*

IX. [Of an incontinent monk, þat was drouned, and rered ayeyn by bre lady to lyf.]

A Sacristan

A Sexteyn was in an Abbey
Of þe Ordre of Monkes grey,
þat louede to worschipe vr ladi;

practist lechery,

But fallen he was In lecheri.
Whon his Breþren were to bedde i-gon,
He wolde gon as stille as ston
Out of Cloystre on his wilde-hede,
fforte parfourne his misdede.
þauh he hiȝed faste for his Corage,

but always greeted Our Lady's image.

Euere he wolde grete þe ymage
þat in þe chirche was mad of vre ladi,
As ofte as he passed hit by.

One night, going after a woman,

Hit bi-fel vppon a niht,
To his walk he hedde hym diht,
Bi þat ymage passed he
And grette hit wiþ an Aue.
Vnder þe Abbeye a water Ron,
þer-ouer was a Brugge of ston:
Ouer þat Brugge lay his pas.
But him bi-fel a wondur cas:

he fell off a bridge and was drownd.

As a mon þat hedde ben a-teynt
He fel a-doun and was I-dreynt.

Fiends came to fetch him.

þer comen ffendes fers and felle
To fecche his soule in to helle.

Angels wisht to help him.

A Cumpaygnye of Angeles swete
þorw Godus pite dude wiþ him[1] mete,
ȝif þei mihte þorw godus gras
Helpe þe soule of sum solas.

[1] r. hem?

The Fiends claimd him.

þe ffendes criȝeden sone anon:
"Ȝe wiþ þis soule haue nouȝt to don,
He is Iugget wiþ vs to gon
ffor þe Misdedes þat he haþ don."
þe Angeles al astoneyet were,
ffor þei mihte schewe no good werk þere
Wherfore þei mihte him calange

And wiþ hem lede forþ in heore range.
But as þei stonden alle a-gast,
þer com vre ladi swiþe fast.
Heo seide: "þis soule whi haue ȝe take,
ȝe foule ffendes blo and Blake?"
þei onswerde sone schortly:
"ffor he diede sodeynly
Wiþ-outen eny gode dede;
þerfore we schulen him quite his mede."
Vr ladi seide: "ȝe sey falsly;
Whon-euer he went and passed me bi,
He grette me wiþ an Aue,
And þus he tok leue of me,
Als euere he,[1] whon he com a-ȝeyn,
To sey an Aue he was fayn.
ȝe schul not sei we take hym ow fro
Wiþ strengþe ne Manas ner-þe-Mo:
Put we hit In þe Iuggement
Of þe heiȝe kyng, verreyment."
As þei þus striuen I-fere,
þorw Maries Mylde prey[er]e
Hit lyked God, of alle souereyn,
þe soule to þe bodi wende[1] a-ȝeyn,
þat he mihte here him-self aMende,
Til god wolde aftur hym sende.
His breþeren þat slepten in here wyse
Weren awaked and wolden aryse,
Gret wonder þei hedden hem among
Whi þe sexsteyn was so long. . .
. . . . . [*rest of miracles wanting*][1]

Our Lady askt the Fiends why they'd taken the Sacristan's body.

He always greeted her with an Ave.

She appeald to God,

who sent the Sacristan's soul into his body again, so that he might reform.

[1] om. he

[1] r. sende?

[1] The next 40 leaves, f. CXXVI b—CLXVI b, are wanting, with the rest of Mary's Miracles (c. 7000 vv.), which, according to the Index, ended f. CXXXIIII, and the following poems, as given in the Index: f. CXXXIIII, þe seuene psalmes. To euery apostel an orysoun. An orisoun to alle þe apostles. An orison to seynt Michel. An orysoun to seynt Ion þe baptist. Salutacions to ihesu crist. An orysoun to þe Trynite. Salutacions to vre lady. O vere beata & intemerata. An orysoun of bede off þe seuene wordes þat crist spak last in þe cros. Letanie off vre lady þat seynt bernard made. Oþur orisones to vre lady. Matyns of þe passioun. Orisons off seynt Anselmes Meditaciouns.

Then follow *þe Gospeles*, f. CLXVI b—CCXXVII, on which see *Altengl. Leg. N. F.*, p. LXXI ff; amongst them a later addition, the Sermon de festo corporis cristi.

MS. Vern., f. CXCV b.

XXX. De festo corporis *cristi*.[1]

[*Panem angelorum manducauit homo.*[2]]

Laymen, take heed!

ȝE lewede Men, takeþ hede—* (*See l. 39* below.*)
ffor þeos clerkes haþ non nede
þat I hem opene þis latyn,
ffor heo hit conne wel a-fyn,

[2] om. in Vern.

[1] Ed. before in Herrig's *Archiv* LXXXII, p. 167 ff. Of the 3 MSS. of this homily, MS. Harl. 4196 contains an *older, northern text*, MSS. Dd 1, 1, and Vernon a *southern transformation*. MS. Dd was written before MS. Vernon, but adds an introduction of 38 vv.; MS. Vernon adds a 2nd homily: Septem Miracula de corpore *cristi*, from Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*. Cf. *Altengl. Leg. N. F.*, p. LXVIII, LXXIII, LXXXII.

MS. Dd. 1, 1 *Cambr. Univ. Libr., fol.* 32 *b.*

In nomine summi saluatoris, gloriosissimi sublimis creatoris, indiuidue omnipotentis ineffabilis trinitatis, incomprehensibilis et incommutabilis veri dei & hominis, nostri principii, progreditur exordium: veri vbi christus est fundamentum, nullum boni operis superest edificium: patebunt lingua materna, dei mediante gracia.

Panem angelorum manducauit homo: Dauid in psalmo.

[3]In þe name of oure souereyn sauyour,
þat is al-weldinge creatour,
þe heye holi trenyte
þer o god is & personis .iij.,
Boþe veri god and man;
& þe holi gost, alle .iij. but an,
be a-mong vs in his grace to wone,
to helpe þe speche þat is here begunne.
and if þer eny man be here
þat of his beleue haþ ben in a were
or haþ errid her-be-fore
wher-bi his soule myhte be lore,
swich word he mote now here
to sauen him fro helle-fere;
and alle þat ben in riht fay,
þat þei mote hold þe saf way.
and þer-for beseke we him
þat may sauen eueri lyme,
to-berste, to-bete bon & felle,
to saue vs fro þe fire of helle;
and þis day lete his bodi be bore,
to techin vs þe riht wey before,
and þat he to vs take hede
& send vs þing þat we han nede.
ffor, as I seyde beforn in latyn,
þat no werk haþ no good fyn,
It is nouht worth, verament,
but if crist be þe fundament:
þer-for wile we him beseche
þat he be founder of oure speche,
and þat it ende in his name,
& þat þe foule fend it schame
and profite to oure soulis alle,
þat non in mysbeleue ne falle.
þer-for alle þat ben here,
preyth for me sum preyere,
ffor ihesu cristis owne loue,
& also for ȝoure own behoue.— —
*ȝe lewid men, takiþ hede—
for þe clerkis han no nede
þat I hem opene þis latyn,
for þei it knowe wel & fyn;

[3] The first 38 vv. are wanting in Vernon.

MS. Harl. 4196. *Sermo in festo Corporis Cristi.*

Panem angelorum manducauit homo (Ps. 77, 25).

*Laude men herto tak hede—
ffor vnto clerkes it es no nede,
In þaire bukes may þai se
þe gudenes of goddes preuete,
Gastly how he will vs fede
With his body in fowrom of brede,

ffor holy Churche hit singeþ meste,
Nomeliche of þis newe feste.
Ac noþeles hit is ful olde
þat Dauid in þe psauter tolde :
ffor þis is þe latyn þat Dauid sede
þat "Mon ete Angeles Brede ;"
And þat is soþ, for so hit wes
þe tyme of þe *pro*phete Moyses.
[He][1] was in Egipte in gret truage,
And godus folk in foul seruage,
Vnder þe kyng Pharaon
þer was mony a þousund mon.
Longe hit were al to telle ;
But atte laste hit þus bifelle
þat god nolde soffre hit no more
His owne folk in þraldam wore,
And god bad Moyses he scholde fle
Wiþ his folk þorwh þe Rede séé.
þo Moyses to þe séé com,
Al druye his folk wiþ hym he nom :
þe séé stod vp-riht as a wal,

This new Feast is old,
for David said Man ate Angels' food.
In Moses' time
God's folk were in slavery under Pharaoh.
Moses led his folk dry thro' the Red Sea.

[1] om.

Cambr. MS.

ffor holi chirche it singiþ meste,
nameliche in þis newe feste.
But nertheles it is ful old
þat dauid in þe sawtere told :
for þis it is þat dauid seyde
þat "Man etiþ aungelis brede ;"
& þat is soth, for so it wes
in tyme of þe *pro*phete moyses.
He was in Egipte in gret truage,
& goddis folk in foul seruage,
vnder þe king pharao
þer was a þousand men & mo.
Longe it were al to telle ;
but atte laste þus it befelle
þat god ne wold suffren it no more
his owne folk in thraldom thore,
and god bad moyses he schuld fle
wiþ his folk þorw þe rede se.
and whan moyses to þe se com,
al drye his folk wiþ him he nom :
þe se stod vpriht as a walle,

Harl. MS. 4196.

Als haly kyrk now most and lest
Mase mynde now in þis new-fun fest ;
Als dauid in þe sawter said,
And þe haly gast had him puruaid
By figures þe folk forto lere.
þar-fore he said on þis manere,
Als witnes beres in þis stede :
"Man," he said, "etis angell brede."
So was it in tyme of moyses
Omang þe childer þat ihesu chese.
ffor when þai war in thraldom broght
With farao þat þam wranges wroght—
þat war ful lang now forto tell ;
Bot at þe last so it bifell
þat god wald suffer it namore
þat his folk in thraldom wore :
He bad moyses þat he suld fle
With his folk thurgh þe [rede] se.
And when þai to þe se war cumen,
A dri way sone haue þai nomyn :
þe water stode vp als a wall,

Til þei weore I-passed al.

Pharaoh and his host pursued them,

Kyng Pharao him suwed faste
Wiþ his Chares and his hoste;
And whon þei weore alle in þe séé,
God torned heore strengþe a-ʒe,

but were all drownd.

So þat þei were ouer-seynt,
And he and alle hise weren i-dreynt.

In þis place hit mai beo sede

Men then eat Angels' bread,

þat mon ete Angeles brede:
þat tyme þat Moyses ladde þus
His grete host In wildernus

for God raind down Manna.

God dude lete reyne a-doun
As hit were flour gret foysun,
Manna, so hit is I-write,
And is I-clept Angeles Mete.
Heo hit gedrede and liueden þerbi,

The Israelites sind by gathering more Manna than they wanted.

And sunged sore I wol telle ou whi:
þei gederde more, for drede of brede,
þen vche day þei hedde to nede;
And hit nolde not ben on Morwe
fforte kepe ne for to Borwe.

Cambr. MS.

til þei were passid alle.
King pharao him suyd faste
wiþ al his meyne, & al in haste;
and whan þei were alle in þe se wiþ-in,
God turnid hire strengþe al aʒen,
so þat goddis folk was al ouer went
& pharao & hise were alle schent.
In þis place it may ben seyde
þat man ete aungelis brede:
þe tyme þat moyses lad þus
his gret ost in wildernes
God fro heuene lete reyne adoun
as it were a flour, gret foysoun,
Manna, so it is wrete,
& it is seyd aungelis mete.
þei it gaderid & lyuid þer-bi,
& synnyd sore I wile telle ʒow whi:
þei gaderid mor of bred
þan eueri day þei had to ned;
and it wolde not ben on morwe
for to kepe ne for to borwe.

Harl. MS. 4196.

vntill þai war past ouer all.
Kyng farao with ful gret boste
pursued þam with all his oste,
And wele þai wend þe way to hent
Als þe childer oway had went:
þe se closed and þam vmcast;
þaire liues might no langer last.
þare was he and his menʒe drownd,
And goddes folk past hale and sownd.
In wildernes þan was moyses
With childer þat god him-seluen chese.
God sent to þam fra heuyn doune
Als it war flowre ful gret foysowne;
Manna in clergi es it cald,
Angell mete men may it hald.
þai gaderd it and lifed þar-by,
And sinned I sall tell ʒow why:
þai gederd more and broght to hend
þan þai had mester forto spend;
And, if þai samind it on þe day,
On þe morn wald it be oway

Ich holde þis a badde store
To vche Mokerere þat biddeþ[1] more [1] r. biggeþ
Of Catel þen he haþ to nede
His owne Meyne forte fede;
He buggeþ Corn aȝeyn þe ȝere
And kepeþ hit til hit beo dere.
"Þer-of he doþ wysliche,
ȝif he departe hit skilfulliche."
Nay, forsoþe, þenkeþ he nouht
To pore men parten ouht;
Bouȝte he neuere so good chepe,
He reweþ nout þe pore wepe;
He ne rouhte how al þe world ȝode,
So þat his owne bi-ȝete were goode.
ffor þis is þe Mokereres onswere:
"Goþ or wey, Corn is dere!"
And forsoþe, wiþ-oute gabbe,
Þe same onswere he schal habbe
Whon alle þe Angeles in heuene beoþ
And alle on eorþe þat þoleþ deþ
Schul ben at a parlement:

This is a warning against Usurers

who keep back corn till it gets dear,

and never care that the poor weep.

The Usurer says, "Go your way! Corn is dear."

The same answer shall he get at the last parliament,

Cambr. MS.

I holde þis a badde stor
to eueri mokerere þat wold han mor
of catel þan he haþ to nede
his owne meyne for to fede;
he bieþ corn aȝen þe ȝere
& kepit it til it be dere.
"But þer-of doþ he wiseliche,
if he departe it skilfulliche."
Nay for soþe, þenkiþ he nouht
to pore men departen ouht;
Bouhte he neuere so good chepe,
he ne rewiþ not þe pore to wepe;
he ne rouhte how al þe world ȝode,
so þat his owne geting were gode.
for þis is þe mokereris answere:
"Go ȝoure wey, corn is ful dere,"
also for soþe, wiþ-outen gabbe,
þe same answere he schall habbe
whan alle þe aungelis, in heuene beth,
& alle on erthe þat suffrid deth,
schul ben at on parlement:

Harl. MS. 4196.

And þar-in wald be no foysowne,
Bot turn in to corrupciowne.
Þai might wele se þan by þis thing:
God was noght paid of þaire gedering.
Þan may we se it es ill store
Of þir mokyrers þat bies more
Corn or malt þan he has nede
His menȝe fully forto fede.
He þat byes corn so here
And ȝemes it till it be dere,
And are will lat it lig and rote
Or he it do till oþer note,
He greues god, trewly to tell,
Als did þe childer of israel,
þat trowed noght with trew entent
þat fode Inogh suld þam be sent.
And þat corn gaders gude spede
And will noght part in tyme of nede
vnto þam þat fode has nane,
Bot saues it to him-self allane,
fful hard rekining ȝeld sal he

Þen þe Mokerere schal be schent;
Þer he schal vbbreyded beo
when God Himself — Of God him-self, þat is al freo,
In what manere he haþ spent
Þe godus þat God on eorþe *him* lent.
Þere god him-self schal ȝiue þe dome—
He may beo adred er he þer come;
shall say to the Usurer, at Doomsday, — ffor þis is þe word þat God wol say
To þe Mokerere at Domes-day,
And Certeynliche to non oþur mon
But to þe wrecche Mokerere þon:
"I hungerd, and you refusd me food," &c. — "I hungred whon þou wernedest me mete;
I was a-ffurst, I coude not gete;
Herborweles, þou me forsoke;
Seek, in *pr*isun, þou ne come me to loke;
A-Cold, Cloþeles also,
Naked þou me lette go:
"Therefore, Usurer, go and dwell for ever with Devils!" — Þerfore, Mokerere, þou wende to helle,
Wiþ alle þe deuelen þer eu*er*e to dwelle."
Þe wrecche Mokerere onswere schal þan
"Lord, whon sauh we þe neodi Man?"

Cambr. MS.

Þer þe mokerere schal ben schent;
Þer he schal vpbraydid be
of god him-self, þat is so fre,
In what manere þ*a*t he haþ spent
Þe godis þ*a*t god on erthe him lent.
Þer god him-self schal ȝeuyn þe dome—
he may ben a-drad or he þer come;
ffor þis is þe word þat god wile say
to þe mokerere at domys-day,
and so harde to non other man
as to þe vnkynde mokerere þan:
"I hungrid whan þou wernedist me mete;
I wold haue had drink, I cowde non gete;
herborwles, þou me forsoke;
& sike, in pr*i*soun, cam not me to loke; . . ."

[*folios* 34, 35, 36 *wanting in Cambr. MS.*]

Harl. MS. 4196.

At þe dome, when he sall demed be
By-for god þat es high iustise
And euyn domes-man & al rightwise,
And bifor all his saintes sere
And his angels all in-fere;
Þan sall he wit how he has spend
Al þe gude þat god him send!
ffor in þis maner sali god say
vnto nithinges on domes-day:
"hunger I had and thrist ful grete:
Þou gaf me nowþer drink ne mete;
And herberles þou me forsoke;
In preson wald þou noght me loke;
Nakid when[1] I was also, [1] MS. whin
With-owten clath þou lete me go.
Þarfore now saltou wende to hell,
Euer-more with deuils to dwell."
Þan sal þe sinful say in hy:
"lord, when saw we þe nedy
And did noght als vs fell to do?"
Þan sal he answer þam vnto

"3us, whon 3e warned þe leste of myne,
3e warned hit me wel a-fyne;"
And þere hem[1] tit heore onswere: [1] or. him
"Goþ to helle, for heuene is dere." 92
At Domes-day þe meste schennes
Hit falleþ vppon þe nyþinges;
ffor þei neuermore wole hem schryue
þat þei weore niþinges in heore lyue, 96
But euere heore onswere hit is þus
"We 3iuen more þen men 3iuen vs."—
Torne we to vre gospelle,
Of þe folk of Ysraelle, 100
Hou þei gedrede Angeles brede
More þen þei hedde to nede.
þerfore god wroþ was
þat þei trist not to his gras, 104
And let hem dye; and were I-slay
ffourti þousund on a day,
ffor þat gult and oþur eke,
And godus heste þat þei breke; 108
þat of sixe [hundred][1] and twenti[2] þousende— [1] om.
þus muche was þe nou*m*bre to toknynge—
þat þer come non to londe freo [2] r. thirti? Cf. Num. 1, 46, Ex. 38, 25.
Saue tweyne, Calef and Iosue— 112

At Domes-day the most shames shall fall on Misers.

God was wroth with the Israelites, who gatherd more manna than they needed,

because they did not trust His grace. He slew 40,000 of them in 1 day.

And of 620,000, only 2, Caleb and Joshua, came to the Promist Land.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And say: "when þat 3e saw in pine
Any of þe lest of myne 92
And helpid þam noght *in* þaire nede,
vnto me did 3e þat ilk dede."
þan thurgh dome he sal þam schende
To won in wa with-owten ende. 96
þus on domesday þe most hething
Sall fall vnto þe hard nithing;
ffor þarof will þai noght þ*am* schriue,
If þai be nithinges al þaire liue, 100
Bot euer-more þai answer þus:
"We gif wele more þan men dose vs,"
And syn þai say þat it [es] nane
To saue all to þam-self allane 104
And spare it all vntill þai dy—
þat bargan sall þai dere haby!

Harl. MS. 4196.

þarfore of nithinges lat we be
And till oure mater turn will we: 108
More in þis tyme now will we tell
Of þe childer of israel,
How þai gaderd angell fode
More þan neded to do þam gude. 112
þai traisted noght in goddes grace:
þar-fore vnto þam wrath he was,
He sufferd þam peris ilkane
And with þaire enmys to be slane; 116
With were he was opon þam[1] wroken,
ffor þai had his biding broken. [1] MS. þan
Of sex and twenty hundreth thowsand (!)
þat war þare in desert dweland, 120
To þe land of hest þare come nane fre
Bot anly Calef and iosue—

And of þulke tweyne com al þe strene
Of vre ladi, heuene-Qweene.—
Now is wel sene to-day
þat he loueþ vs more þen þay.
ffor he ne sende hem but Angel brede,
þat lasteþ but a day to nede,
He haþ send us a Ricchor sonde:
His owne bodi, ich vndurstonde,
þat wol laste eu*e*re þe soule wiþ-Inne
Whil þou art out of dedly synne.
þat was I-pyned for vre nede
To-day þou seost In ffourme of brede.
And þauh I wol 3ow schewe and telle
Beo þis ensau*m*ple hou hit bi-felle,
þat is writen In þe Legent
Of þi[s] holy sacrament.

We have richer food than Angels', even Christ's Body.

in form of Bread.

A Legend of this Sacrament.

A Jew and a Christian once traveld together.

Videm*us* in altari formam panis, non carnis, & quare.

A Iew sum tyme and a Cristene mon
Were felawes in þe wey vppon.
And bi þe wey, as riht was,
þe Cristene Mon herde Rynge to Mas.
þe Cristene Mon seide: "a-byd me here,
Whil I go to my preyere!"

Harl. MS. 4196.

And of þa twa come all þe strene
Of milde mari, oure heuyn-quene.—
Now in þis werld wele may we se
þat lufed with god wele more er we:
ffor he sent þam bot angels brede,
þat bot a day wald stand in stede,
And vntill vs here has he sent
His awin body, verrayment,
þat euer-more will last vs in,
If we be out of dedly syn.
Both his verray fless and blude
Gifes he till oure gastly fode
þat for vs was pined on a tre;
Ilk day oure-self may it se
In faire fowrom of erthly brede

Harl. MS. 4196.

þat for vs in erth sufferd dede
And toke his hand-werk out of hell.
þarby a tale he[r] will I tell,
þat wretin es in þe legent
Towcheand þis haly sacrament.

Narratio de iudeo & *christi*ano.

Sum tyme, als clerkes tell 3ow can,
Was a iew and a cristen man;
þai met togeder opon a day,
And so 3ode samen by þe way.
And, als in bokes beres witnes,
þe cristen man herd ring to mes.
He said to þe iew: "habide me here,
Whils I go mak my prayere."

Þe cristene mon wente in to þe churche. — The Christian went to hear Mass.
And þe Iew bi-gon to grucche,
ffor hym þhouȝte his felawe was
To longe biddinge[1] atte Mas.
[1] r. bidinge
Þe Iew ros vp and forþ ede — The Jew followd him,
In to þe Churche, to take hede.
Þen sauh he atte weuede — and saw the Priest hold a Child over his head,
Þe Prest holde ouer his heuede
A ffeir child, I-woundet sore
In ffot, in hond; ȝit sauh he more
Þat þer nas nouþur wyf nor mon
Of alle þat in þe Chirche were on
Þat ne helde vp here hondes and sat on kne;
And from þat child sauh come fle — from which a like Child flew to every communicant.
Anoþur such as he sauh stonde,
A[nd] lihte bi-twene vche monnes honde.
Þe Ieuh a-Bod, til þe Prest
Vsede þe Eukarist,
Þen sauh he him ete þe child — Then the Priest eat the Child;
Þat he bi-twenen his hondes held;
And al þat weore in þe churche *þer*mide — and all the other folk ate, each, his Child.
Þe Ieuh þhouȝte þat so heo dude.
Þe Ieuh was agrise and w*en*te h*im* hyde
Þer his felawe him bad abyde,
And bi him-self he seide þan:
"A grisly lyf haþ Cristen Man!"

Harl. MS. 4196.

Þe iew said: "I will assent."
Þe cristen man to kirk es went,
And made his prayers inwardly
vnto oure lord god al-mighty.
Þe iew þan in þe way him held
And thoght his felaw ful lang dweld;
Þarfore vnto þe kirk he ȝede,
preuely forto tak hede
What maners was þam omang
Þat his felaw dweld so lang.
And þan he saw, or euer he leuid,
Þe prist hald vp ouer his heuid
A knaue-childe, with wowndes sore
In fete and hend; ȝit saw he more
Þat þare was nowþer wife ne man

Harl. MS. 4196.

Of þam þat in þe kirk was þan [hend;
Þat þai ne kneled and held vp þaire
And fra þe child þan saw he wend
To ilk man swilk a child to sight,
And euyn bitwene þaire handes it light.
Þe iew biheld þan to þe priste
Bygan to vse þe ewkariste,
He saw him ett þe same childe
Þat he bitwix [his] handes hilde;
And on þe same wise thoght him þare
Did all þat in þe kirk ware.
Þe iew þan went and stode þat tide
Whare his felow bad him abide,
And vnto him-self said he þan:
"A lathly life ledes cristen men!"

After, the Christian rejoind the Jew,

Þe Cristene Mon aftur þe mas
Com to þe stude þer þe Iew was.
Þe Ieuh asked: "hou farestou?"
Þe Cristene mon seide: "better þen þou;
ffor siþen ichaue my god seye,
Þe lihtore ich holde al my weye."

and was told that his belly ought to be full,

Þe Iew seide: "beo my scolle,
Wel ouhte þi wombe be fulle!
Hedde I so muchel I-ȝete,
Þis þreo dayes nolde I no mete."
"fforsoþe," quaþ þe cristene mon,
"To-day sayȝ I siht of non,
Non eorþliche kunnes mete
Þat my Mouþ mihte ete."
"Let beo! I sauh wiþ myn eȝen two

as he (like the other Christians) had eaten a bleeding Child.

Where þou and oþur mo,
Vche of ow heold a child blodie,
And siþen ȝe eten hit, I nul not lye;
Wherfore i seye þat oure[1] lawe
Is not good." bi þat sawe
Þe Cristen mon bi-gon to beo wroþ;

[1] = ȝoure

The Christian said it was a lie,

"Þou lyest, Iew, þou art me loþ;
ȝoure lawe is fals, and so ȝe ben,
ȝe wol not leeue but þat ȝe sen.

and he'd cut the Jew.

Þerfore al-one I[1] go þe bi,
I kepe no more þi cumpaygni."

[1] om. I?

Harl. MS. 4196.

Þe cristen man, when mes was done,
Come vnto þe iew full sone.
Þe iew said: "how fars þou now?"
Þe toþer said: "better þan þou.
ffor I haue sene my sauiowre,
vnto wham be euer honowre;
And sen þat I haue sene þat sight,
All þe day I am more light."
Þe iew said: "so mot I the,
Þi wombe aght wele full to be!
ffor, and I might so mekill ette,
Þir thre daies suld I ett no mete."
Þe cristen man þan said ful right:
"Þis day come no mete in my sight;

Harl. MS. 4196.

Als fer als I on may think,
Þis day I saw no mete ne drink."
Þe iew said: "for schame, lat be!
I saw both oþer men and þe
Ilkone hald a child blody
And ett it seþin, sekerly.
And sertes, me think by þis scill
A lathly life ȝe gif ȝow till!"
Þe cristen man þan wex all wrath,
And said: "þou lies, with-owten ath.
ȝowre law es fals and so er ȝe,
ȝe will noght leue bot þat ȝe se.
Þarfore fare furth, opon þe fy!
I will nomore þi cumpany."

Þe Iew seide: "ffelawe, greef þe nouht
Þeih I telle þe what I sayh and þouht,
Ac tel me bi sum oþur preue
Wher-bi I may þe soþe leue!"
"Þis is þe skile," quaþ þe Cristene man,
"Þat god nout soffreþ þe þan
Þat þou seȝe wiþ þin eȝe
Þe sacremens þat ben so sleȝe,
Þat his fflesch mihte so ben hud
To vs cristene wiþ-inne þe bred.
And þy kun made hym dye,
Þerfore al blodi þou hym seȝe."
"ffelawe," quaþ þe Iew þon,
"Help þat I were a Cristene mon;
ffor leuere ichaue cristned ben
Þen euere seo such a siht aȝen."
Þo was þe Iew cristned, and oþur mo,
ffor þe Miracle þat fel þo.—
Þis Bred þat is godus flesch,
What feiror preue wolde men esch
Þat vche part is godus entere?
Þeih hit weore parted in þreo quartere,
And þeih hit weore an hundred dole,
Vche part is his bodi al hole.
And þat loke bi skile, lo here:
Bi-hold þi-self in a schewere:

But, on the Jew asking for proof, that he might believe,

the Christian explaind that this was why the Jew saw what Christians couldn't.

The Jew was

then christ-end.

As in a mirror

Harl. MS. 4196.

Þe iew said: "felaw, greue þe noght
Al-if me here-of wonder thoght,
Bot tell me by sum graither preue
How I might þe sertayn leue."
Þe cristen man said: "þis es þe skill
Þat god of heuyn noght suffer will
Þat þi sinful eghen seghe
Þe sacrament þat es so heghe,
He wald noght schew þe in þat stede
How his body es hid in brede:
Þi kin him slogh ogains þe law.
ffor-þi þou him al blody saw,
And so sall all þi kin him se
At þe dome when þai sal dampned be."
Þe iew said: "felow, I prai þe þan
Þat I war made a cristen man."
Þan was he cristend als I tell,
Thurgh þis miracle þat þus byfell.

Harl. MS. 4196.

Exemplum per speculum.

A faire ensample may men se
Of goddes body, how it may be
In diuers *par*cels parted here
And ilkane be goddes body entere;
And how þat of ane eucharist,
Þat sakerd es þe cors of crist,
A hundreth men may haue þaire dale,
And ilkone haue cristes body hale—
Þat may men by ensawmple here.
Bihald þi-self in a schewere:

you see but one face,
þou ne sest but onliche þi faas,
þe while al hol is þe glaas;
yet break the mirror into 3, and you see 3 faces,
And brek þe glas in two or þre,
And so moni formes[1] þou miht se.— [1] r. faces 216
Beo þe makyng of þe oblee
Wel and skilfoliche me may se
so it is with God's Body.
Of wȝuche we make Godus fflesch,
þis is þe saumple whose wol esch. 220
It prevails against the 7 Deadly Sins:
Hit is maad beo seuen skiles
Aȝeyn þe seuene dedly synnes:
1. Lechery,
Aȝeyn Lecherie hit is whit,
þat was Blak and stynkynge euere ȝit. 224
2. Gluttony,
Hit is þunne a-ȝeyn Glotenye,
þat al to muche wole swolewye.
Hit is round and liht to þrowe,
3. Sloth,
Aȝeyn Sleuþe, þat makeþ men slowe. 228
Of swete whete mad hit is,
4. Wrath,
Aȝeyn Wraþþe, þat is bitternis.
Hit is mad wiþ-oute leueyn:
5. Envy,
Aȝeyn Envye hit stont aȝeyn, 232
ffor Envye makeþ Men swelle
Whon he seoþ eny spede welle.
Hit is also wiþ-oute Bryn
Or eny oþur Corn þer-In: 236

Harl. MS. 4196.

þou sese bot a face, more ne les,
Whils þe glas vnbroken es.
Breke þan þe glas in two or thre:
And so many faces sall þou se; 240
Breke in a hundreth peces þe glace
And þou sall se a hundreth face.
And if þat þe glas all hale ware,
A face þou suld se and nomare. 244
So þe sacrament of goddes body
May be departed in sere party,
And in ilk part all hale es he,
All-if it neuer so litill be.— 248
Also ȝit, þat þe sacrament
Es ordand all by trew entent,
þat may ilk man him-seluen se
By þe making of þe vble. [1] r. scilles, cf. v. 281.
By seuyn selles[1] it es made euyn,

Harl. MS. 4196.

To stroy þe dedly sines seuyn.
þe eukarist aw to be white,
fforto destroy flesly delite 256
And alkins lust of lichery,
þat blac es euer and ful vgly.
Thin aw it to be al-gate,
Glotony forto abate; 260
ffor þai couait þat glotons es
Of mete and drink ay mekelnes.
Rownd it es and light to thraw, 263
Ogains slewth, þat makes men slaw.
And it es made with-owten leuaine,
Wreth and enuy to stand againe;
ffor enuy bolnes mans hert
When he sese oþer men in quert. 268
It es also with-owten bran,
And, als þir clerkes declare it kau,

Hit[1] is a-ȝeyn Couetyse, [1] r. þat — 6. Covetousness.
þat ne recchеþ In what wyse
Eny catel vndurfonge,
Beo hit Riht beo hit wronge.
Hit is þerto clene and luyte,
Aȝeyn Pruide, þat euer ȝute — 7. Pride.
Wolde beo gret and heiȝ of wille,
As Lucifer, þat furst felle
ffor his Pruide out of heuene.
Do we þis Bred aȝeyn þis seuene!
Candida, triticia, tenuis, non magna, rotunda,
Expers frumenti,[1] *non mixta sit hostia* Cristi.—
And hou hit furst com and ede [1] r. fermenti
þat mon ete Angeles Brede,
Hit is liht soþ to telle,
ffor vche cristene mon wot hit welle.
þe laste soper wiþ-outen wene — At the Last Supper,
Was I-mad atte Ceene,
And God bad þe Apostles do so — God said,
Whon he weore to heuene I-go;
"Do þis in þe muynde of me; — "Do this in remembrance of me."
I go and come to ow a-ȝe."
Of þe Apostles þat God sent
[tok] holichurche þe sacrament.—

Harl. MS. 4196.

þat es ogaines couatise,
þat rekkes neuer on whatkin wise
þat he may reches vnderfang,
Be it right or be it wrang.
Also it es litill and clene,
Ogains pride, þat euer es kene
And couaites to be grete and fell,
Als lucifer, þat went to hell
And fell for pride fra þe blis of heuyn.
þe brede þus es ordand by seuyn
proper skils, forto reherce
Als funden es here in þis vers:
Candida, triticia, tenuis, non magna, rotunda,
Ex-pers frumenti,[1] *non mixta sit hostia* cristi.— [1] r. fermenti

Harl. MS. 4196.

And when crist made þis sacrament?
þat sal we trow with trew entent,
fful light it es in faith to fele,
ffor ilka cristen man wate wele
How þat crist sat at his sopere
When þat his passiown neghed nere,
And till his appostels gan he bid
fforto do als he þan did—
And how he did, wele find men may
In þe passion on gude friday;
He said: "on þis wise sall ȝe do,
ffor I most wende my fader vnto;
þus sal ȝe do in mynde of me
Als oft as it done sal be."
þus of þe appostels þat god sent
Toke haly kirk þis sacrament.—

Et dicitur Eukaristia
Quasi bona gracia:

"Eucharist" means good grace from Christ.

þat is to siggen, eukarist
As goode grace com from crist.
Wel may we seyen hit is good grace
Whon hit is wardeyn in godus place!
And grace is betere þen nature,
Whose þerto wol take cure.—
I rede þe mon be in good entent
Whose takeþ þis grace in sacrement:

St. Paul says in the Epistle of this day:

Seint poul seiþ, and siggen I may,
In þe pistel of to-day[1]: [1] 1 Cor. 11, 29.

whoever takes it unworthily, takes his own doom.

"Whose vnworþiliche ȝode
To fonge Godus fflesch and blode,
þere he fongeþ his owne dome"—
Allas, hit falleþ so to lome!

St. Paul says we condemn ourselves.

þerfore poul seiþ bi þat halue:
"he[1] demeþ not God, he demeþ *him*-selue." [1] r. ho?
In þulke whose i-take be,
Schal he neue*re* beo dampned a-ȝe;
ȝif we vre owne dom take,
What oþur dom schal God vs make?
þerfore make ow alle Redi
To take hit not as fool-hardi.—

Harl. MS. 4196.

Et dicitur sacramentum Nota
Quasi sacre rei signum.
Et dicitur eukaristia
Quasi bona gracia.
þe first tels with trew entent:
A haly signe es sacrament.
And noght els menes þe eukarist
Bot gude grace, cumen of crist.
Wele may we se it es gude grace,
þat keper es in cristes place!
And grace es more worthi þan kinde,
Als cristen men may haue in minde.—
Men aw to be in clene entent
þat sall resayue þis sacrament,
ffor saint paule sais, & se men may
In þe pystell of þis day:[1] [1] 1 Cor. 11, 29.

Harl. MS. 4196.

þat what man so with euill mode
Resaiues goddes fless and his blude,
He cums to his confusiowne
And resayues his dampnacioune.
þarfore saint paule, ane of þe twelue,
Sais þat a man here demes him-selue
And of dampnacion takes his dome,
vnclene to goddes burd and he come.
Man þat dose so, wha-euer he be,
Sall he neuer-more demed be;
ffor his awin dome wha-so will take,
What oþer dome suld god him make?
þarfore suld na man reklesly
Wend to resayue þat blisced body,
þat life es, if þai wele it ta,
And ded to þam þat dose noght swa.

Þeih seint Poul vs þrete þus,
Vr lord hym-self, swete Ihesus,
Þis day in Markes[1] gospelle
To his disciples he gon telle,
And to þe Iewes þat were ryue:
"I am my-self Bred of lyue.[1]
[2]"Mi fflesch soþfast mete is,
And my Blod verrey drinke, iwis.
Whos eteþ mi flesch and drinkeþ my blode,
[1]I wone wiþ hym and he wiþ me.[2]
Mi ffader me sent and so I ȝode,
To lyue for hym and he for me:
So[1] whose me eteþ, for me schal libbe.
Þis is þe Bred þat from heuene come,[1]
Not lyk Manna, þat flour be sibbe,
Þei þat hit ete, weore dede bi dome,
And hose eteþ of þis brede,
He schal liue wiþ-outen ende."
Ihesu, graunt vs so to spede
Wiþ[1] þulke bred to heuene wende. Amen.

[1] r. Johnes.
[1] Joh. 6, 48.
[2] Joh. 6, 56-9.
[1] Here begins MS. Simeon.
[2] vv. 290 & 291 transp. in the MS.
[1] MS. ffor
[1] vv. 293 & 294 transp. in the MS.
[1] MS. þat; Sim. Wiþ

In the Gospel of this day, Jesus says,
"I am the Bread of Life.
Whoso eateth me, I dwell with him,
and he shall live for ever!"

Off þulke Bred in þe gospelle
Seint Ion we here þus telle:
[1] Joh. 6, 51.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And þarofe here we saint mark[1] say
In þe godspell of þis day,
Whare we may find wretin þus:
To his desciples said ihesus
And also to þe iewes in-fere,
Telland to þam on þis manere:

[1] r. John (6, 56-9).

Euangelium secundum Marcum.[1]

Caro mea uere est cibus,
& sanguis meus uere est potus:

"My flesse," he said, "es brede of life
And verray mete to man and wife,
And my blude es drink verray
To all þat lifes in cristen lay.
Wha ettes my flesse and drinkes my blude,
In me he dwelles with mayne & mode.
And I in him am ay dwelland,
Whils he in stabill trowth will stande.
And als my fader lifand in blis
Has sent me, forto mend ȝowre mis,
And, als he lifes in lith and lim,
So lif I for þe luf of him:
And he þat ettes my body fre,
He sall ay lif thurgh might of me.
Þis es þe brede with-owten ende
Þat fra þe hegh of heuyn descend;
Noght like to manna þat doun fell
vnto þe childer of israel,
ffor þarof ette þai in þat stede
And neuer-þe-lese ȝit war þai dede.
He þat þis brede ettes worthily,
He sall ay lif and neuer dy,
Gastly life ay sall he haue,
And in heuyn sall his saul be saue."[1]
Crist grante vs for his moder sake
Þat worthily we may it take.
More of þis mete we may here tell
How þat saint Iohn in his godspell[1]

Harl. MS. 4196.

[1] 355-6 added.
[1] John 6, 54.

þat ȝif we ne ete of þulke brede
Ne drynke his blood, vr lyf were dede.—
And þeih we ete hit al þus here,
Hit is in heuene al entere.
So schalton leeue, Cristene mon,
þat in no weere þi leue beo on!
ffor þi feiþ tit no mede
Where þing of deþ takest hede;
Hit is inpossyble to serue crist
But þi be-leeue beo good and trist.
And eȝe of feiþ hit is ful kene
þat seoþ a siht þat is not sene.
þerfore alle þing þat we [ne] seoþ
Leeue we as holychirche deþ,
ffor þat I holde þe rihte fey
And to heuene þe nexte wey.—
To telle more I mot nede
Hou men ete Angeles Brede.
Of ffoles I herde herby-fore
þat wyse men toke of hem heore lore,
And so a sek mon mihte teche
A good skile *per*auenture bifore a leche.
þis Bred mihte[1] neu*er*more be spende [1] r. may
Til[1] God hym-self on eorþe hit sende, [1] r. ffor
To saue mon fro pyne of helle,
So þat he kepe hit welle.
Sum tyme such lawe þer was
þat vche sonday after mas

Though we eat Christ's Body here, it is whole in heaven.

Let us believe things unseen as Holy Church does.

God sent the Sacramental Bread to save us from Hell.

Once it was Law for every

Harl. MS. 4196.

Sais: bot if we ett cristes brede
And drink his blude, oure liues erded.—
All-if it here be *par*ted in smale,
Crist cors in heuyn it es all hale,
And euer with-owten end sall last.
þus aw oure trowth to be stedfast—
ffor no man may here serue crist,
Bot if his trowth to him be trist.
Oculus fidei acutus est,
Quia inuisibilia conspicit:
þe eghe of faith es scharp and kene,
It sese þat may noght here be sene.
þarfore vs aw to trow and wirk

Harl. MS. 4196.

Efter kening of haly kirk,
ffor þat es here þe fastest fay,
And vnto heuyn þe rediest way.—
More will I tell ȝit in þis stede
How þat men ettes angel brede.
þis blisced brede may neuer be spend,
ffor god him-self hider has it send
ffra þe fende man saul to fend
And giff þam blis with-owten ende.
In þe bigining was ordand
A custum in ilk cristen land
þat men and wemen more & les
Suld ilka sunday efter mess

Eueri trewe wyf and Mon
Schulde be hoseled or þei eode þon.[1] . . .
And þat for þis enchesun,
I wol ow telle for what resun:
On was, for þat folk mis-bere
Hem-selue, whon þei hoseled were.
Þe toþer was, for þe grete trauayle
Þat holy churche hedde be þat entayle,
In nome of þat for Godus drede
Me ȝiueþ nou þe holy Brede.
Þerfore þe pope ordeyned, þries *in* þe ȝere
Vche mon I-hoseled were;
And bote he were ones atte leste,
Þe pope Comau*n*det be his heste
Þulke bodi þat so ne dede
Schuld neue*r* be buried in holy stude.
Þerfore beo redi, I ow Rede,
fforte fonge Angeles Brede.
And beo þis Bred I wol ȝou telle
A luytel ensau*m*ple hou hit bi-felle.

[1] 2 vv. wanting, cf. Harl. 387-8.

one to take the Sacrament every Sunday after Mass.

Then the Pope orderd it to be taken 3 times a year, or at least once.

De manu sacerdotis *per* hostiam penetrata.

BE-fel sum tyme In Engelonde,
Þer was a prest, ich vndurstonde,

An English Priest once

Harl. MS. 4196.

Be howseld all with gude entent
And resaiue þis ilk sacrament.
Seþen was þat custu*m* casten doun,
I sall ȝow tell by what chesoune.
ffor folk war howsild so comunly,
Þai toke þe les reward þarby,
Ne þam-self þai wald noght ȝeme
Als to þe sacrament suld seme.
Anoþer was, for men wex irk
With grete trauail in hali kirk,
And þat none wise þai might forsake
In tyme when folk suld howsil take.
Þarfore þe pape on þis manere
Ordand: þat thrise in þe ȝere
Suld men resaiue þat blisced brede

Harl. MS. 4196.

Thurgh cristen land in ilka stede;
And who did noght anes at þe leste,
He sall be halden bot als a beste,
And he sal noght, whe[n] he es ded,
Haue his beriel in haly stede.
Þarfore pray we god in-wardly
Þat we in werk may be worthy
Þat brede enterely forto take,
Sen it may all oure sorows slake.
And by þis brede now will I tell
Ane ensaumple þat sum tyme fell.

Narracio de presbitero.

A prest sum tyme in *in*gland
In a cete was wonand;

lived impurely. Þat ladde not his lyf, as was tolde,
Also clanliche as he scholde.
God wolde he scholde hym amende,
When he was ill, And he hym a strong vuel gon sende,
So, he wende almost to dye.
And on a day þis siht he seȝe:
a Child came to him with a A child boþe he seih and herde,
And[1] asked hym hou he ferde; [1] H. þat
In his hond bret-ful he beere
basketful of burning Sacramental Wafers, Of bernynge Obeleis a paniere.
Þe prest asked: "what is þat,
And þou þat askest of my stat?"
He seide: "Ich am Godes Messagere,
and told him they were those that he had taken unworthily. And þeos Obeleis þat ben here,
Þus monye vnworþily þou fong,
Whon þat þou þi Masse song;
And ȝif þat þou nult I-leue me,
Scheuh forþ þyn hond, and þou schalt se."
Þe prest heold forþ his hond anon,
The Child put one on the Priest's hand, And þe child tok vp on
Of þe obeleys þat were so rede,
And pult hit in þe prestes hond amidde.
and it fell through the hand. Hit fel þorwh þe prestes hond on,
And þe child a-wey gan gon.
Þe prest let men come hym to
And tolde hem whi he ferde so:

Harl. MS. 4196.

He had noght led, als sum men tolde,
His life als clenly als he solde:
A grete euil god to him send,
ffor þat he suld his mis amend.
And als he lay opon a night,
God of heuyn him schewed þis sight:
A child him thoght he saw and herd,
þat asked him how þat he ferd;
A panier in his hand he broght
fful of brenand oblis, als him thoght.
Þe prest þan asked: "wha ertow? 423
And what es þat þou bringes now?"
He said: "I am goddes messangere,
And lo, oblis I bring þe here;

Harl. MS. 4196.

þus many vnworthi has þou tane
At þi mes bi þe allane.
And if þou will noght leue me,
Schew furth þi hand and þou sal se."
Þe prest put furth his hand onone,
And þe childe has ane vble tone
Of þam þat semid so brinand,
And put it in þe prestes hand.
When it was laid in a moment,
A hole thurgh-out þe hand it brent.
Þe childe þan went oway in hy,
And þe prest bigan to cry.
Oþer men þan come him to
And asked whi þat he fore so.

"Lo," quaþ he, "hou I am diht!
Who sauh euere such a siht?"
Þat þorw his hond me mihte se
As brod as was þat obele.
And he not I-maymed nas,
And afturward song mony a Mas,
And an hole þorwh his hond—
Þus þat soþe men hit fond.
After for a þousend pound of golde
Þe prest no more synne wolde,
But serued god wiþ gret drede,
And afturward to heuene ȝede.—
I holde þe Mon more þen mad
Þat takeþ þis bred and nis not drad
Of þe wreche þat mihte bi-falle.
So worþi bred hit is wiþ-alle
Þat for þe miht of þulke word
Þat god seide at his owne bord,
Þe same miht þat word haþ here,
To torne þe bred in oþur manere,

You could see the hole right through!

After this,

the Priest wouldn't sin for £1000,

and went to heaven.

God's word can turn the Bread into Flesh, and

Cambr. MS., fol. 37.

"lo," quod he, "how I am diht!
who saw euere swich a siht?"
þorw his hond men myhte se
als brod as was þat vble.
and he not maymed was,
& afterward song many a mas,
And þe hole al-wey þorw his hond—
þus þat soþe men it fond.
& after for a þousand pound of gold
þe prest no mor synne wold,
But seruid god wiþ greet drede,
& afterward to heuene ȝede.—
I hold þat man mor þan mad
þat takiþ þis bred & is not drad
of þe wreche þat myhte befalle.
so wurthi bred it is wiþ-alle
þat for þe myht of þat word
þat god seyde at his bord,
þe same myht þat word haþ here,
to turne þe bred in to other manere,

Harl. MS. 4196.

"Lo," he said, "how I am dight!
Wha saw euer swilk a sight?"
A hole in his hand might men se
Als brade als was þe vble.
þe prest þan wele amendid es,
And efterward sang many mes,
And þe hole euer in his hand,
þat men þe suth might vnderstand.

He serued god in word and dede,
And seþin his sawl to heuyn ȝede.—
I hald, þe man es more þan mad
þat ettes þis brede and es noght rad
ffor vengance of god and for wrake,
If he vnworthily it take!—
Wroght it was thurgh goddes worde
þat he said at his awin burde.
þe same might has ilka prest:
To turn þe brede till þe cors of crist,

the Wine into Blood.

And to torne þe wyn in blode,
þe same þat was sched on Rode.
þe wordus *per*auenture I coude telle,
Ac I am not worþi and *þer*fore I nelle.

The Apostles only said at the Sacrament what Christ taught 'em.

Ac oþur makyng of þe Mas
I dar wel telle hou hit was.
þe Apostles seide no more
But what þei herde of cristes lore—
No more to þe masse nolde þei do,
And þe paternoster to,
vppe þe bred and vppe þe wyn—
And so hem þhouȝt hit good and fyn.
Non oþur vestimens vsud þay
But as þei wereden vche day;

Cambr. MS.

& to turne þe wyn in to blod,
þe same þat was schad on þe rod.
þe wordis *per*auenture I coude the telle,
but I am not worþi & þer-for I nelle.

al oþer making to þe mas
I dar wel tellin how it was.
þe apostelis seyde no more
but what þei herde of cristis lore—
no mor to þe masse wold þei do,
and þe pater noster þer-to,

vpon þe bred and þe wyn—
& so hem þouhte it good & fyn.
non othere vestemens vsid þai
but as þei werid eueri day;

Harl. MS. 4196.

And forto turn wine in to blude,
þe same þat was sched on þe rode.
Crist blisced þe brede, als sais þe boke,
And till his appostels he it toke,
And said to þam on þis manere:
"þis es my flesse I gif ȝow here."
And efter he toke þe chalis,
And on þe same wise gan it blis,
And said to þam with mild mode:
"Drinkes of þis, it es my blude.
And als oft-tymes als ȝe it take,
Mynde of me luke þat ȝe make!"
þus ordand crist þis sacrament.
And when he vnto heuyn was went,
þai did messes als he cumand,
Als þai went in ilka land.
And when peter was pape of rome,
Chef cownsailoure of cristendome,
Ne al þe oþer, whare þai lend,
Said namore þan crist had kend;
Ne did þarto none oþer thing,
When þai suld þaire messes sing,
Bot þe pater noster gan þai say,
Als crist had cumand þaim to pray.
þai had noght els bot brede and wine,
And goddes wordes gude and fyne.
Vestimentes none had þai
Bot als þai werid ilka day,

And in vessels of treo—
Non oþur chalys hedden heo.
Þenne þe pope vrban,
þat was a ful holy man,
Ordeynde þat þe Chalys scholde
Ben of seluer or of golde,
Wiþ a patin, to hule ouer al,
Maked of þe same Metal.
ÞE pope Celestyne, ordeyned he,
A psalme Men clepeþ Iudica me
þat vche prest þat is and was
Schulde siggen hit er he eode to Mas.
ÞE Nyne kyries þat ben in Boke
þe pope Siluestre of gru hem toke.
Þer-aftur comeþ Gloria in excelsis:
þe Angeles of heuene furst song þis;
Of[1] seint hillari þat was
Erche-bisschop of peytas,
He made from laudam*us* te
þe remenaunt þen synge we.

The Apostles had only wooden vessels.
Pope Urban
orderd the Chalice to be of silver or gold, with a patine.
Celestine orderd the Psalm "Judge me."
Silvester the 9 "O Lord's,"
and the Gloria.
St. Hilary made *Laudamus te*, &c.

[1] r. And? or þan?

Cambr. MS.

and in vesselis of tre—
Non oþer chaleys had he.
Than þe pope vrban,
þat was a ful holi man,
ordeynid þat þe chaleys scholde
ben of siluer or of golde,
wiþ a patene, to helin oueral,
made of þe same metal.
þe pope Celestyn, ordeynid he,
a psalme men clepe Iudica me
þat eueri prest þat is & was
schuld it seye or he ȝede to mas.
þe .ix. kiries þat ben in boke
þe pope siluester of grew hem toke.
þer-after comiþ Gloria in excelsis,
þat þe aungelis of heuene first son[g],
I-wis;
Of seint hillari þat was
Erchebischop of poytas,
he made fro laudam*us* te
þe remenaunt þan singe we.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And vessels þat of tre war made—
None oþer chalises þan þai hade.
þan efterward þe pape vrban,
þat was halden a haly man,
Ordaind þat þe chalis sulde
Be made of siluer oþer els of gulde,
With a patene, to hill ouer all,
Ordand of þe same metall.
þe pape celestiene alswa
Ordand a salme hat *Iudica*
þat ilk prest þat ordand es
Sal say bifor he go to mes.
þe pape siluester toke out of grew
þe nien kyries, als clerkes knew;
þe angell sang he did þar-to
Gloria in excelsis deo.

Saint hillary þan, als men hers,
Erchebisschop was of paters,
All þe remnand ordand he
þat we sing fra laudamus te.

Tellophorus and Cynacus orderd the *Gloria*;

Þenne þe pope Tollophornus,
And þat oþur pope Cynacus;
Bi-twene hem boþe ordeyned was
To synge þe Gloria to þe Mas[1] . . . . [1] 4 vv. wanting. 436

Gregory, the Offertory;

He hit Confermede, pope Gregori,
And made þerto þe Offertori.

Anastasius, the standing-up;

Þenne þe pope Anastasius
Comaundet in lawe riht þus: 440
Þat no mon schulde sitte, he beede,
Whil þe gospel were to Rede.

Constantine, the Creed;

Constantinus þe pope (!) made þe crede,
fforte siggen hit he bede. 444

Stephen and Clement, the Vestments.

Pope Steuene and pope Clemens
Ordeyned þe holy vestimens.

Sylvester orderd the Corporas;

Pope Ciluester ordeyned þe Corporas,
In tokne þat godus bodi was 448
In clene lynnen cloþ I-wounde
Þat tyme þat Iosep hit founde

Cambr. MS.

Þan þe pope Tellophorus,
& þat oþer pope Cinacus, 472
Be-twix hem boþ ordeynid was
to singen gloria at þe mas.
pope alisaundere ordeynid wel
to redin Epistil and gospel. 476
Be Ierom & ambrose ordeynid was
to make þe grayel to þe mas.
al þis confermyd pope Gregori,
& þer-to made þe offertori. 480
Þanne þe pope anastasius
comaundid in lawe riht þus:
Þat no man schuld sitte, he bed,
whil þe Gospel were red. 484
Constantinus made þe Crede,
to singe it he ȝaf þe rede.
pope steuene & pope Clemens
ordeynid holi vestymens. 488
pope siluester ordeynid þe corporas,
in tokne þat goddis bodi was
In clene sendel I-wounde
whan Ioseph leyde it in toumbe 492

Harl. MS. 4196.

Þan by þe pape it ordand es
To sing þat Gloria at þe mes; 508
It confermed pape tellophorus,
And seþin so did pape cinacus.
Pape alisander ordand rath
þe pistell and þe godspell bath. 512
By ierom and ambrose ordaind es
To sing þe graell at þe mes.
It confermed pape gregori,
And made þarto þe offertory. 516
Þan þe pape anastacius,
In his tyme he ordand þus:
Þat men suld stand, was his biding,
Whils þe godspell was in reding. 520
þe twelue appastels made þe crede:
To sing it damacius þe pape bede.
Pape steuen and pape clement,
Þai ordand þe vestiment. [1] MS. was lapped
Pape siluester ordand þe corporas,
In tokining þat goddes body was
In clene clathes lapped[1] and laid
When it in þe graue was graid. 528

In his owne toumbe of ston
And leyde a-noþur gret vppon.
Þ Enne þe Pope Leouns — Leo orderd the Prefaces;
Made alle þe Prefaciuns.
A lisaundre þe Pope ordeynde þis: — Alexander, the Water and Wine in the Chalice;
To do watur and wyn In þe Chalis,
In tokne þat boþe com watur and blode
Of Godus syde on þe Roode;
þe blood bi-tokneþ þat he vs bouht,
þe watur bi-tokneþ vre ffullouht.
S ixtus þe Pope ordeynde vs — Sixtus, the *Sanctus* thrice;
þryȝes to synge Sanctus.
þe Pope[1] made þe Canoun þer, [1] Harl. Ielasius
A nd God made þe Pater noster. — and God, the *Pater Noster*.
[A]nd hou and what-maner bi-felle
þat God made þe paternoster, I wol telle.
His Apostles seide hym on a day:
"Teche vs, lord, how we schul pray."
And seint Ion[1] haþ tauht vs þis— [1] r. Luc (11, 2).
þat is on of his disciples—

Cambr. MS.

in his owne graue of ston
& leyde anoþer gret ston þer-on.
þanne þe pope leouns
made þe prefaciouns.
alisaundere þe pope ordeynid þis:
to don watir & wyn in þe chalis,
in tokne þat þer com boþ watir & blod
of cristis side þat heng on rod;
in blod is toknid þat he bouhte vs,
in watir þat cristenid be houiþ vs.
þan ordeynid þe pope sixtus
thryes for to singe sanctus;
& þan he made þe canoun þer,
and god made þe pater noster.
And how & in what maner befelle
þat god made þe pater noster, I wile telle.
þe apostelis seyde to crist on a day:
" teche vs, lord, how we schul pray."
& seynt iohn haþ tauht vs þis—
þat is one of his disciplis—

Harl. MS. 4196.

þan þe pape Leones
Ordand þe preface at þe mes.
Pape alisander ordand sine
To do in chalis water and wine,
In takin þat both water and blude
Come fra crist side on þe rode;
þe blude es tokin þat he vs boght,
þe water wassches all euill thoght.
þan ordand þe pape Si[x]tus,
Thrise þat men suld say sanctus.
Ielasius made þe canon right,
And crist þe pater noster dight.
And how þat praier ordand was,
þat sall I tell ȝow or I pas.

His desciples said on a day:
" Lord, tell till vs what we sal pray."
And saint Ion[1] sais he bad þam bid
þe pater noster, and it vndid, [1] r. Luc

Jesus taught His disciples the *Pater-Noster:*

þat Ihe*sus* tauhte hem þis preyer
And bad hem seyen þe Pater noster.

"Our Father, that art in Heaven, &c."

And þus muchel to seyen hit is:
"Vr ffadur þat in heuene is,
Halewed mot þy nome beo.
And to þi kyngdam þat we teo.
þi wille in heuene and eorþe beo do.
Vre vche-dayes bred send vs to.
And vre dettes for-ʒiue vs,
As we for-ʒiue vre dettours.
And lede vs in no fondynge,
But saue us fro*m* vche vuel þinge. Amen."

In it the 7 Gifts of the Holy Ghost are toucht; 3 to God, 4 to you.

Off þe holigost þe seuen ʒiftis
In þe pater noster I-touched is;
Of whuche to God þer touched þre,
And foure in on to þe.
þis preyere, þeih hit beo schorte,
But hit beo seid wiþ a clene herte,
Hit is a-ʒein þulke man
þat in his herte wraþþe haþ tan.

Cambr. MS.

þ*a*t ihe*s*u tauht hem þis preyere
& bad hem seyn þe pater noster.
and þus moche to seyn it is:
" Our*e* fader þ*a*t in heuene is,
halewid mote þin name be.
to þi kingdom mote come we.
þi wil in heuene & in erthe be do.
our*e* ech-days bred send vs þ*er*-to.
and our*e* dettis forʒeue þ*o*u vs,
as we for-ʒeuen our*e* detouris.
& lede vs in to no fonding,
but saue vs fro euil þing. amen."
Of þe holi gost þe .vij. ʒiftis
in þe pat*er* nost*er* touchid is;
of whiche to god þer touchin thre,
& foure in one to the and me.
þis preyere, þow it be schort,
but it be seyd in clene hert,
It is a-ʒen þ*a*t ilke man
þ*a*t in to his herte wraþþe haþ tan.

Harl. MS. 4196.

How þat it es ordand euyn
fforte destroy þe sines seuyn.
ffor seuyn askins er þar-in,
And ilkone may for-do a syn
If it be said in gude degre
And clene life als it aw to be;
Els prayes a man him-self ogayne,
And all his trauail es in vaine.

Þenne þe pope Innocent,
Pax domini he ordeynt,
Þat vche mon schulde cusse oþur
And holden him for suster and broþur;
In tokne þat god made pes wiþ man,
Þerfore þat pes is ȝiuen þan.

Pope Innocent orderd "The Peace of God."

Þe laste word of þis heiȝe fest
Is I-seid Ite Missa est,
Þis is to seye "hit is i-sent
To heuene for vs, þis sacrament";
Bi-fore þe holy Trinite
Þe furste part of þe þre,
Þat oþur for hem þat þoleþ[1] deþ,
Þe þridde for hem þat alyue beþ.—

[1] r. þoled

The last word of the Mass is, "It is sent to Heaven for us."

Hit is riȝt þat furst inempned be
Vr ladi in þe Canone:
ffor God of hire þat flesch toke
Þat neuer cristen mon forsoke;
Þat flesch he haþ take þe to fede,
Þat is i-cleped Aungel Brede.

In the Canon our Lady is rightly named first.

Cambr. MS.

Þer-for þe good pope Innocent
Pax domini haþ ordeynt,
Þat eueri man schuld kisse oþer
& holden hem for suster & brother;
in tokne þat god mad pes wiþ man,
Þer-for þat pes is ȝouen þan.
Þe laste word of þis heye feste
is clepid Ite missa est,
Þat is to sey "it is I-sent
to heuene for vs, þe sacrament";
be-for þe holy trenyte
Þe first part of þe thre,
Þat oþer for hem þat suffrid deth,
Þe thridde for hem þat alyue beth.—
It is riht þat first nemenid be
oure ladi in þe Canone:
ffor god of hire flesch tok
Þat neuere cristen man forsok;
Þat flesch he haþ take the to fede,
Þat is clepid aungelis brede.

Harl. MS. 4196.

Pape Innocent þan next folowand,
Pax d*omi*ni þan he ordand,
ffor þat ilk man suld kis oþer
And hald þam hertly als þaire broþer.
In takining þat god ordand pese
Bytwix him and man, neuer to sese.
Þe last word þan of þe fest
Es said þus: Ite missa est,
Þat es to say "now es it sent
To heuyn for vs, þis sacrament."

Adhuc de canone misse.

IN þe canon aw neuyned to be
ffirst mari, cristes moder fre:
ffor [of] hir, maiden milde of mode,
Toke he þat blisced fless and blude,
Þat same fless þat sufferd dede
And þat es named ay-lastand brede.

The Apostles are named,

Þe twelue Apostles I-nempned beþ,
ffor heore prechynge þei þolede deþ— 512
Quia Apostoli dicuntur missi, & Martires testes apostolorum:
As þing i-sent' ben þe Apostles,
for they were Martyrs and witnesses of this Bread:
And Martires ben þe Apostles witnes;
And alle þe Martires þat weore dede
ffor þei weore witnesse of þis Brede, 516
þat God dizede for loue of vs,
And þei for loue of Ihesus.

Peter, Andrew, Philip,

Petur and Andrew, Philip, þeos þreo
weore don vppon þe Rode-treo. 520

Paul, James, Matthew, Bartholomew,

Poul, Iames, and Mathew
Were be-heuedet, and Bartholomew
Was huld al naked quike
ffor his witnesse of þis onlike. 524

James II, Simon, Thaddeus: all died for Christ.

And þat oþur Iamus,
Symon, and Taddeus,
Heore senewes for cristen lawe
Out of heore bodi were i-drawe. 528

Cambr. MS.

þe .xij. apostelis nemenid beth,
for hire preching þei suffrid deth—
Quia apostoli dicuntur missi, & martires testes apostolorum:
As þing þat is sent ben þe apostelis,
and marteris ben to hem witnes; 556
& alle marteris þat were dede
for þei were witnes of þis brede,
þat god deyde for loue of vs,
& þei for þe loue of crist ihesus. 560

petir, andrew, philip, these .iij.
were don vp-on þe rode-tre.
poule, Iamys, and mathew
were heuedid, & bartilmew 564
was helt al nakid quyk
for his witnes of þis vnlik.
and þat oþer lesse Iamys,
and symon also, & thadeus, 568
hire senewis for cristen lawe
out of hire bodi were drawe.

Harl. MS. 4196.

þe twelue appostels þan neuind err,
ffor þai prechid both nere and ferr 572
þe trowth als he had preched playne,
And for his sake sepin war þai slaine.
þe apostelis of crist war sent,
And martires, when þai war went, 576
Witnest þaire werkes fer and nere;
þarfore all done to ded þai were.
Ihesus died for luf of vs,
And þai died for luf of ihesus, 580
With mekill dole and diuers ded,
ffor þai bare witnes of þis brede.
Peter, Andrew, and philip, find we,
War hanged on þe cros all thre; 584
Paul, more Iames, and Mathew
War heuidded, and also bertilmew,
þat here was a ful haly man,
He was flain quik and heuidded þan;
Simon, and Iudas thadeus, 589
And les Iames, þai died þus,
Als it es with clerkes knawen:
þaire sins war fra þaire body drawen.

And seint Ion þe Ewangelist, — Martyrs for this Bread were also St. John the Evangelist,
þat was sib to Ihesu crist,
He dronk venym, to make preue
þat we han of þe rihte be-leeue.
And seint Thomas Didimus, — Thomas;
He was þorwh-stiked Riht þus.
þer-aftur comeþ þe xij Martiris — the 12 Canonical Martyrs,
þat in þe Canoun Rikned is;
Of whuche summe Popes were,
Summe Bisschops þat Mitre beere,
Summe Dekenes þat weore half prest,
Summe lewede þat leeuede on crist—
ffor alle Ordres and alle degres
To þis sacrement bereþ witnes.
Leouns, Clemens, and Cletus, — Popes Leo, Sixtus, &c.
Sixtus, and Cornelius,
þeose weore Popus, þat þolede deþ
ffor þulke Bred þat we nou seoþ.
Ciprian was Bisschop of Cartiginus. — Bp. Ciprian, &c.
Stephene, Laurence, Vincent weore Dekenus.

Cambr. MS.

and seynt Iohn Euangelist,
þat was cosyn to ihesu crist,

he drank venym, to make preue
þat we han truþe and riht beleue.
and seynt thomas didimus,
he was þorw-stekid riht þus.
þer-after comiþ .xij. marteris,
þat company in þe canoun reknid is;
Of whiche summe popis were,
summe bischopis þat myter did bere,
summe deknes þat were half prest,
summe lewid men þat leuid on crist—
ffor alle ordres & alle degres
to þis sacrament bere witnes.
Leouns, Clemens, & Cletus,
Sixtus, and Cornelius,
these were popis, þat suffrid deth
for þat bred þat ȝe a-days seeth.
Ciprian was bischop of Cartaginus.
Steuene, laurens, & vincent were dekins.

VERNON MS.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And saint Ion þe euangelist,
þat cosin was to ihesu crist,
In a tonn ful lang he dweld
And brinand ole þai on him held;
Venim he drank and dered him noght,
And sepin he died when god gude thoght.
Saint thomas þat es named of ynde,
He was thurgh-stiked, als folk may
þan in þe canon neuind es [finde.
Twelue þat war trew martires
And died all with sorowis sere,
And sum papes and sum bisschops
Sum dekines þat suld be prest, [were,
And sum lawd men þat lifed on crist;
And all þir marters more and les
Of þis ilk brede þai bare witnes.
Saint leo, clemens, and cletus,
Sixtus, and cornelius,
Al þir war papes, and sufferd ded
ffor þai bare witnes of þis brede;
Ciprian was bisschop of cartaginus;
Dekens war steuen and laurencius,

Grisogon, Ion and Paulus,
þei weore in heore lyue knihtus;
Cosmas and Damian; Cosma and Damianus,
þei weore leches, I-writen is þus.
Cecilia, Agnes and Agace died for this Bread. Cecili, and Agnes, and Agace
Diede for þis bred of grace.
þerfore is riht heore nomes to be
Nempned in þe Canone:
ffor alle þeos dizede In good entent
ffor to Meyntyme þe sacrament.—
The Sacrament, ÞE sacrament mot þe soule fede
þat is i-hote Angeles Brede.
if worthily taken, will keep you from your death to your resurrection, 3if þou worþiliche hit fonge,
Hit schal kepe þe þus longe,
ffrom þulke day þat þou ded be
Til þi bodi rise a-3e;
when you go to the great Banquet And þenne boþe bodi and soule i-fere
Schal wende to þe graunt Mangere
Where neuer-more tit no nede
where the sight of the Trinity is your food. To non eorþliche Brede,
But þe siht of þe Trinite

Cambr. MS.

Grisogon, Iohn and paules,
þei were on lyue knyhtis;
Cosmas and Damianus,
þei were lechis, wretin it is þus.
Katerine, Mergrete, & agace
deyden for þis bred of grace.
þer-for it is riht hire namys to be
nemenid in þe Canone:
for alle these deyde in good entent
for to mayntene þis sacrament.—
þe sacrament mote þi soule fede
þat is clepid au*n*gelis brede.
if þ*a*t 3e worþiliche it fonge,
it schal kepe 3ow þus longe,
fro þ*a*t day þ*a*t 3e ded ben
til 3oure bodyes risen a-3en;
and þan þe bodi & soule in-fere
schul wende to þe gret mangere
where neuere-mor schal ben no nede
to no maner of ertheli brede,
But þe sihte of þe blisful trenyte

Harl. MS. 4196.

And vincent was a dekin of mightes;
Grisogon, Ion and paul war knightes,
Saint Cosma and saint damiane
þai war lechis by þam allane.
Katerine, Mergarete, and agace,
þai died all for þis brede of grace;
þarfore es reson þat þai thre
Neuynd in þe canon be.
Al toke þir[1] ded with gude entent
fforto mayntene þis sacrament,

þat named es here angell brede

And saues man fro endles dede
And bringes him to þe blis of heuyn,
Whare more ioy es þan men may neuyn.
þe sight of god þare sal þam fede,

[1] r. þair?

Schal euermore þi fode be.

Seþþhe we han þe Modur to preye þe sone,
We han þe sone to prey þe ffader,
þe[1] holygost we han in wone— [1] MS. þo
þis enteere we haue to-gader:
What letteþ vs forte wynne
þe Riche blisse is vs bi-hote,
Bote hit beo vr owne synne?
þer nis non oþur þyng, I wote.
Of Pardoun I haue no pouste
Non[1] to ȝow forte graunte: [1] r. Nou?
But, ȝif ȝe don now aftur me,
I wol ow telle a quantite,
Hou Muchel pardoun ȝe may habbe
To ȝoure meste nede,
To come to honoure wiþ-oute gabbe
þis ilke Angeles Brede.

þulke þoresday þat next is
Aftur þe Trinite,
þe pope vrban ordeynde þis
þat hit schulde þenne be.

As through the Virgin we have the Trinity for us,

only our sins keep us from bliss.

Tho' I can't grant you pardon,

I'll tell you how much you can get through the Sacrament.

On Thursday after Trinity, the day of this feast,

Cambr. MS.

schal euere-mor þi fode be.
þer we han þe moder to *prey* þe sone,
& we han þe sone to prey þe fader,
þe holy gost we han in wone—
þis entre we han to-geder:
what lettiþ vs for to wynne
þe riche blis *þat* is vs behote,
but it be oure owne synne?
þer is non oþer þing, I wote.
Of pardou*n* I haue no pouste
to ȝow for to grau*n*te of me:
but, if ȝe don now after me,
I wile ȝow tellin a quantite,
How moche pardou*n* ȝe may habbe,
grau*n*tid to ȝoure moste nede,
to come to hono*ur* wiþ-outen gabbe,
it is[1] þis ilke au*n*gelis brede. [1] om. it is
That same thursday þat next is
after þe feste of þe trenyte,
þe pope vrban ordeynid þis
þat þan þis pardou*n* schuld be.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And his lightnes sall be þaire wede,
And werk þat þai sall wirk ilkane
Sall be loueing of god allane.
God grant vs in þat blis to bilde,
Thurgh prayers of his moder milde.

De indulgenciis inde concessis.

Grete nowmber of p*ar*don granted es
vnto all folk, both more and les,
þat þis seruis will say or here
Ans als it fals in ilka ȝere,
þat es þe next thursday to se
Efter þe fest of þe trinite.
þe pape vrban ordand þis fest,
ffor cristen men both most & lest
Suld in þat tyme with gude entent
honore þis haly sacrament.

100 days
An hundred dayes of forȝiuenes
He graunted alle þay
for Matins,
þat come to þe Matynes
Of þulke same day;
40 days for each hour,
ffourti dayes for vche a tyde,
100 for Mass,
An hundred for þe Mas,
100 for Even-song;
An hundred hose to þe Euensong abyde—
He graunteþ hem no las.
and the same on each day of the Octave,
And al þat wike vche day
þis pardoun lasteþ so,
Hose al þe seruyse hauen may;
And ȝit he schal han mo:
ffor vche dayes seruyse
and 100 thrown in.
An hundret dayes to bote—
Wel him ouȝte to seyen þise
On hors and eke on foote.
[1]þe laste pope þat was nou,
Pope John
Of Ion[1] þat was hiht,
Al þe *par*dun he grau*n*teþ ow
doubled these.
And doubleþ hit wiþ his miht.
Meilerous,[1] þorwh godes grace

[1] The next vv., wanting in Harl., are a new addition.

[1] It is John XXII, 1316-34.

[1] Miler le Poer, Bishop of Leighlin, Ireland, 1321-41 (cf. Cotton's Fasti II, 384).

Cambr. MS.

an hundrid dayes of forȝifnes
he grau*n*tid to hem alle in fay
þat come vn-to þe matynes
on þat same thursday;
ffourti dayes for eueri houre þat tyde,
& an hundrid for þe masse,
an hundrid who-so þe euensong abide—
he grau*n*tid hem no lasse.
and al þat woke eueriday
þis pardou*n* lastiþ so,
who-so al þe seruyse han may;
& ȝet he schal han mo:
ffor eueri days seruise
an hundrid days to bote—
wel men auhte to seen therin[1] þise
on horse and also on fote.
þe laste pope þat was now,
his name Iohn hiht,
al þis pardou*n* he grau*n*tiþ ȝow
& doubliþ it wiþ his myht.
Meylerus, þorw goddis grace

[1] r. to seien

Harl. MS. 4196.

He granted to all men at þe mes
A hundreth daies of forgifnes;
And at þe matins who wald be,
A hundreth daies haue suld he;
And at þe first euin-sang byfore
A hundreth daies by þe sex score;
And for ilk oure he vowched-saue
ffourty dais þat men suld haue;
And to þe euinsang folowand
A hundreth daies he cumand;

Bisschop of leihlinne,
He haþ mendet in þis cas
þorwh miht þat he 3af hymme :
ffourti dayes to pardoun
He haþ 3iue þerto 3ete[1]
To alle wiþ good deuocioun
Hereþ hit or hit rede.
So hit a-mounteþ holliche
On and ffourti 3ere
And sixcore dayes, treweliche,
Whose hereþ his seruyse here.
Ihesu graunte ow alle and some
On eorþe so forte spede
þat þis pardoun ow make come
To þis Angeles Brede.
þat Mon eete Angel Brede,
þus furst we be-gon ;
To heuene [hit] mot ow alle lede
Boþe Wyf and Mon,
In nomine patris wiþ ou go,
Et spiritus sancti do also. Amen.

[1] orig. 3ite

Bp. Miler of Leighlin

gave 40 days more pardon.

Altogether 41 years, 60 days.

May Jesu

lead you all to heaven!

Cambr. MS.

bisschop of ley3-lymme,
he haþ amendid al þis cas
þorw myht þat god 3af hym :
ffourti days to pardoun
he 3af þer-to, wiþ-out drede,
to alle þat wiþ good deuocioun
herin it or don it rede.
So it amountiþ holliche
on and fourty 3ere
& sex-score dayes, truliche,
who-so heriþ his seruise here.
Ihesu graunte 3ow alle & some
in erthe so for to spede
that þis pardoun 3ow make come
vn-to þis heuenlich brede.
þat man ete aungelis brede,
þus first we began ;
to heuene it mote vs alle lede
boþe wyf and man,
In nomine patris & filij wiþ vs go
Et spiritus sancti do also. amen.

Harl. MS. 4196.

And fourty at þe cumplin clere
vnto all men þat it will here.
And forþermare, if men will luke,
þis same pardone es all þe woke
To þam þat cums with gude entent,
vntill þe vtas be all went.

God grant vs so, whils we lif here,
þis seruise forto say or here,
þat we may with þat pardon lend
In life þat lastes with-owten end.

MS. Vern., fol. CXCVI b—CXCVIII, b.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 306.

XXXI. Septem[1] miracula de corpore *cristi*.

(From Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 306—333, ed. Furnivall, Roxb. Club, 1862.[2])

Prolog. God Almighty,

GOd Almihti þat alle þing weldes,
Wyndes, watres, wodes and ffeldes,
And[1] soþly, as þou madest of nouht [1] Furn. As
Alle creatures þat euer were wrouht,
ffor-ȝif vs, lord, þis day vr synne,
þis digne sacrament to bi-ginne,

grant us to speak worthily of this Sacrament, and to say nothing wrong.

And also worschupe[1] *þer*-of to speke, [1] F. & wurschypfully
þat we neuere þe trouþe[1] breke, [1] F. beleue
Ne forte telle in þis *Pro*longe[1] (!) [1] F. þys long
þing þat falleþ to eny wronge,[1] [1] F. fall-of may any wrong
But þat hit mihte beo þe to queme
And vs in studefast trouþe to ȝeme.—
Godus sone in heuene a-boue,

To show His love,

He schewed vs also[1] muche loue : [1] F. alle for
ffor whon his passion neihȝed hi*m* neih,

Christ gave His Body to feed His Disciples.

To his disciples þat weren hi*m* by
He ȝaf his bodi, hem to fede—
More loue miht he not schewe in dede—
þat þei schulde muynde haue
Of hym þat miht hem þenne saue.

He also died

ȝit a-forward[1] he let hym slo [1] F. aftyrward
Wiþ so gret[1] deþ-pyne and[2] wo. [1] F. ful vyle [2] and pynyng
ffor vs and hem dude he þis,

to bring us all to bliss.

To bringe vs alle to his blis.
More loue miht he not do,
Ne neuer mon mihte do so ;
ffor vs he dude hit, in certeyn,
þat we schulde loue hym wel aȝein.
þouh we vr-self [ȝaf] an hundred siþe,
O poynt of such loue miht we not kyþe

[1] Only 6 miracles are given in the text.

[2] That this 2nd homily is part of a longer poem on the Ten Commandments, Vices and Virtues, with Narrations, appears from v. 381 ff., 497 ff.

Lyk to þat loue he haþ vs done,
ffor hit is vre saluacioune.
And of vs ȝit askeþ he nouht
But þat may wel I-nouh be wrouht:
Noþing bote loue wiþ good louyng,[1]
To loue him ouer al oþur þing
And for his loue to leue synne—
Wiþ[1] loue his blisse þen may we wynne.
And[1] þou may neuere haue hym to þe
But þou wolt furst synne fle:
Alle þing he loueþ, but synne he hates;
ȝif þou loue hym, wiþ synne þou bates.[1]
ȝif þou loue on, þou most nedes
fforsake þat þyng þat he forbedes,
Elles hit is told for no loue,
And nomeliche to vr lord aboue.
Þou maiȝt not loue hi*m*, þe boc seiþ,[1]
But þou haue wiþ þe good feiþ,
Þat is to sey, leeue þou[1] hit wel
Al þat is writen of hym vchedel.
Studefast treuþe of loue hit semes,[1]
And of trewþe loue men nemes:[1]
So is þat on wiþ þat oþur,
Wiþ studefast treuþe loue, his[1] Broþur.
To whom ouȝte vr loue be went?
To trouþe[1] of þis sacrament.
Þis schulde leeue vche cristen mon
And lerne þe treuþe of on þat con:
Þat þe bred þat sacrefyed is
On þe Auter, is godus flesch,
fflesch and blod, þer hit is leid,
Þorwh þe wordus þe prest haþ seid;
Þat lihte wiþ-Inne þe virgine Marie
And on þe Rode for vs wolde dye
And from deþ to lyue a-Ros,
God and Mon, in Miht and loos.
ffor hose troweþ not þis cler
In þe sacrament of þe Auter,
He schal neuere þe blisse a-byde,
ffor no þing þat him may be-tyde.

[1] F. but loue-longyng
[1] F. his
[1] F. ffor
[1] F. wlates
[1] F. wyþ no greythe
[1] F. to beleue
[1] F. comes
[1] F. nomes
[1] F. ys þe
[1] F. But to þe beleue

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 306-8

Christ asks us only to love Him above all things.

For that, we must flee sin,

and have faith.

We must believe that the Sacramental Bread is God's flesh,

or we shall never be in bliss.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 308, 309.

In þe Olde lawe þus is writen—
Iewes and Cristene wel hit witen :
"God seide þat[1] hit was wrouht,
[1] F. and

As God made all things of nothing,

He Comaundede alle þing of nouht"—
þis wordus aren verrey and cler,
Dauid hem seide in þe psauter.
Seþþhe he made al of nouȝt þat[1] was,
[1] F. alle þat nogt er

it's less difficult to change Flesh into Bread and Wine.

Lasse Maystrie were in þis caas
fforte chaunge on liknes
In to a-noþur þyng þen hit is,
þat ilke liknesse in[1] Bred and Wyn
[1] F. of
In fflesch and blod to torne hit in.
His fflesch and blood in Bred is wrouht ;[1]
[1] F. Yn flesshe and blode þe brede be broȝt
Siþþe he made [al] be-fore of nouht,
ȝif þou seo hit not bodiliche in siht,
þi soule wiþ-Inne schal trouwe hit riht ;
And þauȝ þow fele no sauour
But verrey wyn and bred of fflour,
þis is wisdam of godus ordinaunce,
To saue vs alle from þis Chaunce :

If we had to take it as Flesh, we should refuse it.

ffor ȝif hit weore as flesch to take,
Wiþ-stonde[1] we scholde and hit forsake ;
[1] F. wlate
And for he nolde we hit forsoke,
Bot alle men hit vndurtoke,
þerfore his wisdam his owne rede
Saueref hit in wyn and Brede.
Hit semeþ bred as to þe siht
And as Bred hit saueref riht ;
Nouþur in siht ne in felyng
Knowest þou of no certeyn þing.
What schal þenne þe most saue

Stedfast belief will save us best.

But studefast þouht þat þou schalt haue,
Studefast troupe of vch a del,
þat wol vs saue wondur wel.

Some have seen Christ bodily in the Bread.

And sum*m*e han hit seyen Bodily,
To whom he schewed his Mercy.
Lo her a tale al and sum[1]
[1] F. for of ȝow sum
þat is In Vitas Patrum :

I. Narracio cuiusdam religiosi.*

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 309—310.

1. *Tale of the Bleeding Child.*

A man under Vows said Jesus was not in the Sacramental Wafer.

2 Abbots argued with him.

He said it was a lie, unless he saw it.

They prayd Christ to show Himself on the altar.

The unbeliever also prayd to Christ.

Hit was a Mon of Religioun,
Of alle Men[1] he hedde gret renoun ; [1] F. almes
And,[1] for þe fend wolde him haue schent, [1] F. But
He leeuede not in þe sacrament,
And seide, hit was not Ihesu
Þat Conceyued was þorwh gret vertu,
Ne Ihesu was not þat Oble
Þat was reised atte sacre
And þat þe folk honourede to ;[1]
To leeue hit was not to do. [1] F. And þo þat wurschep dede þarto
Bi-fore two Abbotes þus he tolde—
Þis Abbotes write þis tale to holde,
Hit scholde be told to eueriche mon[1] [1] F. euery wham
Þat is aȝeyn þe Cristendom
Til hit beo preued bi Clergye
Wher hit beo treuþe or heresye.
Þis Abbotes schewed him þe rihte wey,
Wiþ alle þe ensaumples þat þei couþe sey ;
And al he seide hit was lye,
But ȝif he seȝe hit wiþ his eȝe
"Don[1] þen so þat I hit seo, [1] F. Doþe
Þen wol I leue þat hit so be."
Þis Abbotes preide a ful seue-niht
Þat he[1] wolde schewe him, to trouwe[2] his miht, [1] F. god [2] F. þurghe
In fflesch, in Blod on þe Auteer,
To Conferme his trouþe cler.
And him-self preide specialy
Þat god wolde schewe hym in Body,
"Lord,[1] for no mis-bileeue, [1] F. L. he seyde
Þat þow scholdest wiþ me[1] greue, [1] F. me þe
But forte schewe þe riht soþnes
Þat þow art sacrament of þe Mes,
Þat I may make oþer certeyne
Whon I wiþ eȝen haue þe seyȝene."[1] [1] F. seyne
Þis Abbotes lyȝe in orisoun
Til þat þe seueniht were don.

* MS. Simeon : *Quod* corpus *cristi* est *vera*citer in sacra*mento* altaris, realit*er*, & non figuratiue.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 310, 311.

On Sunday, the unbeliever and the 2 Abbots went to Church.

At the Sacrament, they

thought they saw a live Child on the Altar,

and an Angel cut it in pieces,

so that its Blood ran into the Chalice,

and the Priest offerd the unbeliever a bit of the bleeding flesh.

He confest that the Bread

had really turnd into Flesh and Blood.

End of the 1st Tale.

Þe Sonenday[1] to Churche þei come, [1] F. seuenþe
Þat oþur Mon wiþ hem þei nome.
A sege was ordeynt[1] for hem þre,
To bi-holde al þat priuite
Of þat holy Sacrament
Þat scholde be schewed in here *pr*esent[1].
Bi-twene hem sat[1] þis ilke mon
Of whom þe Miracle furst bi-gon.
Whon þe oble was on þe Auter leid
And þe prest þe wordes hed seid,
Alle þre þouȝte hem[1] verreylike [1] F. þan
By-fore þe prest a Child lay quik,
In feir forme, of fflesch and blod;
Þis say þei þre þer þey stod.
Whon þe prest scholde *par*te þe sacrament,
An Angel [doun] from heuene was sent
And sacrefyed þe child riht þore:
As þe prest hit brac, þe Angel hit schore,
Þe Blod in to þe Chalis Ron
Of þat child, boþe God and Mon.
Þe prest[1] ȝede to þe hiȝeste degre, [1] F. þys man
To hosel him as hit fel to be;
Hem[1] þhouȝte þe prest brouȝte on þe patin[2] [1] F. Hym
Mosseles of þat child newe slayn [2] F. pateyn
And beed him a Mossel of þat fflesch,
Wiþ al þe blod þer-on al fresch.
Þen gan he crie wiþ loude steuene:
"Merci, Godus sone of heuene,
Þe Bred I sauh on þe Auter lyȝe
Hit is þi bodi, I seo wiþ eȝe;
Of þe Bred þorwh sacrament
To fflesch and Blod hit is went;
Þis I beo-leeue, and eu*er*e I schalle,
ffor verreyliche we seon hit alle."
Whon he and þei weore alle certeyne,
In forme of Bred hit tornde aȝeyne.
He dude him hosel as oþur wore,
And was a good mon for euer-more.
And al oþure beo[1] þe bettre [1] F. beþ
Þat hereþ þis tale or redeþ þis lettre.—

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 311, 312.

Þe Prest þat sacreþ Godus bodi,
He moste beo ful clene nedeli;
A lewed mon þat schal hit receyue,
Alle-Maner fulþe moot he[1] weyue. [1] F. behoueþ hym 188
But[1] beo þou neuere so good a prest [1] om. in F.
Ne neuer so gret wiþ-Inne[1] þi Brest, [1] F. Ne so grete wytte yn
I rede þou here hou þei[1] are schewed, [1] F. þe propertes
Al-þauh þei[1] ben of langage lewed. [1] F. þe langage be but 192
Þou wost wel, in[1] þe Oble [1] F. þat
Is[1] a luytel þyng to se: [1] F. ys but
So schaltou beo luytel in wille,
Luytel and Muchel[1] wiþ-outen ille, [1] F. meke 196
Nout in pride ne in heihþe,
ffor no wisdam ne no sleihþe;
Þe soþe hit is[1] wiþ Lucifer, [1] F. þat we ne falle
Proude men schal wone[1] þer. [1] F. ffor pr. m. w. wyþ hym 200
Þe Oble is mad of whete,
Þe Beste[1] corn þat men of[2] ete: [1] F. louelyest [2] om. in F.
So schulde we beo meke and louely
To alle þo þat ben vs by; 204
Þis Mekenes is a-ʒeyn þat[1] Ire [1] om. in F.
Þat is wiþ Lucifer in þat[1] fyre. [1] om. in F.
Þe paast of þe oble nouht ne owe
Beo maad of no-maner sourdowe, 208
ffor þe sourdowe makeþ al soure
Þe swettest[1] þat comeþ of þe floure. [1] F. swetnes
Bi þis sourdowe is tokenynge
Þat Envye is a wikked þinge, 212
ffor hit for-doþ alle swetnesse of dede,
Þat god scholde ʒiue vr soules[1] meede; [1] F. ʒyue for soule
Þerfore makeþ he non herburgrye
Þer he fyndeþ biforen envye. 216
O vertue[1] In þe whete is [1] F. A v. also
Þat is muche a-ʒein Slouhnes:
Þer whete comeþ he wol[1] not prike, [1] F. ffor whete-corne wyl
As Otes don and Barlike: 220
Ne we ne scholde not be[1] prikel [1] F. haue any
In[1] Idelnesse ouer-Mukel;[2] [1] F. Of [2] F. mykyl
Idelnesse grucheþ and is heui of þouht
And is[1] soone wroþ for nouht, [1] F. also 224

The wafer's 7 qualities against the 7 Deadly Sins; cf. p. 178-9.

It is little, against Pride;

made of wheat, against Wrath;

without sour dough, against Envy;

round, not prickly, against Sloth;

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 312—314.

And þat wraþþhe comeþ of sorwe,
And[1] of wonhope wol muche Borwe. [1] F. þat
þis sacrament of þe Messe
Loueþ not such Idelnesse,
Not wiþ non nul he dwelle
Bute þer men of þe[1] Ioye spelle. [1] om. in F.

unmixt, against Covetousness;

þe paast of þe oble seid beo-forn
Schal not beo of medlet corn,
Bote al onliche of whete:
ffoule desires[1] schal men lete, [1] F. þe mastlyoun
þat bi-meneþ, In no wyse
We schal vs ȝiue to[1] Couetyse, [1] F. medel wyþ
þat is also called[1] Aueryce, [1] F. And namely wyþ
þe whuche is a foul[1] wikked vice. [1] F. ys tolde a

thin, against Gluttony;

Also þou seost þe oble is þinne
And muche honeste wiþ-Inne:[1] [1] F. & grete dunhede ys noun þer-ynne
And þat wol wel signefye
Aȝeyn þe sinne of glotenye;
þer wol not þe sacrament reste,
Ac[1] glotenye wol him out keste. [1] F. þere

white, against Lechery.

And as[1] þou sest, þe oble is whit: [1] om. in F.
So schul we haue no-maner delyt
Of no-maner fflesches take,[1] [1] F. of flesshely lak
ffor lecherie[1] makeþ þe soule blake. [1] F. Of l. þat
þeos seuene partyes[1] beþ [1] F. propertes
In þe Oble, as we seoþ,
And eueri *pro*purte þer-Inne
Is aȝein an hed-synne.

The Sacrament must be taken in charity, not in sin;

A-ȝeyn þis sacrament do þo
þat aren in synne and þerto go,
Or aren in wille aȝeyn to wende
To synne and hem-self schende;
As[1] prest þat goþ to synge Mes [1] F. Also a
þat in dedly synne is;
An hondred-fold he su*n*geþ more
þe[n] he a lewed mon wore.

else we take our damnation.

Alle þat receyue þe sacrament
In dedly sunne or wikked entent
Or[1] in eny of þeose[2] seuene [1] om. in F. [2] F. þese yche
þat þou hast here herd nempne,

Riht to[1] heore Dampnaciun, [1] F. Hyt ys to
And þerfore vengaunce schal be don.
And here I schal telle a tale
Hou hit is to þat mon Bale:

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 314, 315.

2. Narracio presbiteri parochialis.*

2. *Miracle of the Tell-Tale Faces.*

A Parisch-prest was in a Toun,
Of ful gret discrecioun,
fful good and rihtful he was, [1] *al.* F.: Dyscrecyun a ryȝt wyt ys On boþe partys ryȝtly to ges.
And god sende hym of his gras:[1]
Of his parischens he vndurstode
Whuche wer vuel and wȝuche wer gode.
Two he hedde forte gete
þat nolde neuere synne lete.
And hit felde[1] on an Asterne, [1] = fell
þat þe prest scholde non hosul werne
But hit were for þe gretur synne,
Inobedience or Corsyng Inne:[1] [1] F. As yn cursyng or yn vnbuxyme
þis prest was in ful gret þouht
Wher he schulde hosele hem or nouht.
He preyede to God, heuene-kyng,
þat he wolde sende hi*m* tokenyng
Wheþer he scholde he*m* hosul[1] forbede; [1] om. in F.
To ȝiue hit[1] hem he hedde gret drede. [1] F. To housel
ffrom god he hedde þis onswere:
þat vch on scholde heor oune charge bere,
And þat he scholde werne hit none
But ȝiue hit forþ to euerichone;
"Do as Ihesu dude in dede,
And þou schalt no mon hit forbede,
No more þen he dude Iudas
þat hedde I-don a gret trespas;
Ihesu ȝaf alle wiþ mylde mood,
Whon Bred was tu*r*ned to flesch and blod.
ffor su*mm*e þat hit take hit schal hem saue,
And su*mm*e þerfore peyne schal haue;
Aftur þey aren of synne clene,
Also schal hit on hem beo sene."

A Parish-Priest

had 2 very bad parish-ioners.

One Easter

he doubted whether to give 'em the Sacrament,

but God bade him

give it.

Do like Jesus.

He didn't leave out Judas at the Last Supper.

* MS. Simeon: *Quod propter peccatum* occultum *communio* non debe*t* negari.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 315, 316.

3it preyed he god of More grace :
þat he mihte knowe be þe face
Whuche resceyued hit worþily,
The Priest prayd that he might know by the receivers' faces, who took the Sacrament worthily or not.
And w3uche to haue hit not worþi.
And [god][1] graunted him his wille,
To knowe þe goode from þe ille.
þe folk þat to þe prest went
fforte receyue þe sacrament,

[1] om.

So some had bright faces;
Of somme þe face was also briht
As þe sonne In somer[1]-liht;

[1] F. on days

some, black;
And summe þe[1] visage was also blak
þat noþing miht hit Blakore mak;

[1] F. here

some, red;
Of somme hit was[1] as red as blod,
Starynge as þei weore wood;

[1] F. And some were [2] And sum were swolle þe vyseges

some, swollen;
Of somme þe visage was bolled[2] stoute,
As boþe heore e3en welleden oute;

[1] F. gnapped

some, prikt their hands and feet;
And summe nymped[1] wiþ[2] feet and hondes,
As dogges don þat gnawen heore bondes;

[2] F. here

some were like lepers; some like idols.
And somme hedde visages of Meselri;
And somme were lyk foul Maumetri.
Moni wondres weore on hem seene,
Mo þen he couþe penne deme.[1]

[1] F. se at þat tyme

þe prest, whon he sauh alle þise,
Of þat siht he gan to grise,
ffor þat siht he[1] was hidouse
And dredful and Meruilouse.[1]

[1] om. in F.
[1] F. perylous

The Priest prayd God to explain this.
3it *pre3ede* he god wiþ good entent
þat he mihte wite what al þis ment.
And god almihti louede him wel
And wolde schewe him eueridel:

The bright-faced were pure;
"þo Men þat weore so briht
As þe sonne on day-liht,
þo Men aren 3it in Charite
And clene of synne, and worschupeþ me.

the black-faced, lechers;
þo Men þat were so blake
þat no þing mihte hem blakore make,
þo weore[1] lechours foul wiþ-Inne
And haue no wille to leue heor synne.

[1] F. are

the red-faced, tyrants;
þo Men þat weore so red as blood,
þei are tirauns[1] wikked of mood,

[1] F. Irus &

Heore Euencristen for to slo
Wiþ dede[1] and wiþ word also.[2] [1] F. deþ [2] or wyþ pyne do wo
  Þo þat þow sauh wiþ Bollen visage,
Þo aren Envyous and[1] ouer-outrage. [1] om. in F.
  And þo þat nymped her fingres and hendes,[1]
Are Bacbyteres bi-twene frendes. [1] F. finger endes
  Þo þat þou sauh Meseles bi siht,
Þey loue more good þen god almiht.
  Þo þat þou sauh lik Maumetrie,
On worldly þinges þei most affye,
More loue þei catel þat he haþ sent
Þen þei don hym þat al haþ lent.
  Þeose-maner men are riht[1] in wille [1] F. ȝyt
In heore synne to leue stille,
And *þer*fore schal þe sacrament
Of hem aske heor[1] Iugement, [1] F. harde
Þat þei haue resceyued hi*m* vnworþily
And serued þe fend wiþ ful Envy."[1]— [1] F. hys enemy
  Þis tale is told for loue of þo
Þat in synne to hosul go,
Or ben in wille to torne aȝeyn;
Al heore trauayle þei don in veyn.
  ȝif þou wole[1] þyn hosel saue[2] take, [1] F. whan [2] shalt
Beo in wille þi synne to forsake
Euermore in studefast herte;
And ȝif[1] þou synne in bodi[2] smerte, [1] F. þoghe; And om. [2] F. sone aftyr and
God takeþ hit nouȝt to so gret grim
As þou in tresun Receyuede hym.
In no þing wot I more tresun
Þen bringe þi lord on his felun,
And ȝit men seiþ þe synne is to greue[1] [1] F. here s. ys grefe
Þat bringeþ a trewe mon on a þeue.
ȝif þou do þus þi witande,
Þen chargen hit me[1] moste on hande. [1] F. men hyt
Þerfore loke þou wite nouht
No synne I-hud In herte ne þouht![1] [1] F. has 2 vv. more.
  ffor[1] no Clerk þat is in synne, [1] F. Also
Til he leue and þer-of blynne
He schulde not serue atte Auteer [1] F. Ne halewede þyng to come
Ne hondle þing þat comeþ þer[1] neer. [1] F. hys

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 316, 317.

the sweld-faced, envious; the prikers, backbiters;

the lepers, lovers of property;

the idol-like, carers for worldly things.

On these the Sacrament calls for Judgment.

End of the 2nd Tale.

Before you take the Sacrament, wish to forsake sin.

No Cleric in sin should serve at the Altar.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 317, 318.

I touched er[1] of þis outrage [1] See Furniv., p. 274-5.
Whon I spac of þe[1] sacrilage, [1] om. in F.
þat þe holigost schewed him nouht
ffor þe Dekene syngede in þouht;
In þe tale of Ion Grisostomus
þis tale is told, for ow and vs.

After taking the Sacrament, no one should turn to sin.

Als is he worþi to ben i-schent
þat sone aftur þe sacrament
To folye and to synne drawes—
Luitel of Godus vengaunce hym awes!
ȝif þou forȝete or ouer-sittes
þe tyme of hosul þat þou wel wittes,
Luitel fors of him þou ȝeues,
Nouþur þou louest hym ne leues.[1] [1] F. þou louest hym nat þat þou by lyues
And ouer al he loueþ þe best;
And þou ne wolt a nihtes gest
Leten hym herborwe in þin hous!
þou art vnkynde and[1] Meruylous, [1] F. ryȝt
þat al þe ȝer þou letest him weyue,
Wiþ worschipe woltou not him resceyue.
God Manaseþ for þis chesun,
ffor[1] riht hit wole and eke resun: [1] F. And
ffor suche men aren holden vntrewe
In þe Olde lawe and in þe newe.

The Old Law enjoind Confession once a year.

Comaunded[1] In þe Olde lawe was [1] F. Comaundement
Ones in þe ȝeer to schewe þi trespas.

The New Law says, "Receive thy Creator once yearly."

þe newe lawe is of þe more honour,
Ones in þe ȝeer[1] resceyue þi creatour, [1] F. Ones to
Ones a ȝer him to knoweleche,
þi lord to plese for doute of wreche.
þat prest i blame ouer alle þinge,
Wiþ-outen gret skil þat letteþ to synge;
ffor mony a soule mihte I-saued be[1] [1] F. þe saued
Wiþ þat Masse þat penne leueþ he.[2] [2] F. he haþ leued
ffor alle þat in þe[1] peyne Is, [1] om. in F.
Abydeþ socour of þe Mes,

The Mass helps souls in Purgatory.

ffor eueri Masse makeþ Memorie
Of soules þat aren In purgatorie.
Muche þonk schal he[1] haue [1] F. þat prest
þat helpeþ soules for to saue;

No þing may so muchel avayle
Of heore peynes and heore trauayle
As þe sacrament of þe Auteer,
Hit[1] makeþ hem of peynes cleer.[2] [1] F. Ne [2] so c. 424
And þat may I schewe apertely
Bi a tale of seynt Gregori:

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 318—320.

(3.) Narracio felicis presbiteri.

3. *Tale of the priest Felix.*

Seint Gregori seiþ for þe same:
Hit was a prest, ffelix his name; 428
Bi-syde he wonede[1] in a paþe, [1] F. hys wonyng
Was a wassching In an hote baþe.
He livd near a hot Bath;
þis prest ofte þider 3ede,
To wassche him whon he hedde nede. 432
þis prest þer euer [redi][1] he fonde [1] F. redy
A Mon to wassche him,[2] to foot and honde;
He drou3 his hosen of and his schon [2] F. þat serued hym
Anul redi was hem on to don; 436
and when he washt in it, a Man always attended to him,
At eueri tyme he þider com
His herneis[1] feire of he nom, [1] F. Hys shone & hys hosen
And seruede him at eueri tyde
In þat watur and ofte[1] beo-syde. [1] F. eke 440
þis prest þat com þider so ofte,
þat þis mon þer seruede so softe,
He ne askede hym neuer-more
Wheþen he was ne hou he com þore; 444
but he never askt the Man who he was.
But eueri tyme he was redi
And seruede hi*m* ful apertely.[1] [1] F. peynybly (penyblely)
þis prest þou3te, "he serueþ me wel,
His trauayle wol I quite sum-del." 448
On a day he þider þouhte
And twey loues wiþ hym he brouhte.
In to þat baþ 3eode þat prest
And wusch him as he dude nest; 452
þis mon was þere him a3eyn,
To serue hi*m* wel he dude his Mayn.
þis prest, whon he scholde go,[1] [1] F. furþe go
He 3af þis mon þis loues two, 456
One day, Felix gave the Man 2 loaves.
And þonked him muchel his seruyse,
And more he scholde haue[1] oþurwyse. [1] F. he wulde

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 320, 321.

þis Mon onswerde þis prest a-ʒeyn :
" þis bred ʒe bringeþ to me in veyn,
ffor neuer-more schal I ʒete
Bred ne non oþur mete :

The Man said he was then a corpse:

I am a Mon þat is ded,
þat neuer-more schal ete bred."
þe prest asked : " on what manere
Is hit þat þou wonest here ?"
þis Mon onswerde in þat tyde :[1]

[1] F. a. & seyd

formerly he was a Lord: now he serv'd for his sin.

" I was lord here ar I dyede,[2]
And þis seruise þat I am Inne
Is þe peyne for my synne.

[2] F. deyde

He begd Felix to offer the 2 loaves on the Altar,

Bote I þe preye *par* charite,
Offre on þe Auter þes loues for me ;
And I beseche þe ouer alle þynge

and sing 6 Masses for him.

þat sixe Masses for me þou synge ;
And héo weore songen, I hope to wende
In to þe Ioye wiþ-outen ende.
And whon þe sixte masse is left,

Then, if he didn't come to the Bath, he'd be in Bliss.

ʒif þou ne fynde me her eft,
Trouwe [þou] þenne forsoþe i-wis
þat for þi preyere I am in Blis."
þis prest al þat wike longe
ffor þis[1] mon preyede and songe.

[1] F. þys same

He did not come, but went to Bliss.

And whon þe wike was al gon,
þe prest com þidere, and fond non ;
He hopede[1] wel þat he was brouht
To blisse, for he ne fond him nouht.—

[1] F. beleuede þan

End of the 3rd Tale.

Beo þis tale ʒe may se
þat hit is gret Charite
Masses for þe dede to synge,
þe soules [out] of pyne forte bringe.

The Sacrament of the Altar has power over all things.

Ouer[1] alle þing hit haþ pouwer,
þe sacrament of þe Auter,
And nomeliche whon hit is don
Wiþ good monnes deuocion ;
Him wol god sannore here
þen on þat is him nouht so dere.
In þe seueþe Comaundement
Toucheþ to þis sacrament

[1] F. Passyng

In a tale of þat[1] kniht, [1] F. a
Hou þe prest þat liueþ not riht,
Of his preyere is luytel prou,
And þere hit telleþ wel hou.[1] [1] See F. p. 72-76.
And I schal telle anoþur here
Of a Masse of a good frere:

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 321, 322.

A bad Priest's prayer is of little worth.

(4.) Hou a man of Soufolk was saued þorou a masse.

4. *Tale of the Suffolk Man.*

A Mon in Souþfolk ones dyed,
Bi-sydes Sudburi, as men seid.
ffor þat mon such grace was diht
þat him was graunted to come a niht
fforte speke wiþ his wyf,
To mende þe fautes of his lyf.
"3ef a Masse," he seide,[1] "were for me don [1] om. in F.
Wiþ a good monnes deuocion,
I hope to Ioye for to go
And beo dilyueret of al my wo.
I preye þe, dame, par charite
To trauayle so muche for me."
Heo graunted hym þat ilke bone,
And ros vppon þe morwen sone
And to þe ffreres sone heo eode,
þer heo hopede best to spede.
Heo com and spac wiþ a ffrere
And preyed heo moste his masse here,
And for hire hosebondes soule to synge,
And heo wolde 3iue hym offringe.
þe ffrere dude hire a Mes
In Comuyn, as þe seruise is.
Whon þis Masse I-songen was,
Heo wente hom a good pas.
þe niht aftur þenne com he.
"Slepestou?" he seide. "nay," seide heo;
"Are 3e 3it," heo seyde, "in blis?
þe Masse for ow I-songen is."
"þe Masse," he seide, "þou dudest do,[1] [1] F. be do
A parti hit helpeþ[2] me þerto; [2] F. halpe
Mi part ich hedde of þat Mes
As of þing þat Comuyn is.

A man died near Sudbury,

and got leave to go to his wife,

and ask her to get a Mass sung for him.

She got a Friar

to sing a Mass "in common" for her husband.

The Sudbury man came back and told

his wife that a bit of a Mass wouldn't do for him,

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 322, 323.

ȝif on weore specialy for me seid,
Of my peyne I were ful leyd,[1] [1] *al.* F.
ȝif þe prest were of lyf so good
he must have one all to himself, sung by a Priest of good life. þat God his preyere vndurstood;
I hope þenne grace to haue
þat his Masse mihte me saue;"
Ofte he seide to his wyf:
"A prest, A prest of clene lyf!"
So his Wife, On þe Morwen forþ heo eode
To þe ffreres eft to[1] spede, [1] F. et god
thro' a Prior, And schewed hit to þe priour,
And preyed him of socour;
ȝif he hedde eny broþur
þat he kneuh[1] beter þen oþur, [1] F. hopede were
"þat wol synge me a Mes
ffor a Mon þat ded is,
At[1] myn ese he schal haue [1] F. And at
To a pitaunce what he wol craue."
got a holy þe prior spac to[1] a ffrere [1] F. vn-to
And preyed him on alle manere
þat he wolde a Masse synge
ffor þat soule heo made preyinge.
Friar to þe ffrere was an holy mon;
And ar [þat] he his Masse bi-gon,
He preyed to god his orison,
Wiþ[1] a gret deuocion,[2] [1] F. Yn [2] affliyccyoun
þat hit mihte ben *him* to pay,
sing a Mass for her husband only. þe Masse þat he scholde synge to-day.
Whon þe Masse was don to þe ende,
He bad þe wommon hom [to] wende,
"And whon þou more eft heres,
Cum and sey to vre ffreres!"
Next night þe niht aftur—lustneþ now!—
He com and seide: "slepestou?"
"Nay," heo sayde, "hou fare ȝe?"
"Wel," he seide, "and so worþ þe!"
"Sire, weore ȝe a-payed of þat Mas
þat for ow to-day songen was?"
her husband came, and told her that "ȝe," he seide, "graunt Merci!
þat Masse to me is more worþi

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 323, 324.

Þen al þe world an hundred siþe,
Ne miht haue mad me neuer[1] so bliþe. [1] F. half
His preyere was to god so dere, [1] F. þat he besoghte wyþ
ffor al þat he preyede[1] he wolde here; 580 this separate Mass
Þeih he hedde preiȝed for a þousund mo,
ffrom peyne to blisse þei hedde i-go;[1] [1] F. he had broȝt þo
ffor what þing he hedde asked bone, 583
God wolde ha[1] grauȝted him ful[2] sone. [1] F. God hade [2] as
Haue good day! for now I wende had won him everlasting Joy.
To þat Ioye wiþ-outen ende.
God lete þe[1] neuere þer-of mis, [1] F. vs
Þou ne he,[1] to haue þat blis." [1] F. Wyþ-outyn ende 588
Þe wyf com sone on þe Morn
And fel on knes þat ffrere bi-forn
And tolde him þer eueridel
Hou he for his preyere was wel. 592
And þat ffrere ful wel he[1] lette, [1] F. þarby
And þonked God, for Ioye he grette. *End of the 4th Tale.*
Wel weore hym at his endynge
Hedde such a prest for him to synge!— 596
In þis tale schewed is:
Of[1] alle þing good is þe mes, [1] F. Ouer
Þe[1] sacrament on þe Auter [1] F. For þe
Ouer alle passeþ his pouwer. [1] 2 vv. om.:
In þe Masse þei hem a-fye ffor hyt makeþ mencyun of þe passyun
Þe soules þat are in purgatorie.[1] As Iesu cryst to deþ was doun
Þe sone is offred to þe ffadur of heuene Christ is offerd to God
ffor þe soules þe prest wol nempne; 604 for the Souls the Priest names.
Þat is þus for to[1] mene: [1] F. Also þys tale wyl
ȝif þe prest beo good and clene,
Þenne wol Ihesu crist hym heere,
ffor what þyng he makeþ preyere; 608
Preye he for soule or for bodi,
Þat aren in pyne or[1] in nuy, [1] F. or here
Boþe wol god almihti saue
What þe gode prest wolde haue. 612
Not only for soulus is he herd, Both the dead and the living
Bote eke for vs here in þis world.
Beo a Mon in seknesse or in prisun,
Weyferynge, or in temptaciun, 616

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 321—326.

are helpt by the Eucharist.

Or in eny oþur trauayle,
þe sacrament wol vs a-vayle;
Hit wol delyuere vs out of peyn,
ȝif vr trouþe beo certeyn.
And þat was wel schewed in dede
In Engelonde, so seiþ seint Bede:
In his Bokes writen hit is,
A feir Miracle of þe Mes:

5. *Bede's Tale of the Knight Ruyna (or Ymma and Tuna).*

(5.) Narratio Bedæ.[1]

[1] Cf. Hist. Eccl. IV. c. 22.

In Bede's day was a battle between K. Edfrid and the King of Lindesay,

near the Trent.

Elswyn was slain.

þat[1] tyme seint Bede was liuonde,[2]
Weore Mony kynges in þis londe.
Bi-twene two was gret Batayle—
þerfore i telle þis Meruayle;
þat on hiht Edfride, of North Cuntre,
þat oþur of lindeseye was he.
Edfride hedde gret seygneri,
Seynt Andreu hosbonde of hely.
þis Batayle was bi boþe heore a-sent
Bi-sydes a watur men calleþ Trent.
Sire Elfride[1] broþur hette Eleswynne,[2]
He was slayn þat Batayle Inne;
On boþe partys ne was non
So feir a kniht of fflesch and bon,
Ne non so douhti was of Armes—
þerfore seint Bede pleynede his harmes.

[1] F. What
[2] man lyuande
[1] F. Audre
[1] r. Edfrides
[2] F. Elfwynne

A knight Ruyna was nearly kild.

A-noþur kniht was[1] feld doun
Nerhonde ded, and fel in swoun;
þe nome of þis ȝonge kniht
Ruyna,[1] seiþ seint Bede, he hiht.

[1] F. also was
[1] F. Iumna

When Ruyna recoverd,

Whon þis Ruyna hedde long leyn,
He keuerde, and seet vp aȝeyn,
And stopped his wounds þei schulde not blede,
And, as he mihte, þennes he ȝede,
To seche him help sumwher to haue,
Of[1] frendes fynde him to saue.

[1] F. Or

he was seizd by K. Coldred, and handed to an Earl.

As he wente wiþ muchel drede,
He was taken wiþ kyng Coldrede;[1]
And brouht him [1]to a lordyng,
An Erl, þat heold of þe kyng.

[1] F. Eldrede
[1] F. vn-

Þe Erl asked him what he was,
And wher he hedde ben in hard cas.
ffor doute of deþ he was a-friht
And dorste not seye he was a kniht;
He seide: "sire, ȝif þi wille[1] be, [1] MS. welle
I am an hosebonde-mon[1] of þe cuntre, [1] F. om. mon
I was wont to lede vitayle
To knihtes þat weoren in Batayle;
And nou I am a pore mon,
þus fro þis Batayle I com,[1] [1] F. wan
And wolde fonde to haue[1] my lyf, [1] F. saue
Til I may come to my wyf."
þis Erl dude a leche bi stoundes
To tente[1] to hym, to hele his woundes. [1] F. Tende
þat tyme was here mony þeodes,
Mony vsages, and[1] mony leodes, [1] F. yn
ffor vche a kyng in þat dawes[1] [1] F. dawe
Vsede his diuerse lawes:
Sum*m*e were cristene in vre fay,
And su*m*me leeuede in paynymes lay;
þ*er*fore þat tyme was muchel þro,
And ofte was boþe werre and wo.
ȝif a kniht[1] miht oþer men take, [1] F. kyng
He scholde hem sulle or i*n* seruage make.
Wherfore i telle so of þis kniht:
Þe Erl let him bynde eueriche niht,
þat he ne scholde from hym fle
Ne stele a-wey to his cuntre.
ffor al þat þei mihte him bynde,
Ofte loos þei dude hym fynde;
Neuer so faste þeih heo him bou*n*de,
Loos a-noþur tyme þei him fou*n*de.
þis bounden kniht, Ruyna,
Hedde a Broþur, þat hihte Tymma;[1] [1] F. Tumna
þis Tymma was prest Religious,
ffor he was Abbot of an hous,
So longe he liuede in þat estre
þat his nome heet Tymmestre;[1] [1] F. Tuncestre
þat tyme,[1] as ich vndurstonde, [1] F. tounne
Hit was in Northhu*m*berlonde.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 326, 327.

Ruyna said he was a husbandman.

The Earl had him cured,

and then bound every night, to stop his running away.

Ruyna's brother, Abbot Tymma,

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 327, 328.

þis Abbot hedde tiþinges certeyne
þat Ruyna was in Batayle slayne.
He com to Trent, þis Abbot Tymma,
And fond a bodi lyk to Ruyna;
Honorabliche he dude hit graue
In his chirche *þer* he wolde hit haue,
And song þerfore day and oþur:
He wende hit hedde ben his broþur.
þauh Tymma hedde chosun wrong,
His broþ*ur* hedde þe good*us*[1] of þe song—
ffor God al wot, and wust hit þere
ffor whom he made his preyere:—
þeih men a-niht þis kniht bounde,
A-Morwe þei hym loos founde,
Men mihte hym neu*er*e bynde so fest[1]
þat þei[1] þat tyme nolde al to-berst.
þe men þat hedde þis kniht in holde,
þis wondur to þe Erl þei tolde.
þe Erl hedde þer-of gret wondur
þat þis bondes weore so in-sondur;
He seide, him-self wolde wiþ h*im* speke
And wite whi his bondes dude breke.
Bi-fore þe Erl was he set,[1]
And þe Erl feire he gret.
"Sey me," he seide, "þou belamy,
Const þou wel on sorcery?
Sum wicche-craft I trouwe þou bere
þat þi bondes þe not dere;
ffforsoþe," he seyde, "sum*w*hat þou dos
þat euer-more þei fynde þe loos."
He seide: "wicche-craft con I nouht,
Ne for me schal non beo wrouht,
Ne I nul be by fendes craft
vn-bounde beo,[1] bi no wicche-craft.
Sire Erl," he seide, "hit is a-noþur:
In my cuntre I haue a Broþur,
þat leeueþ wel þat I beo slayn,
ffor I com not hom aȝeyn;
ffor me he syngeþ vche day a Mes—
prest, abbot forsoþe he is.

[1] F. godenesse

[1] F. yn bondes so feste

[1] the bonds]

[1] F. fette

[1] F. ne

came to the Trent, found a body like Ruyna, buried it,

and sang daily Mass for it.

So that, tho' Ruyna was bound every night, he was, thro' the Mass, free every morning.

The Earl askt him what witchcraft this was thro'.

Ruyna told the Earl that his Brother the Abbot's

singing Mass

I wot wel, þat is þe enchesun
Þat my Bondus here[1] vndon;
ffor no þing ne haues pouwer
Aʒeyn þe sacrament of þe auter.
ffor, ʒif I weore ded, in oþur werld,
His preyere for me weore I-herd,
To bringe me out of peyne and wo,
And siþen to blisse forte go."
  Al þat Meyne and þat Erl
Leeuede wel he was no cherl,
as[1] he to-fore hem hedde i-seid
Whon þei on hym furst hond leyd;
Bi his semblaunt and feir beryng
Hym semed wel a gret[1] lordyng,
Bi his speche þei vndurstood
Þat he was mon of gentil blod.
  Þe Erl tok him in priuite,
Wheþen he was telle scholde he;
"Sey me soþ, and, as I am trewe[1] kniht,
Þou schalt no skaþe haue, be my miht."[1]
  "Seþþhe þou me bi-hotest pes and griþ,
I am þe kynges mon Eldriþ;[1]
Armes I bar in þat Batayle,
Wiþ my pouwer him to auayle."
  "So me þhouʒte," seide þe Erl,
"Þou[1] semed not to ben a cherl.
Bote for þi knowlechyng her me bye[2]
Þou weore worþi for to dye,
ffor þou halp[3] þer to slo,
Þat al my kynde is ded me fro;
Bote, for I er sikerde þe,
Scha[l]t þou haue no skaþe for me."
  He eode and sold him for Raunsoun
At Londone to a ffrisoun.
A ffrisoun, ʒe schul vndurstonde,
Is a Mon of ffrys-londe.
  Þis ffrisoun scholde þis Mon forþ lede,
And dude on him bondes for drede,
ffor a-skapyng bi þe weye
He dude bondes on him leye.

[1] F. are so

[1] MS. And as

[1] F. to be a

[1] om. in F.

[1] F. ne plyʒt

[1] F. Edfryth

[2] F. But for þat y here þe seye

[3] F. hylpe

736

740

744

748

752

756

760

764

768

772

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 328, 329.

undid his bonds,

as it would loose him from Purgatory.

At the Earl's request,

Ruyna confesses he is K. Edfrith's man.

The Earl sells Ruyna to a Fristan in London,

who puts bonds on him,

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 329, 330.

Bot þat vaylede him no-þyng
Neuer a day, þat byndyng:
ffor in þat tyme þe masse was songen,

but the Mass bursts them.

þe bondes to-barst and al to-sprongen.
þis ffrison þhouȝte: "hou may þis beo?
He may riht wel from me fleo;
Happyliche hit a-vayleþ[1] nouht [1] F. vayled
þe Catel þat I wiþ him bouht."

The Frisian offers Ruyna his freedom if he'll pay what he cost.

þe ffrison seide: "wolt þou wel
Restore a-ȝeyn al my Catel,
And I schal ȝiue þe leue to go
To þi Cuntre þat þou com fro.
But furst þou schalt me trouþe pliht,
And trewely hold hit wiþ al þi miht,
To bringe þe Catel I ȝaf for þe,
And elles I graunte þe not fre."
He grau*n*ted him al þat he seide,
And trouþe in hond wiþ hym he leide.

Ruyna gets the money from K. Loyre of Canterbury,

þis Ruyna wente to kyng loer,
þat was kyng of Caunturber—
He was seint Andreus[1] suster sone, [1] F. Audre
And Ruyna was wont wiþ hym[1] to wone; [1] F. here
Of al his stat, boþe wo and wele,
Ruyna told him eueridele.
þe kyng ȝaf him his Raunsun;
And [he] bar hit to londun to þat ffrisun.

and then goes to his brother Tymma,

Seþþe eode he hom, þis kniht Ruyna,
To his broþur, Abbot Timma,

and tells him how T. helpt him.

And tolde him of al his wo-fare
And of his cu*m*fort in al his care.
þis Abbot wel vndurstood
þat his Masse dude him gret good
And þe sacrament gon hym borwe
Out of seruage and out of sorwe.

End of the Tale.

þis tale telleþ vs seynt Bede
In his gestes þat we Rede.—

So, learn that Masses help us here, as well as souls in Purgatory.

Bi þis tale may men lere
þat Masses helpeþ vs wel here:
ffor vs liuynge hit makeþ Memorie,
Also for þe soules in purgatorie.

Vche mon schal leeue þat riht
þat helpen hit wolle as [hit] dude[1] þe kniht.
þis sacrament helpeþ not ȝit alone,
Bote þe offrynges euerichone,
Al þat we offre atte Mes,
Al to vre saluacion hit is.
Not only forte saue þe dede,[1]
þe quike hit saueþ also and rede;[1]
As wel haue þe quike þe prou
As þe dede þerof þe vertu nou[1];
Quike and dede, More and lesse
Ben I-saued þorwh þe Messe.
þe Offringe is as a present,
þat helpeþ vs wiþ þe sacrament,
To þe ffadur of heuene tentefuly,
ffor whom þou offerest to haue Merci.
A tale I fond ones I-writen,
And as I sauh hit, I wol ȝe witen,
And wel a-cordeþ in alle þinge
þat God is payed of good offringe.

[1] F. þat holpe wyl be as was
[1] F. þo þat dede beþ
[1] F. redeþ
[1] om. in F.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 330, 331.

The offering at the Mass helps us too.

(6.) Of a man þat was closed in a mynne.

6. *The Miner helpt by his Wife's Mass-offerings.*

Hit was a Mon bi-ȝonde þe séć,
A Mynour, wonede In a Citee.
Mynours, þei makeþ *in* hulles holes,
As men don þat secheþ coles.
þe[1] Mynour souht stones vndur molde
þat Men of maken seluer and golde.
He wrouhte and holede in þe hille.
A perilous chaunce fel hym tille:
A gret parti of þe Myne
ffel doun þer and closed hym Inne.
His felawes alle þat weren hym hende,
þat he weore ded wel þei wende;
þei eode and tok hem alle to Rede,
And tolde his wyf þat he was dede.
þis wo*m*mon bi-menede hir hosebonde sore—
God leeue þat mony such wymme*n* wore!—
Heo helped his soule in alle þynge,
In almes-dede and in offringe;

[1] r. þis

A Miner

dug in a hill.

The Mine fell in,

and the Miner was thought dead.

His Wife

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*. p. 332, 333.

Heo Offred for him atte Auter
fful of wyn a picher,
And [a] feir lof wiþ-al,
offerd a pitcher of wine and a loaf daily at the Altar, for a year, save on 1 day.
Eueri day as[1] principal, [1] F. as for a
And al þat twelf-moneþ stabely,
Bote o day þat passed forby.
ffewe suche wymmen [now] we fynde
þat to heore hosebondes are so kynde!
Bote þis wyf wiþ al hire miht
Dude for him [boþe[1]] day and niht. [1] F. boþe; MS. Vern. om.

At the year's end the Miner's mates
Hit fel at þe twelfmoneþ ende,
His felawes to þe hul gon wende,
And come to þat same stude eft
þer þei heore felawe in werk left.
Riht þere þei furst bi-gon
dug down to him, and found him safe and sound.
þei percede þorwh in to þe Mon:
þe Mon In good stat þei founde,
Liuinge, wiþ-outen wem or wounde.
Euerichone þei hedde ferly,
And þat was gret Resun why!
Alle þo men weore in gret weer
How he hedde lyued al þat ȝer.
Bote þenne he tolde hem euerichon
How he hedde lyued þer al-on:
He told 'em that his Wife had sent him bread and wine every day save 1.
"I haue I-liued gracious lyf
þorwh cortesye of my wyf:
Eueri day heo haþ me sent
Bred and wyn to present;
But o day, þenne eȝt I nouht,
ffor my mete me nas not brouht."
þei ladde þe mon in to þe toun,
And tolde þis Miracle vp and doun,
ffurst þorwh þe Citéé,
And seþþe þorwh al þe contre.
Hit com in spekyng[1] atte laste [1] F. þey asked hym
The day he fasted
þat day þat he dude faste.
He tolde hem þe dayes name,
And his wyf seide þe same:
þat day heo offrede neuer a del,
was the Good Friday when
þe goode ffriday hit mihte be wel.

Now may ȝe here þat almes-dede
Gostlyche wole a mon fede,
And so may ȝe wel vnderstande
þat God is payed of good offrande.—
ffor al þis tale in ȝor lyues
Trustneþ not in ȝor wyues,
Ne in ȝour children no-þing;
Makeþ or-self ȝour offring!
So kynde a wo*m*mon as I of tolde
Liueþ not now, beo ȝe bolde!
Ne no clerk þat þis redes
Schal fynde non nou of so kynde dedes.—
ȝe men þat are nou In *pr*esent,
þat hereþ rede þis sacrament,
Ouer alle þing hit haþ power,
þe sacrament on þe Auter,
As I haue here to ow i-schewed,
Not to lered bote to lewed.
ȝe lewede men, I telle hit ow—
þis clerkes con hit wel I-nouh.
Preiȝe we þenne vr creatour,
þat[1] þe sacrame*n*t, vr saueour,
þat Bodi and soule he wol vs saue,
And we hi*m* to[1] loue and he us to[1] haue. Ame*n*.

Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 333.

his Wife didn't offer at the Altar.

End of the Tale.

But don't you trust to your wives! Make your offerings yourselves!

[1] om. in F.

[1] om. in F.

Let us pray that the Sacrament, Christ, will save us!

End of R. Brunne extract.

XXXII. Hou a man schal lyue parfytly.*

(A translation of the first part of St. Edmund's Speculum).

[1] IN nome of him Alweldyng
þat is vr heiȝe heuene-kyng,
Takeþ hede here in alle wyse
To fleo þe sunne of Couetyse
And alle þe dedly Synnes samed
þat her-aftur schul beo named.

[1] The following Introduction (1—50) agrees with the Index to the prose-transl. in MS. Vernon (but is wanting in MS. Thornton).

fol. ccxxvii.

Flee Covetousness.

* This treatise follows the Gospels without being separated from them, either by a larger Initial or special title; yet it is a separate treatise, being a translation of the first part of St. Edmund's Speculum; it was made perhaps from a prose translation such as is found in MS. Vern., f. ccclv., and Thornton (E. E. T. Soc. 1867, p. 15 seq.). The sense is frequently obscured and corrupted. Another translation of St. Edmund's Speculum is þe Spore of Loue, p. 268 ff. The Speculum is printed in De La Bigne's Magna bibliotheca veterum patrum, ed. Col. 1618, vol. XIII, p. 355.

You shall be told,
1. how to live perfectly;
2. God's will;

Ȝe mouwe also here hardily
Hou mon schal lyue p*a*rfytly;
Þe*n*ne schul Ȝe here also
What is Þe wille of god eue*r*mo;

3. what makes men holy;

Also schul Ȝe here now rede
What Þing makeþ mon holy in dede;

4. self-knowledge;

Þen schul Ȝe here, Ȝif Ȝe wol trouwe,
Hou mon schal him-self knowe,
In bodi and in soule also,
Wher he liue treweli or ne do;

5. God's goodness;

Also mowe Ȝe here in hiȝ
Þe godnesse of god Þat is eue*r* redi;

6. how to spend time;

Þen mowe Ȝe heere in Þis ryme
How a Mon schal spende his tyme.

7. how to contemplate God in creatures;

Also heere lerne we may
Hou Þat we schule vre lord pay.[1]
Herkneþ alle feire and stille:

[1] Spec.: Quomodo homo debet contemplari Deum in creatura.

8. God's will as in holy writ;

Heere schul Ȝe so of godus wille,
As witnesseþ folliche hit
Þe Bok Þat is cald hóli writ:

9. the 7 deadly Sins;

Þe seuen dedlich sy*nn*us, Þe braun*c*hes also,
I wol Ȝow telle, ar Ȝe go;

10. the 7 evangelical Virtues;
11. the 7 Gifts of the Holy Ghost;

Þe seuen ve*r*tuwes of Ion Þe Ewangelist,[1]
Þat[2] was ful wel wiþ Ihesu Crist;
Þe seuen Ȝiftus of Þe holigost,
Þe whuche ben of mihtes most,
And of heore strengþe also I-feere
Sumwhat Þenne mowe Ȝe lere;

[1] = the seven blessings, which however are given in Math. 5, 3. Spec.: De 7 virtutibus evangelicis.
[2] MS. Þas

12. the Ten Commandments;

Þen schul Ȝe heere in presens
Whuch ben Þe ten Comaundemens;

13. the 3 Virtues, Faith, Hope, Love;

Þe[n] schul Ȝe heere feir and briht
Of Þreo[1] vertuwes and of heore miht,
Þat is ffeiþ, good hope, and loue,
Þat wol vs bringe to blisse aboue;

[1] cf. v. 857 ff., where the 4 cardinal virtues (45—8) are included.

14. the 12 Articles of the Creed;

Of Þe twelf Articles of Þe ffey
Schul we also sumwhat sey;

15. the 7 Sacraments;

Of Þe seuen Sacramens,
Þat euer ben in godus p*r*esens;

16. the 4 chief Virtues;

So schul Ȝe heere sum or al
Þe ffoure vertuwes Principal:

Prouwesse, Rihtwisnesse, and Meth,
Strengþe also wiþ hem he geth; 48
Of þe seuen werkes [of merci] also— 17. the 7 Works of Mercy.
Lord, ȝif vs grace hem wel to do.—

Videte vocacionem vestram. (Paul, 1 Cor. 1, 26.) *Religious Calling.*

Þis wordus here þat I ow say,
To Religious men longen þay; 52
Þus muche ben þei forte mene,
As ȝe schul heere al bydeene:
"Seo," he[1] seiþ, "bi-holde ȝe [1] se. Poul 'See to what ye are
To what þing ȝe cleped be." 56 called!'
Þat he seiþ, hem to redresse
And to sturen hem to Parfytnesse.
ffor[1] eueri Mon þat lyueþ here [1] r. þerfor The Religious have reason
Ouhte ha Ioye and Serwe I-fere: 60 to joy
Ioye for þe worþily wonynge
Þat is ordeynt to wel lyuynge,[1] [1] MS. Th.: Ioy for þe holy religion
Serwe also to haue þerbi and sorrow,
ffor vre liuynge vnrihtfuli. 64
ffor her seiþ seint Eusebi
Wordus þat ben ful dredfuly:
"A Mon to Religiun him dresse for the religious state
Is aller-hext sikernesse; 68 is the highest safety or the
Not *parfyt* liue þer-inne son deepest damnation.
Is aller-hext Dampnacion."
In Religiun we to beo don
Is aller-hext Saluacion: 72
ȝif þow wolt þat saluacion *proue*,
Al þat is good þou most loue,
Þou most loue[1] eke also [1] r. leue
Al þat Religius[2] longeþ to; [2] r. þe world? 76
Þou most al þi wille ȝiue
Parfytly and sikerly to liue.
And seint *Bernard* vs techeþ in hiȝ 1. To live perfectly, is, as
To liue Mekeli, loueli, and worschipfuli. 80 St. Bernard teaches, to live meekly, lovely, and
Þat "worschipfuli" is to mene, worshipfully; worshipfully as towards
To Godus worschipe feir and clene, God, in doing
Þat þou do al þyn entent His will.
To don al his Comaundement; 84

To don his biddyng þou not asterte
In al þat þou may þenke wiþ herte,
And loke þou no þing *þer*-of breke
Whatever you do with any of your Five Wits, Wiþ al þat þou wiþ mouþ mai speke, 88
Or worche in dede wiþ-oute striue
Wiþ eny of þi wittes fyue,
Wiþ siȝt of Eȝe, wiþ Tonge tastyng,
Smellyng of Neose, of Ere heryng; 92
What þou dost bi wei or strete
Wiþ bodi worching, going wiþ feete,
Liggyng, stondyng, þenkyng[1] also, [1] r. sittyng
see if it be God's will or no. If it is, do it; if not, don't. Loke ȝif hit beo godus wille or no. 96
ȝif hit beo his wille, do hit son;
ȝif hit ne beo, hit not don,
Do hit not þenne for no maystrie,
þouȝ þou scholdest *þer*fore dye.— 100
2. What is God's will? That we be holy. *Þe*nne mony mon loud and stille
Wol aske, what is godus wille.
Hit is to vs boþe more and les
3. Then learn what makes a man holy. To haue vs euere in holynes.— 104
þenne is to wite what, and whi,
þat makeþ a mon þenne holi.
Two þinges þer ben In worchyng:
a. Knowledge of Truth, þat on is loue, þat oþur knowyng; 108
þat is knowyng of alle soþnes,
b. Love of goodness. And loue of alle grete goodnes.
To know God, that is Truth, thou must know thyself. To knowyng of god þat is soþnes
Maist þou not come in blod and flesch, 112
Bote to knowe[1] þin owne flesch,[2] [1] r. þorw knowyng [2] r. self?
And also[3] godus grete goodnes, [3] r. to loue of
Maistou not come, as I þe mene,
Wiþ-outen loue of þin Euencristene. 116
To knowyng of þi-sel[f] maistou
Come þorwh good þenkyng nou;[1] [1] Sp. per frequentem meditacionem
þou mayȝt come to godus knowynge
þorwh þin owne feire plesynge.[2] [2] per puram contemplacionem
4. Self-knowledge may be got by thinking what we were, are, and shall be. To knowe þi-self old or ȝinge
Maistou come bi þis bithinkynge:
þenk bisiliche, I preye þe,
What þou weore, art, and schalt be, 124

ffurst as to þi bodi here,
Seþþhe to þi soule þat is so dere.
As to þi bodi: foulore hit is
þen euer was eny donge, I-wis—
Was neuer ȝit dounge so foule
þat wolde so stinke, rote and moule;
þou weore in so gret fulþe igete,
Abhominable hit is *þer*of to speke;
þou schalt beo dilyueret to frete
To Todus and oþur wormes mete.
What þou hast ben & art, haue in mynde,
þat þi soule beo not beo-hynde;—
What þi soule schal beo in tyme comyng,
May no mon knowe but heuene-kyng.
  þenk þou hast In chele and hete
I-do mony wikkednesse and grete,
þenk also, hem to redresse
þow hast laft mony gret goodnesse.
  þenk also, þat þis beo not weyued,
þat longe hast lyued, and muche reseiued,
And hou þou hast spendet þat reseit;
To þe þenne wol þis beo ful streit:
ffor vch a tyme, drede þe nouȝt,
þat þou hast not on god I-þouȝt,
þou hast so loren of þi dispens
And don aȝeyn þi lordus defens—
ffor hit is vr lordus biddyng
To loue him ouer al oþur þyng.
ffor þou schalt ȝelde also a-counte
What vch an Idel word wol amounte,
Also to Acountes þou schalt beo brouȝt
ffor eu*e*rieh Idel werk and þouht;
And as vch an her on þin hed is wried
þat is saued schal beo glorifyed,
Also schal no þing ascape
Wiþ-outen a-co*u*nte erly or late. . . .
ffor þe soule þer hit is holde,
Is more þen al þis worldus molde—
Here is muche of godus grace!
ȝit schal hit ocupye no place.

Our body is viler than dung, was bred in filth,
and shall be worms' food.
What our soul shall be, God only knows.
What has it been?
Think of our many and great sins,
and how we have spent our time.
Whenever we have not thought on God,
we have lost our time.
We shall be cald to account for every idle deed and thought.

Our bodies and souls are all astray.

Þe Bodi and þe soule ben al a-stray,
Diuerse þouȝtes, willes, disires al day:
Ho mihte þenne seche his herte so niȝ
To ȝiue acountes al trewely
Of al þat euere he hedde mys-wrouht
Or eny mis-dede hedde in þouht?
Seoþ now, breþeren bi ten or twelue,
How ȝe ha neode to knowe or-selue!—

Our soul now has little good, little sense and power.

Tac good ȝeme what þou [now] art
To soule, and let hit not astart,
Whon þou hast in þe luytel of goode,
Luitel of wit and pouwer and moode,
Þis is þus muche forte say

We covet things of no worth.

Þat þou coueytest vche a day
Þing þat nouht is worþ in dede
Ne þat þe helpe mai at gret nede.
Help vs god þat sitteþ on lofte,

We are often deceivd by vainglory, hope and fear.

ffor elles beo we bigyled ofte,
Oþurwhile þorwh Ragynge as vnwitti,
And oþurwhile beo veyn[1] glori;

[1] MS. veny

Now are we trauaylet in to drede I-lope,
Now beo þe wey of fals hope.

We are changeable.

Þow art so chaungable be-hynde & bi-forn,
Þat we wol to-day we wol not to-morn;
Ofte vr-seluen for to plese
Are we aboute worldly ese,
But we haue hem at vr wille
We beo turmented, us þinkeþ wiþ[1] ille:

[1] om. wiþ

Whon þou hem at þi wille most hast,
Þen art þou wiþ hem agreued mast.

We are easily tempted.

Þenk wel ȝit, I rede þe,
Hou liht þou art to tempted be,
ffebel and Brutel to stonde a-ȝeyn,
Redi to asente wiþ al oure mayn.

5. God's goodness.

Of alle þeos Merueylous chaunces
Vr lord haþ sent vs diliueraunces,
And vche oþur day þerfore[1]

[1] r. þerfro

He vs dilyuereþ more and more.[2]

[2] r. mo

He made us in His likeness.

Whon þou weore nouȝt, he formede þe,
Þi soule to his liknesse to be,

And þy stinkynde bodi also
ffoormed he wiþ lymes two,
So feir and noble and of gret prise
þat no Mon may no such deuise.
  þenk bisiliche, ȝe
þat loueþ or ffadres and modres fre,
Whi ȝe louen hem so tenderly—
I wolde wite þe resun whi.
ȝif þou seist þus, as soþ hit is,
ffor þou wer born and geten of her flesch:
So don þe beestes, soþ to say,
þat breden of Mon and wommon al day.
þe soþe ȝif þou wol lerne þen,
Bodi ne soule nastou of hem,
But bi him ful witterli
þat is vr lord, god Almihti.
What heddestou ben, I preye þe,
ȝif þou heddest stille such i-be
In fulþe of synne as þou i-gete were?
fful Abhomynable hit is to here.
  ȝif þou loue broþur or suster þan
ffor þei ben of þat fflesch i-tan
þat þou weore þi-self also—
þerfore þat loue hast þou hem to:
þou scholdust þen loue hard and nesch
A pece of ffadur or Modur fflesch
In þis Maner, þat I sei here,
Al on Schornes[1] þeiȝ hit were.
  ȝif þou sigge in þis degre
þou louest hem, for flesch figured þei be
To þi liknes, and for þei han
Soule of god as þou hast tan:
Bi þis is he no more þi broþur
But on as muche as is a-noþur,
But in as muche neuer-þe-latur
As ȝe hedde boþe on flesch-fadur,
And þenne þe biginnyng[1] of vre flesch
Is stynkynde fulþe neuerþeles.
  Of O flesch-ffadur alle we came,
Adam was he cald bi name;

[1] r. of-shorne

[1] MS. bigimyng

We love our Father and Mother,

because we were born of them,

but our body and soul are from God.

If we love our Brother because he's one flesh with us,

we should love every man so, because we all had 1 flesh-father,

Adam.

And for he dude so gret folye,
Scholde we neuer loue her fleschlye,
We should love one another with spiritual love. Bute vche Mon þus scholde loue oþur
Gostlich here as sustur and broþur.— 248
Ihesu, þat is vr aller kyng,
As I seide atte bygynnyng,
Jesus made us, Whon þou weor nouȝt, þen formed he þe.
Whon þou weore lore, þen fond þe he, 252
Whon þou weore sold in sorwe and sinne,
redeemd us, þen bouȝt he þe wiþ muchel wynne;
Whon þou were diht, i-dampned also,
saved us. þen mihtfulliche he saued þe þo; 256
Whon þou weore boren in synne eke,
He Baptised þe wiþ wordus swete.
He puts up with our sins, And whon þou sungest, al day to se,
þen Mekeliche he soffreþ þe, 260
And longe he wol ȝit þe abyde,
Resseyue þe aftur, so may be-tyde,
And putte þe in to his swete couent,
Euer to beo to him present. 264
He waits before beating us, Whon þou mis-dost, he wol þe þrete,
Longe he bydeþ ar he wol bete;
Whon þou syngest wiþ wille fre,
He forgives us, ffuł sone wol he for-ȝiue hit þe. 268
Whon þou mis-gost eke also,
He þe Amendeþ wiþ wille ful þro,
Whon þat þou in doute artˢ ouht,
In to þe techyng he haþ þe brouht; 272
Whon þou art hungri in eny neode,
He feeds us. ffeire he ordeyneþ þe to ffeede;
Jesus warms us, Whon þou hast colde, he warmeþ þe, Mon,
Whon þou hast hete, he keleþ þe þon; 276
Whon þou wakest,[1] he saueþ þe so, [1] MS. walkest
Whon þou slepest, he kepeþ þe to;
sustains us, Whon þou rist vp, he þe sosteyneþ,
Whon þou fallest, he þe reiseþ, 280
Whon þou sittest, he halt þe ek,
Whon þou stondest, he strengþeþ þi feet,
And also, soþ for to say,
He vndursitteþ þe euere and ay; 284

Whon þou gost, he wol þe lede, — leads us,
Whon þou aȝeyn *tur*nest, resseyueþ þe eke,
Whon þou gost mis, a-ȝeyn calleþ he,[1] — [1] r. þe
Whon þou art seek, þi cu*m*fort to[2] be.— — [2] r. wol? — 288 — and comforts us.
Such goodnesses in mony degre
Haþ vr lord god I-do for þe.
And goodnesse in þyn herte wore,
þou weore holden euer-more — 292
Alle dayes to þenke [on him] I-wis, — 6. For these benefits we
And alle tymes to þonke for þis, — should always
Alle dayes to speke to [him] Aboue
And alle dayes him hertly loue,[1] — [1] = praise — 296 — praise Him,
And also wel, ȝit i þe say,
On niht as vppon þe day.
þerfore þou þat art þus wrouȝt,
At euen and morwe haue þus þi þouȝt — 300
Hou mony þousund men to say — and think how many
Han p*er*isched in þat niht or þat day, — other folk have died,
Su*m*me in bodi, soþ hit is,
Su*m*me in soule leosen her blis; — 304
Su*m*me in fuire and oþur maneere,
Su*m*me in water þat is so clere;
Su*m*me Robbed and woundet also; — been wounded,
Su*m*me sodeynly to deþ han go — 308
Wiþ-outen schrif and hosul þen
þat hem þe rihte wei scholde ken,
And for defaute of Confessiun — and perhaps been dam*n*d.
Parauntur go to dampnaciun. — 312

þEnk also, a-noþur is þis
þat niht and day moni mon is
ffalle in peril of soule way,
þat þe fend haþ mad hem stray, — 316 — We should think how many have fallen into the 7 Deadly Sins;
þat is to sei þus forþi
In þe seuen synnes dedly:
In Glotenye and Lecherie,
Monslauȝt also and Envye. — 320
And of alle þeose wikkede chau*n*ses — and from all these, Christ has deliverd us.
Haþ crist mad þe diliuerau*n*ces,
He haþ þe saued as mihti kyng
Wiþ-outen þyn owne deseruyng! — 324

What have we done for Him?

And what hastou don him and whare
Þat haþ þe kept from al þis care?
ȝif þou toke þus goode kepe
Whon þou awakest of þi slepe,
Hou mony goodnesses he haþ þe do,
And euer is to þe aboute mo,
Þow schuldest him loue souereynli
Ouer al þis world, witterli;

He is ever busy, caring for us.

Þou schalt him fynde so bisy now
Euermore a-boute þi prow
As non oþur þyng he aboute were
But þe to kepe whil þou art here.

Every morning we should thank Him

Whon þou hast þouȝt þis wyse,
A-Morwe soone vp arise
And þonke þi lord of al þis goode,
Þat for þe wolde dye on Roode,
And sei to him wiþ herte fre
In þis maner þat i sei to þe:

[1] so MS. Simeon

for keeping us safe and sound,

Gracias ago tibi, domine Ihesu criste, qui me [*miserum peccatorem*][1] *in hac nocte custodi*[*sti*], [*protexisti*], *visitasti, sanum saluum & incolimem ad hanc horam peruenire fecisti, & pro alijs vniuersis beneficiis que*[1] *michi tua sola bonitate contulisti. Qui viuis & regnas deus per omnia.*[2]

[1] MS. qui

Sey þus, for hit is to þi by-heue,
Boþe on Morwen and at eue.

[2] The English translation is omitted.

[3] Þenk þenne, I rede, also,
Ar þat þou to þi bed go,

[3] vv. 355—362 are not in the Spec.

Before going to bed,

Hou þou hast spendet þi tyme honeste
Whon þou vp ros til þou go to reste;
And whon þou hast bi-þouȝt þe wel,

we should pray God mercy for our sins.

Bi-sech god merci eueridel
Of al þe synnes þat þou hast wrouȝt,
And goodnesse þou hast do nouȝt
Whil vr lord þe lante miht,
In þat day ne in þat niht.
And loke þou do non oþur dede
Til þou haue þe Comaundet, I rede,
Þe and alle oþur goode eke
In to þe hond of god ful meke,

And þenne schaltou þus[1] say
In þis Manere, I þe pray. . . .
What þeos wordus ben to mene,
ȝe schul on Englich here bi-dene:
"In to þin hondes, lord verray,
And in to þin holy Aungeles ay,
I be-teche þis ilke niht
Mi bodi and soule to þe be diht,
Mi breþeren and my sustren alle,
And al my frendes, what-so bi-falle,
And my nexte frendes eke,
And al my gode doeres, i beo-seke,
And also I be-seche at ene
Alle oþur cristene for to mene.
Kep vs, lord, þis niht in hiȝe,
Þorwh þe[1] beo-sechyng of þi Modur Marie
And of al halewen also
Þat euer weore on eorþe i-do,
ffrom vices and couetyse vn-hende
And ffrom temptaciun of þe fende,
Of sodeyn deþ vnwarned to telle,
And also from þe pyne of helle;
Liht myn herte of þe holy gost,
As þou art lord of mihtes most,
And of þi grete grace þou me take,
To þi Comaundemens me boxum make,
And neuer beo departet from þe
Wiþ-outen ende, so mot hit be."— —
ȝif þou vse þis-Maner þing,
þen schaltou haue soþfast knowyng,
To knowe þi lord in whom is al,
Þat haþ þe Mad and saue schal.
Loke þenne þat þis beo þe rif,
Her-wiþ to lede holy lyf.— —
Þreo Maners þer beo þen
Of Contemplaciun vs to ken:
þe furste of hem þat þer is,
In Creatures hit is, i-wis;
Þat oþur in holy writ, we fynde;
þe þridde in god and in his kynde.

[1] The Latin text (In manus tuas &c.) is omitted.

And every night we should say,

"I commit to Thee

myself,

my friends,

benefactors,

and all Christians. Keep us from

[1] MS. þi

temptation and sudden death!

Let me never be parted from Thee!"

7. There are 3 kinds of Contemplation:

1. in Creatures,

2. in Holy Writ,

3. in God.

I. Contemplation of God in His creatures.

Contemplaciun is, siker ȝe beo,
Þe goodnesse of god for to seo.
Bi his[1] Creatures may þou seo þan

[1] MS. þis

Three things are in God, as seen in creatures:

Þreo þinges ben In god and Man;
Þis þreo ben, vs to redresse:
Miht, wit, and gret goodnesse.[1] . .

[1] 2 vv. wanting (Miht is appropred to god þe Fader).

Wit to god þat is sone,
Goodnes to god holigost in wone.

1. Power,

Þorwh his miht, þat wel was torned,
Alle þinges þei ben formed;

2. Wit,

Þorwh his wit, so wel demeyned,
Alle þinges wysliche he[1] ordeyned;

[1] r. be

3. Goodness,

Þorwh his goodnesse, not denyed,
Alle þeose þinges he[1] multiplyed.

[1] r. be

1. His power appears in their greatness.

His pouwer maistou seo þe laft
Þorwh her gretnesse and here schaft;
His wit also wiþ-outen distaunce
Þorwh heore bou*n*te[1] and ordyna*u*nce;

[1] r. beaute

His godnesse may we seo ful newe
Bi heore Multiplicaciun and *ver*tuwe.
Heore gretnesse may we seo
Wiþ foure *pro*purtes[1] þat þer beo,

[1] Lat. dimensiones

Þat is folliche for to say
Þorwh heore heiȝnesse and depnesse ay,
Þe oþur two ben of strengþe
Þat is[1] þorwh heore brede and lenge.

[1] MS. was

2. His wit: to some He has given being only, as to stones;

His wit maistou seo ful breme,
ȝif þou þerof take good ȝeme,
Þer as he haþ ȝiue su*m* creature þore
Beoyng wiþ-outen eny more,

(to others being and living,)

Þat is as muche forte say
As stones þat ben in world al day.[1] . . .

[1] Some vv. wanting: (to sum being & liuing as to treon & grases).

He haþ ȝiue to oþur þynge

to others being, living, and feeling, as to beasts;

Lyf, beoynge, and fleoynge,[1]

[1] r. felynge

And al þise ben bi his hestes
To þat þing þat men callen beȝtes.
To oþur haþ he ȝiuen also

to others being, living, feeling, and reason,

Lyf, beoynge, and fleoinge[1] bo,

[1] r. felynge

And also more þing of Renoun:
He haþ to hem[1] I-ȝiue resoun;

[1] MS. him

Þis þing is I-ȝiuen þen
Boþe to Aungel and to men.
Stones noþing may þei feele,
Ne grases, and ȝit lyue þei[1] wele;
Bestes lyuen and feleþ þe;
Mon lyueþ and waxeþ as doþ þe tre,
And as a Best feeleþ, he doþ,
And resun as Angel haþ he soþ.
Þenk þou on þat dignite
To creature of Mon is ȝiue so fre,
Hou þat his ȝift wiþ honoures
Sormounteþ alle oþur Creatoures.
Þerfore seiþ Austyn þus fol riht:
"I nolde ben Aungel, þeiȝ I miht,
Heore stat wolde I forsake þan
ffor þat stude was purueyed for man."

ÞEnk also, Mon is worþi
Gret schenschipe, witerli,
Þat wol not liue at godus wille
And his Comaundemens folfille,
Whon alle Creatures þat ben and were
Ben ordeynd for monnes mestere.
Þe goode bestes[1] þat meke beo þon,
Beoþ maad for þreo þinges for mon:
ffor to helpen vs wiþ-outen fayle,
As schep, hors, kuyn, in vre trauayle;
And vs to feede,[1] and vs to cloþe,
As leþer, fflesch[1] and wolle boþe,[2]
As Corn on eorþe and foules to be
And also ffissches in þe Séé.
Þe nuyȝing graȝes[1] and bestes venimous
Ben ordeynd for þreo þinges to vs:
ffor chastisyng, and amendement,
And for techyng wiþ good entent.
Chatised and punissched we ben in route
Whon we ben hurt, and in such doute;[1]
And þat is ful derworþli
Of Godus owne grete merci—
Þerfore bodili he com
To Chastise vs, boþe god and Mon,[1]

440 as to Angels and Men.

444 Man lives like a tree, feels like a beast, and has Reason like an Angel.

448

452

456 Man is blameworthy if he'll not live after God's will;

460 for all creatures are made for man only:

464 to help us in our work,

468 and to feed and clothe us.

472

476 Harmful creatures are ordaind to chastise, amend, and teach us.

[1] sc. grases

[1] = grases

[1] *i. e.* in doubt of being hurt

[1] r. creatures

[1] r. hyde? cf. MS. Thornt.

[1] r. flax (Th. lyne).
[2] 2 vv. om.? cf. MS. Thornt.

[1] MS. Th.: And þat es gret mercy of Godde þat he will chasty vs bodyly þat we be noght punescht lastandly.

þat we nere dampned wiþ-outen ende
ffor to dwelle wiþ þe ffende.
We ben amendet whil we wol mynne
All our woe comes from our sin. þat al vr wo comeþ fro vr synne;
Whon we seo þe soþe þus
When little beasts grieve us, we should think how frail we are. So smale creatures may greuen vs,
þen may we þinke þat we be
fful of ffebelnesse and of ffrelete,
We ouhten alle to beo ful Meke.
Whon we godus werkes wol se and seke . . .[1]
Whon þou hast þus monyfolde
þe werkes of god folliche beo-holde,
Lift up thy heart and think of the power, wit, and goodness of God! Lift vp þyn herte wiþ wille liht
And þenk þe Muchelnes of Godus miht,
þat alle þing ordeyneþ in delyt,
And al hit is for vre *profyt*.
A, Lord, Merci! what schul we say
Bot we þe serue to þi pay?
Al þat he vs ȝaf to Multiplie,
We destroy His beasts! Alle þo Bestes we distruye;
ȝif God ordeyne and forme hem,
We beo bisi to struiȝe hem þen.[1]
Loue[1] God for his goodnesse;
Honoure him for his feirnesse;
Glorifye him at þi redres
And also for his grete *prou*wes.—

[1] The 3rd point (teaching of noious creatures) is wanting.

[1] Some verses om.?

[1] *al.* þei l.; loue = praise

II. Another kind of Contemplation is Holy Writ. þEn is þer a-noþur degre
Of Contemplaciun, I telle þe,
þe wȝuche trewe and soþ is hit:
þat is cald holy writ;
Holy Writ teaches us to avoid sin. þat wol teche þe wiþ-Inne,
To drawe þe from peril of synne,
þe peyne forte douten ay,
To loue þe Ioye þat come may.
And euer loke, aboute þou be
To holde wiþ þe Charite,[1]
þis world also in alle wyse
þou beo aboute to dispise;
Loke þou what is to done,
And also loke what is to schone.[1]

[1] 513-14 ought to follow the 2 vv. om. after 518. The text is here very corrupt.

[1] 2 vv. om., cf. Spec.: Quantum illuminat intellectum in cognitione veritatis, et quantum inflammat affectum in fervore caritatis.

Of þis two þinges seruen hit
Al þat is writen in holy writ:
þis ben þo two, to trowe,
þat þou schalt boþe leeue[1] and knowe[2]
Wȝuche ben þe seuen synnes dedly,
And þe seuen vertuwes þerby,
þe ten Comaundemens al-wey,
And þe twelf Articles of þe fey,
And þe seuen ȝiftus of þe holigost,
And þe seuen sacremens most,
And þe seuen werkes of Merci,
And þe vertuwes of þe Ewangeli,[1]
And þe Ioyes also of heuen
And þe peynes of helle to nemen.

[1] r. loue
[2] 2 vv. om.; Spec.: Ex scriptura debes extrahere et cognoscere:

[1] The 7 praiers of the Paternoster are om. here and in the poem.

Holy writ teaches us the Sins, Virtues, Commandments, Creed, &c.

Off þe seuen dedly synnes.

The 7 Deadly Sins.

SEuen Sinnes þer ben dedly:
Pruide, Wraþþe, Sleuþe, and Envy,
Glotonye, and gredines[1] also,
Couetyse[2] and lecheri, wiþ hem to go.
Pruide no-þing elles ne is
Bote loue to muche monnes hihnes.
And of him comeþ oþur seuene:
Vnbuxumnes, þat draweþ from heuene,
Aȝeynes god, be þou serteyn,
Or elles aȝeyn his souereyn;
þat is to sei, I telle þe son,
To leue þat is hym beden don—
þus is he peired and not mendet,
He doþ[1] þing þat him is defendet.
þat oþur þing is Auauntyng,
[1] Whon mon of oþur monnes þing
And to him-self bi wikkednes
He hateþ and bringeþ *him* in distres.
þe þridde spice is Ypocrisye,
Whon mon feineþ *him* to haue in hiȝe
Holines þat he haþ nouht,
And doþ[1] his wikkednes *in* dede and þouȝt.
þe ffeorþe spice, hit is þen
Dispit þat he haþ to oþur men,

[1] = couetise, cf. v. 605.
[2] om. Couetyse

[1] r. And do

[1] These vv. are corrupt; cf. V. pr. tr.: whon a mon avaunteþ him of good þat he haþ of a-noþer or of an vuel (Th. of ill) þat he haþ of himself.

[1] Vern. pr. tr. hut, Th. hydes.

1. Pride,
2. Wrath,
3. Sloth,
4. Envy,
5. Gluttony,
6. Covetousness,
7. Lechery.

I. Pride, and its 7 branches:

1. Disobedience,

2. Boasting,

3. Hypocrisy,

4. Despite of others,

Whon mon[1] rehercep[2] opur mennes good dede,
He wolde beo holde þe beter in leode.
[1] MS. men
[2] r. repreueþ? (Th. lesses).

5. Arrogance,
þe ffyfþe spice is Arrogaunce boun,
Whon a Mon Makeþ comparisoun
Bi-twenen his vuel doynges
And opur mennes for eny þinges,
ffor his wikkednes and trespas
Scholde seme muche þe las.

6. Barefacedness,
þe sixte spice is boldnes[1] in nome,
[1] so V. pr. tr., Th. vnshamefulnesse
Whon a Mon haþ no schome
Of his grete wikkednes forþi
þat he haþ don so openly.

7. Elation.
þe seuenþe Elaciun is to rede,
Whon mon is proud of his vuel dede.
þou schalt wite boþe in and out

Three things make men proud:
þat þis þreo þinges makeþ Mon prout:

1. natural gifts,
þe goodes þat he haþ of kuynde,
þat is of[1] feirnes, or strengþe to say,
[1] om. of?
Or souereyn wit, or Noblay—
þat noblei calle I in þis stage
He þat[1] is prout of hei lynage.
[1] r. þat he

2. acquired faculties,
þat opur þing is and euer was
þe godus þat men han of purchas,
As wittes,[1] vertuwes euerichane,
[1] Th. cunnynge, V. sciens, Sp. scientia.
Graces,[1] Dignite, and eke good fame.
[1] *al.* grace

3. property.
þe þridde is worldly godus þus,
As Clop*inge*, housynge, R*en*tes, possessions,
Meyne, and also gret honour
Of þe worldly þinges in eueri stour.

II. Envy.
Off Envye comeþ, haue we no care,
Ioye of opur mennes vuel-fare,
And also to make swerynge[1] gret
[1] r. serwyng
ffor o*þur* mennes wel-farynge and get.
And þat may ben in herte stinkynge,[1]
[1] Sp. per afflictionem, Th. with lykynge
Or in Mouþ þorwh Bakbytynge,
Or in werkes of vuel entent
þorwh defaute of good entisement.[1]
[1] Sp. per subtractionem boni vel incitamentum mali.

III. Wrath.
Chidyng waxeþ of Wraþþe þen,
Swellyng of herte amonges men,

Schomeful wordus þenke to seyn,
Sclaundre, and also gret dedeyn.
Of slouȝþe comeþ drerines, wikkedn*us*, and swell*i*ng — IV. Sloth.
Of foul wille, wiþ gret þretyng,
Aboute godus comaun*d*emens not to do,
Wonhope, Rechelesnesse also,[1] — [1] vv. 601 and 602 to be transp. Sp. desperatio, negligentia erga dei præcepta.
Outrage wille of herte to sen
Aboute þinges þat defendet ben.

Off gredines[1] comeþ tresun prest, — [1] = couetise — V. Covetousness.
fforswerynges, and wikked rest,[1] — [1] so MS. Th. (V. feble rest); Sp. inquietudo.
Violence, and hardnes of herte
Aȝeynes Merci wiþ muchel vnquerte.

þEnne þer comeþ of Glotonye — VI. Gluttony.
Veyne gladnesse, and Lecherye,
ffulþi,[1] Muche speche in hiȝing, — [1] r. fulþe, V. Pr. tr. fulþe, Sp. immunditia
And ful feble vndurstondyng.
Of Lecherie comeþ blyndnes of herte, — VII. Lechery.
In Orisun wiþ muchel vnqwerte—
In al þe preyers he scholde in be
Nis þer wiþ him no stabulte;
Of him comeþ fool-hastines also,
Loue of him-self wol wiþ hym go,
Hate of god þat vs bouht,
Loue of þis world þat is nouht,
Drede of[1] dispeir Is al his wone — [1] r. and
Of þe world þat is to come.
Þeose ben þe seuen dedly synnes forþi. — The 7 Deadly Sins, and the evils of them.
Wel may þei ben cald dedli:
  þe furste þreo dispoyleþ þe mon,
  þe ffeorþe abateþ hym as he con,
  þe ffyfþe byndeþ him in bonde,[1] — [1] Sp. prosternit eum
  þe Sixte deseyueþ him in londe,
  þe seuenþe hi*m* put in þraldome,
Him to muche harm and schome.
ffor Pruide, beo þou þerof bolde, — The evils of 1. Pride,
Bi-nymeþ a Mon his god[1] to holde; — [1] MS. good, cf. v. 652.
And Envye bi-nymeþ also him fro — 2. Envy,
His euencristen,[1] from god to go; — [1] MS. owne self, cf. 654.
Wraþþhe, þat is a schrewed delf, — 3. Wrath,
Bi-nymeþ a Mon his owne self;

4. Sloth,
Of Slouþe þat ilke foule synne
Euere hit tormenteþ hymme;[1]

[1] so Th.

5. Covetousness,
Gredines in eueri toun
Casteþ þe vnsely mon adoun;

6. Gluttony,
Glotenye deseyueþ hym in luytel stage;

7. Lechery.
Lecherie put him in foul seruage.

God's Seven Blessings.

Seuen blessynges of god.[1]

[1] This passage, om. in MS. Thornt., agrees with the pr. tr. in MS. Vern.

The remedies against the 7 Deadly Sins are the 7 Blessings of the Gospel.

Azein þis seuene vices þus
Ordeynt remedie sone Ihesus,
And send us seuen vertuwes in hihe
In þe holy Ewangelye,[1]

[1] Math. 5, 3.

And seiþ þus in þis Manere
As ȝe schul her aftur here:

1. Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.
"Blesset be þe meke of spirit euene,
ffor heoren is þe kynedom of heuene"—
þis is aȝein pruide and mood,
þat bi-nymeþ a Mon his god so good.

2. Blessed are the Meek.
"I-blesset beo þe deboner þen
Aȝeynes heore euen-cristen men,
ffor þei schul haue in to heore honde
þe lond þat is euer lastonde"—
þis is aȝeyn þe foule Envye,
þat bi-reueþ mon his euencristen trie.

3. Blessed are they who mourn.
"Blesset beo þo þat wepen ofte,
ffor þei schul beo cumfortet on lofte"—
þis is aȝeynes wraþþe to delue,
þat bi-nymeþ a Mon him-selue.

4. Blessed are the Merciable.
"Blesset be þe Merciable men,
ffor god schal haue Merci of hem"—
Aȝeynes gredynes þis mot be,
þat of no mon he haþ pite.

5. Blessed are they who hunger after Righteousness.
"Blesset beo þo þat hungri be þen
Aftur Rihtful, disyr forte ken,
ffor þei schul be fed in blisse"—
þis is aȝein Slouþe and rechelesnesse.

6. Blessed are the Pure in Heart.
"Blesset mote þe clene of herte be,
þe face of god schul þei se"—
þis is a-ȝeyn glotenye doyng,
þat euer þenkeþ on flesch lykyng.

" Blesset be þe pesybles i-tald,
Godus children schul þei be cald"—
Aȝeynes lecherie þis ordeynt wes,
ffor þe lechour naþ neuer pes;
He naþ no pes for his beste,
He may in herte neuer ha reste.
þeose ben þe *ver*tuwes seuene
Aȝeyn þe vices forte nempne.[1]

7. Blessed are the Peace-makers.

[1] The last part of the Chapter in the Speculum is omitted.

Seuen medicines for þe seuen dedly synnes.

7 *Medicines for* 7 *Sins.*

Afftur þis he wol vs teche,
God þat is vr goode leche,
þis seuen medicines, trie to vs,
To helen vs of seuen Maledius,
And þus he confermeþ[1] hem[2]
In to[3] seuen vertuwes þen
Bi vertue of þe holy gost,
þat is lord of mihtes most.
þeose þei ben to nempne þat þing:
þe holigost of wisdam and of vndurstond*yng*,
And also, wiþ-outen fayle,
þe gost of strengþe and of counsayle,
þe gost of wit and of pite,
þe gost of doute of god mot be.
þorwh þis seuen ȝiftes god ȝaf mon
Al þat he haþ neode of þon
To his Bodiliche lyf
And to his soule wiþ-outen strif.
Seo hou mon may in his mode
Leue þe vuel and take þe gode:
To leue þe vuel þat is forbod
Techeþ þe gost of þe doute of god;
þe gode to do, I telle þe,
þat techeþ þe gost of pite.
Two þinges þer beo þan
þat letteþ good doinge of man:
þat on is worldly riches,
And also gret frouwar[d]nes[1];
Riches, hit mon deseyueþ,
ffrouwardnes from god him weyueþ.

[1] The poet or scribe took confermeþ for conformeþ. [2] r. men. [3] þo

God has given us 7 Medicines to cure us of the 7 Diseases,

and confirm us in the 7 Virtues.

1. Wisdom,
2. Understanding,
3. Strength,
4. Counsel,
5. Wit,
6. Pity,
7. Fear of God.

To leave evil teaches the spirit, Fear of God;
to do good, teaches Pity.

Two things hinder good deeds:
1. riches,
2. tribulation.

[1] Sp. adversitas mundi, Th. tribulacion, cf. v. 718.

To despise worldly riches,
þerfore a mon schal dispise
Worldly richesse in alle wyse,
teaches Wit;
þat he beo not deseyuet beo hit:
þat vs techeþ þe gost of wit.

to suffer tribulations manfully,
And þou schalt suffre stalworþli
Tribulacions and anguyses worldli,
þat þou neuere ouercomen be:
teaches Strength.
Þus techeþ þe gost of strengþe to þe.
þeose foure ben souereynly
To bodiliche lyf forþy.

The other 3 teach
þat oþur longen wiþ-outen strif
Alle to þe gostly lyf.

3 kinds of Contemplation:
ffor þreo maners bi resun
Ben of Contemplaciun:
1. in Creatures,
On is [in] Creatures bi vre entent:
þat techeþ þe gost of entendement.

2. in Holy Writ,
A-noþur in holi writ also,
þat þou seost what þou schalt do
And what þing þou schalt lete:
þat techeþ þe gost of counseil swete.

3. in God.
þe þridde is of him-self, god and Mon:
þat techeþ þe gost of wisdom.
Now seo we now hou Ihesu þe lele
Is euer aboute vr help and hele.

The Ten Commandments.

þe ten comaundemens of god.[1]

[1] This passage agrees with MS. Thornton.

Three relating to God:
Afftur þis schaltou witen þen
Wȝuche ben þe comaundemens ten.
I. 1. Worship the One God,
þe furste, hit is be þin a-cord:
Worschipe to[1] O god, vr lord.
[1] r. þou
þen þe fend þe may not derue,
ȝif þou him only worschipe and serue.
Worschupe him þorw feiþ and mode,
and serve Him with good works.
And serue him wiþ werkes gode.
þenk ȝif þou haue alle tym
Trewely honoured hym,
And ouer alle oþur þinges
Serue[d] hym and his biddynges;
Think whether you've kept the vows
þenk ȝif þou haue ȝolden *him* þi beo-hest
þat þou be-hiȝtest hym mest or lest:

þou him be-hiȝtest feiþful trist
Whon þou toke þi Baptist;
Or ȝif þou haue lasse penaunce don
þen þe was leyd penaunce vppon.
þorwh þis comaundement al-to-gader
Mon is ordeynt to god þe ffader.

made for you at Baptism.

þAt oþur bi-heste is forto seyn:
Nempne not godus nome in veyn.
þorw þat is defendet lesynge,
ffalshede, and forswerynge.
þorw þat is euer*i* good mon in wone
Ordeynt touward god þe Sone,
ffor he him-self bereþ witnesse
And seiþ "I am soþnesse" expresse.

I. 2. Name not God's name in vain.

þE þridde heste is forte say
þat þou kepe wel þin haly-day.
þat is to sei, vch an heih fest
þat comeþ þe to, mest or lest,
Haue þin herte in pes and reste most.
þat ordeyneþ mon to þe holygost.—
þeose þreo hestes techeþ ow and me
To beren vs to god þe Trinite,
To whos liknesse Mon is mad
In soule, þat scholde be trewe and sad.
Seuene oþure techeþ men
Hou þei schul bere hem to her euen-*cri*sten.

I. 3. Keep the Sabbath Holy.

þE furste is: worschupe þou folly
ffiesch-fadur and modur and þi gostly.
And þat in two Maner of þinges:
In boxumnesse and for-berynges,
And help hem bi þi pouwer in dede
Of alle þinges þat þei haue nede.
þen schalt þou beo of long lyf
In eorþe here wiþ-outen stryf.
ȝif þou wolt haue þe lyf longe,
Worschupe þi god[1] wiþ wille stronge,
ffor he[2] þe brouȝt, wite hit wel,
Al þi lyf euerich a del.

Commandments relating to our fellow-Christians.

II. 1. Honour thy Father and Mother. Help thy Parents to all they need.

[1] *al.* hem or him (the scribe took "him" for god). [2] r. þat

þat oþur heste, hit is þon:
In no wey þat þou sle no mon.

II. 2. Slay no man;

þenne schaltou wite here,
Mon-slauȝt is in þreo manere,
In þreo manere hit is ful smerte:
Of hond, of tonge, and of herte.
Of hond hit is wiþ-outen meþ
Whon a Mon wiþ wepene sleþ,

put none in prison;

Or whon he putteþ hi*m* in dede[1]
In prisun or in oþur stede—
þat ilke doing cause may be
Of his deþ, as I sei þe. . . .[1]

[1] Sp. in loco mortis

[1] Some vv. wanting (manslaughter by tongue).

Monslauȝt of herte is also here
In oþur two vuel manere:

wish no man's death.

Whon Mon coueyteþ oþ*ur*es deþ in hiȝe,
Or for de-faute leteþ him dye
And nil not helpen him in þat mester
Ne him deliuere, ȝif he ha pouwer.

II. 3. Do no lechery.

þEn is hit þe þridde heste:
To do no lecherie, mest ne leste.
He þat wol lyue wiþ-out*en* dyȝing
In þe blisse of heuene-kyng,
Him weore neod to kepe ful boun
His dedlyche lyf from corupcioun,
ffrom þat corupciun, sei I,
þat wol come of his bodi.

II. 4. Do no theft or robbery.

þE ffeorþe heste is, witerli:
To do no þefþe ne Robberi.
He þat wol spare oþurmennes lyf,
Bi-nyme him nouht wiþ no strif,
þorwh wȝuche bi-nymynge
þou maiȝt bi-reue his lyuynge.

II. 5. Bear no false witness against thy fellow-Christian.

þE ffyfþe heste þen is þis:
þow schalt bere no fals witnes
Aȝeynes þin euen-cristen þen,
Ne also þou schalt not cu*m*forte*n* hem
þat wolden liue in reste and ro (!)[1]
Heore neihȝebors harm to do.
ffor bi a fals witnesse i-bore
A Mon may worldli beo forlore.
ȝif þou no cou*n*seil in no res
To him þat wolde liuen in pes

[1] Cf. Th.: þou sall noght bere f. w. agaynes thyne euencristyn with hym þat will noye hym or sla hym.

Wiþ hys euen-cristen to debate;
ffor ȝif þou dost, hit torneþ to wrake.
Þe sixte heste wiþ-outen strif:
Coueite þou nouȝt þi neiȝebors wyf,
Ne non of his seruauns also,
Ne nouȝt þat him longeþ to.
Þe seueþe heste is þus, I-wis:
Coueyte þou not þi neiȝebors godis.
Þis two hestes acordyng ben
To þo bifore as ȝe may sen,
Þer he seiþ to þe in hiȝe
"Do no þefþe, ne lecherie,"
ffor he þat haþ wikked wille and smert,
Wikked entent is in his hert,
He may not longe for no þing
Holden him from mis-doing.
Þerfore I warne þe nou so,
Þat þou lecherie ne do;
ȝif þou wolt not stele nou,
Oþur mennes good coueite not þou.
Þeos ben þe ten hestes to say
Þat god ȝaf Moyses *in* þe Mou*n*t of Synay.
Þe furste þreo, witeþ hit wel,
Ben to godus honour eueridel;
And to þi-self longen þe seuene,
To louen alle cristene euene.

II. 6. Covet not thy neighbour's wife,

II. 7. or his goods.

These last agree with the former,

"Do no theft or lechery."

God gave these 10 Commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Þe seuen vertues of god.

The 7 Virtues (3 here, 4 at p. 247-8).

Aftur scha[l]tou wite wȝuche ben
Þe seuen ver*t*uwes vppon to sen,
Þat is to wite: ffeiþ, hope, and loue,
Qweyntise, Rihtfulnes a-boue,
Temper*a*unce, and strengþe mest.
Of O Matere ben þeos two[1] hest
And þe seue vertuwes in presens,
Saue þis is þe differens:
Þe ten hestes techeþ hou[2] þou schalt do,
Þe seuen ver*t*uwes techeþ þe matere[3] also.
Þe ffurste þreo þat ben aboue,
Is to wite, ffeiþ, Hope, and Loue,

1. Faith,
2. Hope,
3. Love,
4. Skill,
5. Rightfulness,
6. Temperance,
7. Strength.

[1] r. ten?
[2] r. what
[3] r. manere
Cf. Th.: The x comandmentez kennes vs what we sall do, and þe vii vertus kennes vs how we sall doo.

The first three, Faith, Hope, Love,

relate to God. Þise þreo, þei ordeyne hou þou schalt
Touward god liue þat al walt;
The other 7 teach us the way to Heaven. And þis oþere her-aftur seuene
Teche þe to knowe þe wey to heuene.
Ze[1] wite wel, my leue ffrende,
Alle beo we formed to on ende:
To know God, þat is to seye, god to knowe,
Him to loue and honoure we owe.
Bote þreo þinges, ar we wende,
and come to a good end, we must, Beon nedful to come to vre ende:
And þenne is þis þat on
1. know whither we shall go; To wite whodur we schulle gon;
2. go willingly; þat oþur, þat we ben willi
To gon in trust ful treweli;
3. trust to go well. And þenne is þe þridde þinge:
To haue trust of wel goinge—
Gret folye hit were to fo or ffrende
To bi-ginne þing he may not ende.
We must have might, knowledge and will. A Mon þat wol wel do þer-tille,
Moste ha miht, Connyng, and wille,
þat is to say þus ȝow to:
þat he con, Mai, and wol [wel] do.
These we can't have of ourselves; But for we haue not vs ner
Of vr-self Miht,[1] Wit, ne pouwer,
so God has given us Faith. þerfore haþ god ȝiuen vs tille
ffeiþ, alle þise to folfille.[2]
ffeiþ ordeyneþ vs to god þe sone,
To whom is a-*pro*pred wisdam in wone;
Hope ordeyneþ vs to þe ffadur riht,
To whom is a-*pro*pred Miht;
Loue to þe Holigost doþ vs dresse,
To whom is a-*pro*pred alle goodnesse.
Faith makes us know God. And þerfore of god wiþ-outen lesynge
ffeiþ doþ vs to haue knowynge;
And þat knowynge of[1] god wiþ mood
ȝiueþ vs frely and largeli of his good:
Of Faith comes Hope. And out of þat godnesse[2] is i-crope
And comeþ to vs þenne hope;
Of þat knowyng, I vndurstod,
þer he seiþ vs þat he is good,

[1] MS. Ze

[1] r. Wil

[1] Sp.: ideo donavit nobis Deus fidem ad implendum defectum cognitionis, spem ad implendum defectum potestatis, charitatem ad ordinandum voluntatem ad unum & aliud.

[1] r. seiþ; cf. Th.: and þat knaweynge vs sayse þat he es wondyrfull[y] fre þat one þis manere and þus largely gyffes of his gudnes.

[2] r. knowyng

þer-of comeþ feir aboue
þe þridde vertue þat is loue,
ffor vch a þing, Resun whi,
Schal loue þe goode kuyndeli.[1]

[1] The 4 cardinal virtues are treated separately v. 999, p. 247 ff, as in Th. and in the Spec.

The 3rd Virtue is Love.

þe twolue articles of þe fey.[1]

12 (13) *Articles of the Faith.*

[1] This passage differs from Spec., Th. and V. pr. tr.

þEn schaltou wite, as I þe sei,
Whuche ben þe .xij. Articles of þe fei.
ffurst, god is on in hi*m*-self for to lende,
And þre p*er*sones, wiþ-outen ende,
And is verrey God and lord
þat alle þing made wiþ his word.

1. God is 1 God and 3 Persons.

þat oþur article is ful trye:
þat he tok flesch and blod of Maide Marie.

2. He took flesh,

þe þridde Article[1]: þat he was bore þon
Of hire, soþfast god and mon.

[1] belongs to the 2nd in Spec., Th. and V. pr. tr.

3. was born God and man,

þe fferþe Article, we sen hit red:
Vndur Pilatus pouwer was he ded,
Not for nede, I sei ow tille,
But vs to buye of his ffreo wille.

4. died under Pontius Pilate,

þe ffyfþe[1] is, soþ to telle:
þat his soule wente dou*n* to helle
And fet hem out in to his blis,
Alle þo þat were*n* his.

[1] belongs to the preceding in Spec. and V. pr. tr.; is om. in Th.

5. went into Hell,

þe Sixte: þat he ros wiþ-outen striue,
God and Mon, from deþ to lyue.

6. rose to life,

þe seueþe is in vre sawes:
Aftur þe fulle fourti dawes
Of his blisful and hard dyȝing
He steih to heuene þer he is kyng;
He þat is lord of Séé and Sond
Sitteþ þer on his fadur riht hond.

7. ascended into Heaven, and

[1]þe eihteþe is: he schal present
Beon atte day of Iugement,
Goode and wikkede schal he deme
And alle þing as him wol bi-seeme.

[1] In the Spec. &c. these last articles belong to the preceding (5th), and the 7 sacraments form the 7 last.

8. shall judge good and wicked at Doomsday.

þe Niþe is wiþ-outen bost:
þat in god is þe holygost,
And euermore so wol be,
þe þridde p*er*sone[1] of þe trinite;

[1] MS. p*er*sones

9. The Holy Ghost is the 3rd person of the Trinity.

Of whom, þat is so hei3 in blis,
Al-holichirche halewed hit is. 948

10. Holy Churchmen shall enjoy communion.

Þe tenþe is of comynge[1] of holi men, [1] r. comonynge
Þat is to sei fulliche of hem
Þat ben lymes of holychirche
And no dedly synne nul worche, 952
Han p*a*rt of alle goode dedes sone
Þat in holi chirche ben done.

11. Thro' the Sacraments the sins of the good shall be forgiven.

Þe Elleueþe is: þorw þe sacrament
Of holichurche wiþ good entent 956
Þe goode schul haue for3iuenesse
Of heore synnes more and lesse.

12. Man and wife shall rise again.

Þe twelfþe is þat Mon and wyue
Schullen arise from deþ to lyue. 960

13. The good shall have everlasting life: the wicked, endless pain.

Þe þrettenþe is: þe goode schul haue
Euerlastinde lyf þat schal hem saue,
And þis oþure þenne schul wende
To lastyng pyne wiþ-outen ende. 964

The Seven Sacraments.

Þe *Seuen sacromens of holy churche.*[1]

[1] In Spec., Th. and V. pr. tr. included in the creed as forming the 7 last articles. The text is abridged.

Afftur þis schul 3e here bi-ginne
Þe sac*ramens* seue*n* þat fordon sy*n*ne;
He he*m* ordeynde sy*n*ne to wi*þ*-sto*n*de
And þe gode to take on honde.

1. Baptism.

Þe furste is cald Baptisme,
Þat child takeþ er þen his crisme;
Þat clanseþ mon of þat synne
Þat vr forme-fader brou3t us inne. 972

2. Confirmation.

Þat oþur sacram*ent* is of renoun
And is cald Confirmacio*un*:
ffor whon he is so cristned þon,
He confermeþ þe holigost in mon. 976

3. Penance.

Þe þridde is penau*n*ce to biginne,
Þat freteþ a-wei þe fulþe of synne.

4. Eucharist.

Þe feorþe is sacrament of þe Auter,
Þat confermeþ mon hol and feer 980
And 3iueþ him strengþe good wiþ-alle,
Þat he eft-sones in synne ne falle;
Þat sacrament reconsileþ him ay,
Susteyneþ him, þat he ne falle may. 984

Þe ffifþe is ordre, þat ȝiueþ power — 5. Ordination.
To Men ordeynet in heore mester
Þe sacramens to make and worche,
To serue wiþ god and holi churche.
Þe Sixte is Matrimoyne to bigy*n*ne, — 6. Matrimony.
Þat defendeþ dedly synne
In werkes of generaciun Þon
Bi-twene mon and wommon.
Þe seueþe is þe enoyling — 7. Unction, when near death.
Of seke in perel of diȝing,
And þat is in Aleggaunce
Of Bodi and soules penau*n*ce.
Þeos ben þe sacramens Þen,[1] [1] MS. ten
Þat longeþ to alle cristene Men.

Þe *seuen*[1] *principal vertues.* [1] r. four, as in Spec.

4 *Chief Virtues* (*see p.* 243-5).

Aftur þis nou wite we schal
Wȝuche be*n* þe iiij. *ver*tuwes pr*i*ncipal, — The 4 Chief Virtues are
Bi wȝuche vche mo*n*nes lyf here
Is gou*er*net in þis world so dere:
Qweyntise, Rihtfulnes bi chaunce, — Skill, Rightfulness,
Strengþe, and also Temperaunce. — Strength, Temperance.
Of þeos foure spekeþ þe holygost
In þe Bok of wisdam most
Þat no þing bi good delyt
In eorþe to Mon doþ more pr*o*fyt.
ffor hose to do wel vndurstode, — 1. Skill teaches us to know evil from good.
He moste knowe vuel from goode,
Also, he seoþ here bi lettre,
He moste knowe þe gode fr*om* þe bettre:
Þat vs techeþ in alle wyse
Þat þyng þat is called queyntyse.
And whon þou hast þus i-chose,
Þe wikked from þe goode to lose[1] — 2. Rightfulness teaches Virtue.
Þat techeþ þe v*er*tue to distresse
Þat is clepe l Rihtfulnesse.

[1] Spec.: Et quando elegisti bonum de malo aut de duobus bonis melius, & tunc debes relinquere malum & facere bonum, & dimittere minus bonum & facere maius bonum: & haec virtus Iustitia appellatur.

Two þinges þer ben in world ful þikke
Letteþ mon do good and takeþ[1] wikke: [1] r. forsake?
Þe riches of þis world is on,
Þat alle weyes deseyueþ mon,

He disseyueþ mon in mony þinges,
þorwh swete restynges ; [1] Spec. adversitas, Th. tribulacyon

3. Temperance teaches Moderation in prosperity.

A-noþur is Contek of worldli strif[1]
Aȝeynes mon, doun hym to dryf.
Aȝeynes richesse mesure þe in tide,
Beo þou not risen to muche in pride :
þat vertu is wiþ-outen distaunce
þis þat men calleþ temperaunce.

4. Strength teaches fortitude in adversity.

Aȝeynes worldly cuntek and strif
Loke brennynge wille[1] beo þe rif,
þat þou beo not so feble boun [1] Sp. audacia animi, Th. hardines
þat þe world þe caste a-doun :
And þat vertue in brede and lengþe
Is þat þat is i-cleped strengþe.

7 *Works of Mercy.*

Seuen werkes of mercy.

Afftur schaltou wite redili
Wȝuche ben seuen werkes of Merci.

1. feed the hungry ;
2. give drink to the thirsty;
3. clothe the naked ;
4. house pilgrims ;
5. visit prisoners ;
6. comfort the sick ;
7. help bury the dead.

þe furste is, ȝiue þe hungri mete ;
þat oþur, drinke þe þrusti to gete ;
þe þridde, cloþe þe naked bi tymes ;
þe ffeorþe, to herborwe pilgrymes ;
þe ffyfþe, prisons to visyte swete ;
þe Sixte is, cumforte þe seke ;
þe seueþe, in certeyn place[1] we rede, [1] Tob. 1, 20.
þat is to helpe burie þe dede.—
þen maistou sey in tour and toun :

Let no one bound by vows excuse himself from doing thus,

" I þat am in Religioun,
I naue no pouwer to ȝiue no mete,
Ne drinke ne herborwe to hem gete,
Ne cloþing to hem haue I non,
To visite prisones may I not gon :
I am in oþur monnes pouwer ;

or wish he was a secular.

þerfore me were beter seculer,
þat I mihte do trewely
Alle þeose dedes of Mercy."
þenk not þus, I rede þe,
Leste þou her-Inne deseyued be.
Betere hit is to þe in eueri toun
To haue pite and compassioun

In þyn herte in alle weyse
Of hem þat þou seost in Meseyse,
Þen þou heddest al þe world wiþ þe
Hit forth to dele for charite.
3if þi-self, as I sei nou,
And more þen al þe world 3iuestou[1]
ffor þei þat suffre in alle wyse
Chele, hungur, defaute and Miseise,
Ihesu seiþ wher-so he go
And him-self he clepeþ þo;
þus he seiþ in his gospel—
Hose wol hit seche, may fynde hit wel:
"What to þe leste of myne don be,
3e hit don al to me."
Wheþer weor beter or more sen
To Iuge or elles Iugged to ben?[1]
þerfore to pore make þe liche,
ffor þe pore schul Iugge þe riche;
As vr lord seiþ feire and wel
In his owne goode gospel:[1]
"3e þat alle þynges haue to *proue*,
Leueþ hem for me and for my loue,[1]
And at þe grete day of dome,
Whon I schal sitten in my trone—
ffor þere þo men schul me se
In þe Seete of my Maieste—
þei[1] schul sitte on twelf seges wel
And Iugge þe twelf kuyndes of Israel."
Wheþer weore hit better at þe leste
Haue heuene *in* possession or in bi-heste?[1]
ffor þus seiþ God, witeþ wel,
In his holy Godspel:[2]
"Blesset mote þe pore of spirit be,
ffor heoren is heuene," as I sei þe.
He seiþ not þus in his steuen
Heoren "schal beo" þe kyngdam of heuen,
But he hem doþ to vndurstonde
þei ben in possessiun and in honde.
Seint Bernard in a sarmoun seiþ euen:
"þe pore naþ not *in* erþe, ne riche *in* heuen."

[1] Some vv. wanting. Spec.: Sed jam posses dicere: verum est quod melius est homini dare seipsum quam de suo; sed multum praevalet dare vnum cum alio quam vnum illorum per se. Dico quod non est ita: Vtrum praevalet vocari Dominus quam eius servus? Scis bene quod praevalet vocari Dominus. Sed illi qui &c.

Give thyself to the poor needy.

[1] Spec. adds: Tu scis bene quod praevalet judicare: et hoc faciunt pauperes

What is done to the least of Christ's folk is done to Him.

The poor shall judge the rich

[1] Math. 19, 28.

[1] Math.: Vos qui reliquistis omnia et secuti est is me &c.

at the Day of Doom.

[1] r. 3e

[1] Spec. adds: Certum est quod in possessione: sic habent pauperes

Have Heaven in possession.

[2] Math. 5.

God says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for Heaven *is* theirs."

The rich must buy Heaven from the poor.

And 3if þe riche wol heuene haue,
At þe pore he mot hit buye and craue.—
Nou is hit good for to sen
W3uche þat *ver*reylich pore ben,
And also þulke oþere iliche
W3uche þei ben, þat ben cleped riche.

The rich are 1. they who have wealth and love it;

Su*mm*e ben þat han riches þikke
And hem louen wiþ al heor witte:
þo ben þis riche gredi men,
And euer coueyten þe world þen.

2. those who haven't it,

Oþur þer ben in dede and þou3t
Wolde be riche, but þei may nou3t;

but would love it if they had,

ffor and þei hadden worldus good,
þei wolden hit loue as þei were wod:
þulke ben þeose, soþ to telle,

caitive beggars who covet all they see;

þe caytyf beggers þat nou3wher wol dwelle,
But euer þei reyken aboute to craue,
Al þat þei seon þei wolde hit haue;
Also wiþ hem sette we moun

3. false folk of monkery:

þis fals folk of Religioun.
þeos ben as riche in vnquerte
As þeos oþure and as proude of herte;
Crist spekeþ of hem in þe gospelle[1]

[1] Math. 19, 24.

And þus þe wordus doþ he telle:

a camel 'ud sooner go thro' a needle's eye than they to Heaven.

"A Chamayle mihte beter pase
þorwh anelde y3e þenne in case,
þen miht such a riche mon
In heuene come to þat kyndom."

Su*mm*en þat richesse is to brouht,
Han hit, but þei louen hit nouht,
But neu*er*þeles, þe soþ to saue,
ffayn þei ben riches to haue:
þos ben þese, to seye ow here,

Some rich men spend all for the love of God.

þe goode men of þe world so dere,
þat al heore richesse wol dispende
ffor loue of god þat hit sende.
Bote þe more harm is forþi,

But so few!

Suche ben fewe, witerli!
Oþur *þer* ben, soþ hit is,
þat haue not of þis worldus blis

Ne no þing þerof doþ craue
Ne nolde not, þauh þeiȝ mihte, hit haue :
þis ben holy religious þerfore
And oþure, þat mai wel beo cald pore ;[1] [1] MS. þore
Heoren is þe Ioye euerlastonde
Wiþ god and wiþ godus sonde.
þen may we here-of nou say :
" Blesset beo þe pore in spirit ay,
ffor heoren is þe kyndom
þer as dwelleþ God and Mon."
þenne drede we on þat oþur syde
Leste þe wariing hem bi-tyde,
To þis ilke riche men,
Leste þei schulle in helle bren.
Pore þei ben in heor herte
þat ben pore and louen pouerte,
And þei ben pore in querte
þat han riches and louen pou*e*rte.

They and holy monks shall have joy everlasting.

Let the rich take care lest they burn in hell!

[XXXIII.] þe visions of seynt poul wan he was rapt in to paradys.[2]

St. Paul's Visions of Hell.

Lustneþ, lordy*n*ges, leof and dere,
ȝe þat wolen of þe sonday here !
þe sonday a day hit is
þ*a*t angel*e*s and archau*n*gel*e*s Ioyen, I-wis,
More in þat ilke day
þen eny oþur, as I þe say.
þen wol we her ate dwelle
Ho preyed furst rest for soules in helle.
þat is to witen, I sei þe so,
Poul and Michel Archaungel bo.
ffor god of his grete miht
þe peynes of helle put in heore siht.
Poul sayh bi-foren helle ȝates
Bre*n*nynge tres þat neuer slakes ;

In Sunday, the Angels joy more than in any other day.

Before Hell-gates St. Paul

[2] Ed. before in *Engl. Stud.* I. p. 295-9. This piece seems intended to supply the place of the last article (Ioyes of heuen & Peynes of helle) of the preceding treatise, cf. p. 235, v. 531-2; it has no special initial or title.

saw folk hanging on burning trees.

Mony on for heore synne þonne
Weore I-pyned and honged þer-onne:
Sum*m*e bi hondes and bi feet þere,
Su*m*me bi þe her, su*m*me bi þe ere,
Su*m*me bi þe Armes þat weore longe,
And su*m*me *per* hengen bi þe tonge.

St. Paul saw also sinners in a burning caldron,

He sauȝ a caudren brennynge at enes
Of diuerse colours wiþ seue lemes,
And þer weore þei for heore synne
Diu*er*sliche I-pynet þer-Inne;

in which were 7 plagues of

And seuen peynes weoren *þer* also
þat duden þe soules muche wo:

Snow, Ice, þe furste of snouȝ, þe secunde of ys,
Fire, þe þridde fuir in alle wys,
Blood, þe ffeorþe blod, as I þe say,
Adders, þe ffyfþe Eddres of foul aray,
Lightning, þe sixte leyt, as mon may þink,
Stink. þe seueþe peyne hit was of stynk.

At þat penau*n*ces were þei in cast,
Synful soules, and al for-þrast,
þe wȝuche þat nolden in no chau*n*ce
ffor heore synnes do no penaunce;
þer weore þei tu*r*mented in þo ledes,
And vche reseyued aftur his deedes.

Some wept and yeld; all wisht to die.

Su*m*me wepten and ȝelled þenne,
Su*m*me gouleden, and su*m*me dude bre*n*ne;
þei disireden euere to dye—
Hit miht not beo, wiþ-outen lyȝe,
ffor þe soule, wher-so hit go,
Schal neuer dyen, for weole nor wo.
þerfore sore hit is to drede
þe places of helle for wikkedhede!

In Hell is a burning Wheel,

In þe wȝuche *per* is a whel brennynge,
Wiþ muche serwe euer-lastynge;

and under it 1000 pains,

Vndur þat wheol is þer þore
A þousund grisly peynes sore,

in which, 5 times a day, 1000 souls are tortured.

ffyue tyme vche day, to telle,
Beo tu*r*mented wiþ þe Angel of helle,
In vche of þo fyue tymes
Ben a þousund soules tu*r*me*n*ted in pynes.

Aftur þat sayh he, þer he stod,
A wondur orible grisly flod,
And in þat flod say he þere
Mony deueles bestes were:
As ffissches þei were in þat flod þo,
Todus, Neddres, Snakes, mony mo,
And þe synful soules in hiȝ
Eten and gnowen wiþ-outen merci—
Of hem tok I[1] no more kep
But as a Lyun doþ of a schep.
Ouer þat watur he sayȝ ligge
A wondur long and an heiȝ brugge,
And ouer þat brugge saf goon þen
Þe soules of good rihtful men
Wiþ-outen harm of word or dede,
And also wiþ-outen eny drede.
Þe soules of synne[r]s, as I þe telle,
ffallen doun þer, in pyne to dwelle,
Þer to take and resseyue so
As þei on eorþe deserueden to.
Be war of þis, I sei, beo-fore,
As God seide in þe gospel þore:

St. Paul saw too a horrible flood,
with Toads and Snakes gnawing sinful souls.
A bridge spand the flood:
Good souls went safe over it,
while sinners' souls fell into the flood.

[1] r. þei

Ligate per fasciculos ad comburendum:

Byndeþ hem in knucchen*us* forþi,
To brenne, lyk to licchi,
Spous-brekers wiþ lechours,
Rauisschers wiþ rauisschours,
Wikked wiþ wikked also,
ffor so schul þei to-gedere go.
ffor eueri creature go schal
Bi þat brugge sum or al,
And lasse or more schal he be deruet,
Er aftur he haþ heer deseruet.

Sinners were bound, like to like,
ravishers with ravishers, and so on.

Þ Er sauh þe goode mon poule
In þat pyne moni diuerse soule:
Sum*m*e to þe kne, and sum*m*e to þe hipes,
Sum*m*e to þe nauel, sum*m*e to þe lippes,
And sum*m*e he sauȝ bi-suyled as souwes
In þat pyne vp to þe brouwes;

Many were in pain to the knee, hips, navel, to lips, brows.

And þei weore *tur*men*t*ed euerlastyngly,
All yeld. þei wept and gouled and weore sory.
And Poules herte was so sor
þat for serwe he wepte þor.
And of þat Angel asked he
Whi su*mm*e were þer in to þe kne.
Those tortured to the knee were backbiters; þe Angel seide to him þen:
"Heo ben Bacbyters of men,
þat in word and dede, as I þe say,
Hyndren heor euenc*r*isten þat þei may.
to the navel, lechers; And þo þat to þe nauel þou se,
Spousbrekers and lechours þei be,
þat aftur heore dedes, to vndurstonde,
Nolde no penau*n*ce take on honde.
to the lips, brawlers in church; And þo þat weren up to þe lippes blake,
Stryf and Iangelyng i*n* chirche dude make,
Vche to oþur Iangled wiþ scorn—
To heere godus wordus þei han forborn.
to the brows, gladders in neighbours' ills. And þo þat weren vp to þe briȝes
In þat flod aboue þe eiȝes,
þulke weore glade of þe mischeef
Of heore neihȝebors and of heore greef."
And Poul wepte and seide þo:
"Muche wo is hem I-come to
þat so mony peynes grymme
Ben ordeynt to for heore synne!"
St. Paul saw folk gnawing their own tongues. Seynt Poul þo bi-tornd his face
And sayȝ anoþur derk place,
Moni Men and wymmen þ*er* amongus
þat for-freten hecre owne tonges.
And Poul asked of him þere
What-maner men þat þei were.
þe Aungel seide to him ful sleih:
They were Usurers. "þei vsuden Ocur and vsuri;
Merciable weore þei nouht,
þ*er*fore hit schal be dere abouht."
He saw too And Poul sauȝ þe*n*ne a-noþur plas,
þat moni peynes þer-in was;
Maidens in black, þer he sauh dispitous þing:
As Blake Maydens in Blac cloþing,

And þei sodun euerichon
In wellyng pich and Brumston;
Brennyng dragouns and serpentes ifere
Hongynge aboute heor nekkes were,
Gnawyng hem, to don hem schom,
To-tere þe fflesch from þe bon.
And þer weore foure Angeles to telle
þat weoren of þe hous of helle,
Brennynge hornes hedde þei on hed;
þei hem turmented and dude hem qued,
ffaste þei wente þis pepul a-boute
Wiþ moni turmentes grete and stoute,
Seying to hem, as was heore wone:
"Knoweþ ȝe," þei seide, "godus sone,
þe wȝuche þat muche on ȝou þouȝt,
Al þe world whon he bouȝt?
ffor ȝe nolde neuer knowen him
ȝe schullen han here þeos pynes grym."
Poul þis asked feire and wel.
And þenne onswered þe Aungel:
"þeos serued not chastite
Til tyme of heor weddynge schulde be,
But lyuede in heore lecherie,
And heled heore children and dude hem dye
And ȝaf hem to swyn or to houndes
Or drouned hem In flodes groundes,
And schewed hem to þe worldus degre
As þei maydens hedden i-be;
And in þis lyf þei lyueden ȝore
And duden no penaunce þerfore."
Aftur þis he sayȝ at ene
Men and wymmen moni and lene,
Lene þei weore, wiþ-outen flesche;
þei soffred harde and noþing nessche:
Muche lay bi-foren hem of Mete
þat hem deynet not of to ete.
þo weore þeose þat weore not trewe
And nolde not faste þat hem was duwe,
And hedden of mony metes dedeyn,
But hit weore likerous, be certeyn.

boiling in pitch, while flaming serpents gnawd their flesh,

and Devils with burning horns tormented them.

These were unchaste girls

who livd in lechery, and kild their babies,

yet pretended to be maidens.

St. Paul saw also lean folk,

who on earth wouldn't fast.

Þen sauȝ poul a serwȝful siht—
And he loked þer forþ riht:
And an old man between 4 Devils: An Old mon sat þer wepynge
Bi-twene four deueles foul ȝellynge.
Poul asked what he was.
And þe Angel seide in plas:
"He was Neclygent aȝeynes forbod
And kepte not þe lawes of God,
he'd been unchaste, covetous, and proud. He nas not chast of bodi i-souȝt
Ne of herte ne of his þouȝt,
But euer he was Couetous,
Proud of herte and contrarius;
Þerof nolde he him not schriue
Ne do no penaunce bi his lyue,
Þerfore he schal beo pyned ay
Wiþ-outen Noumbre til domus-day."
POul wepte and bigon to goule.
Þe Angel seide: "whi wepustou, poule?
ȝit sayȝ þou not, as I þe telle,
Þe strengest peyne þat is in helle."
St. Paul then saw a pit Þe Angel *him* schewed wiþ-outen weoles
A put a-seled wiþ seuen seles.
He bad him stonde bac, for þat þing,
Þat he mihte sustene þat stynk.
He opened þe Mouþ of þat put:
from which the stink was awful. Hit stonk foule wȝon hit was vnschut;
Þe stynk þat com out of þat plas
Passed al þe peynes and stinkes *þer* was.
Þen seide þat Angel, to biginne:
"Hose comeþ þis put wiþ-Inne,
Bi-fore God and vre ladi
Schal neuer of him beo no merci."
POul askede: "wȝuche ben þo
Þat schulen to þis peyne go?"
In it were those who didn't believe Christ was born of the Virgin, He seide: "hose leeueþ not in wone
Þat Iesu crist, Godus sone,
Tok fflesch and blod of þe *virgine* Marie
And seþþe was boren of hire bodye;
and who did not receive Baptism or And also þulke, I telle hit þe,
Þat neuer wollen Baptiȝed be,

Þulke þat resseyue not worþily
Þe flesch and blod of godus bodi."
PAul loked forþur þen
And sauȝ ful mony men and wym*m*en ;
Wormes and serp*en*tes on hem seeten,
Euer as houndes þei on hem freeten.
So mony soules þer weore in hold,
Vchon on oþur, as schep in fold.
Hit was also dep to nemene
As from þe eorþe vp to heuene.
Of heore serwyng was muche wondur,
Þei made a noyse as hit weore þundur.
And þe*n*ne poul loked touward heuene,
And out of eorþe he herde a steuene ;
A synful soule he sauȝ comynge
Among seue deueles waymentynge ;
Þe wȝuche þat same day forþi
Was itaken from þe bodi.
Þe Angeles of God, þat ben vr frendes,
Criȝeden faste to þe ffendes,
Seyȝinge allas, makynge heore mon :
"What haþ þat wrecched soule i-don?"
Þe ffendes seiden : "verreyment,
He haþ seȝen his Iuggement ;
He haþ ben muche mys-auyset,
Godus Comau*n*dem*en*s he haþ dispyset,
In eorþe he lyued in foly
And þer dude he no remedi.
His owne cha[r]tre haþ he rad
Þat his synnes were Inne I-sprad,
And so forþ, we telle þe,
His owne self þen Iugged he."
Þen tok þe deueles and hi*m* bou*n*de,
And caste hym in to þe derkeste grou*n*de,
Þer as was wepyng wiþ muche vnseeþe,
Goulyng and grisbatyng of teþe.
ÞEn seide to poul þat Aungel :
"Leeue þou hit and knowe hit wel :
So as Mon doþ in his lyuing
So schal he haue aftur his endyng."

the Eucharist.

St. Paul saw also men and women torn by worms and serpents.

Then he saw a soul coming from earth with 7 Devils,

who said he'd despised God's commands, and livd in folly;

so they bound him, and cast him into the darkest place.

As man does in life, so shall he have doom after death.

Aftur þat' þis was forþ so sent,
In-wiþ þe space of a moment,
St. Paul saw next, a righteous man's soul brought up, Aungeles of heuene saiȝ he come þon,
Brouhten þe soule of a Rihtful mon.
þer was Ioye wiþ loud steuene,
ffor so þei beeren hit in to heuene;
Of a þousund Angeles he herde þe vois,
Ioynge wiþ a semely noys,
welcomd by Angels, And seiden: "murie soule, blesset þou be,
ffor euer murþe schal beo wiþ þe!
þou art i-blesset of God in trone:
þe wille of Ihesu hastou done."
taken before God, þEn seide þe Angeles in heore seiȝing:
"Ledeþ hym vp to-foren vr kyng!
Glad may he ben of alle clerkes
þat schal him-self rede his goode werkes."
and led into Paradise. Aftur þat Mihel lede him in hiȝ
To paradys to oþur holi.
A Ioyful noyse was hem among
Of Angeles and Archangeles wiþ song.
The Damnd þEi þat in peyne bi-neþen lyȝe,
Herden þis and al hit seiȝe;
call on Paul and Michael to pray for them. þei ȝelleden wiþ lodly cry:
"Poul, Michael, on vs ha merci!
Prei for vs wiþ good a-cord
To vre god and to vre lord!"
þEn seide þe Angel to hem þo:
"Weputh! poul and I wolen also,
þat Almihti God, þat may best,
Send ȝow sum refuit and sum rest."
They, with And þeose þat in peyne weore
Cried on God wiþ delful beere;
Paul and Angels, did pray; Michael and poul also,
And a Legioun of Aungelus mo.
their sound rose to the 4th Heaven. þe soun of hem was herd ful euene
Vp in to þe ffeorþe heuene,
Seiȝinge "haue merci on hem,
þe Sone of God and eke of mon."
And þenne þei þe heuene seih
Open a-non ful sodeynly,

Þe Sone of god com doun þo
And herde hem preye, mony on mo,
Þei preieden alle ful tenderli
"Haue merci on vs, sone of Daui!"
ÞE vois þenne of vre heuene kyng
Ouer al þe peynes was herd seying:
"What good ha ȝe don herbifore
Þat ȝe aske reste so sore?
I was don on cros for ȝou wiþ dere
And smiten wiþ a ful scharp spere,
I-nayled also wiþ nayles þree,
Eysel and Galle to drynke bode me;
I ȝaf my-self for ȝou to be,
ffor ȝe schulde ouer come wiþ me.
Bote ȝe weore þeues, coueytous,
Proude and wroþe and envyous,
Good neuer nolde ȝe do non
Ne to schrift nolde ȝe not gon,
Ne do penaunce for no þing
Wiþ Almusdedes ne wiþ fastyng,
But ȝe weore lyȝers al ȝor lyf
And liueden euere in serwe and strif."
ÞEn kneled Poul and Mihel
And a Milioun Angeles wel
Bi-fore þe sone of God, to pray
Þei moste ha reste þe sonenday.
Þo weore þeos, as I ow telle
Þat weoren in þe pynen of helle.
ÞEn seide vr lord to hem in spelle:
"ffor Poul and also Michaelle
And myn o*þ*u*r*e Angeles on hiȝe,
Þat ben in heuene so goode and triȝe,
And also of my grete goodnesse,
Hem to ese of heore distresse,
Þis rest I ȝiue ȝow ful soon
ffrom þe seter-day at Non
Til þe secunde hour beo cum
On þe Monenday, al and sum."
ANon þe soules hedden þer rest—
He ȝaf hit hem þat mihte best.

Christ askt the Damnd what good they had done.

They were thieves and envious,

living ever in strife.

Then the Angels prayd that the Damnd might rest on Sunday.

Christ granted this, from Saturday at noon, till the 2nd hour on Monday.

þe soules crized euerichon :
"Blesset beo þou, lord, sone of mon,
Lord and God of Dauid kuynde !
þis rest bi þe haue we in Muynde."— 336

He who hallows Sunday shall have part of the Angels' eternal rest.

þerfore, whos halweþ wel þe sonenday,
He schal ha part of þe reste ay
þat þe Angeles in heuene
Han þere wiþ mylde steuene. 340
Beo war of þe serwe and drede
And of þe peynes þat we her rede,
And torne we in alle wyse
Vr lord to serue, þat hize Iustise ; 344
Bi wzuche seruyse we may come
To vre lord god and wiþ him wone.

St. Gregory's Trental.

XXXIV. þe Pope trental.[1]

Title in V_2: here bygynnet þe guldene trental þat ouzte be loued swyþe wel.

I-writen I fynde a good stori,
þe Pope hit wrot seint Gregori,[1]
St. Gregory's Mother
Of his Modur and of hire lyf,
þat alle men heolden an holi hosewyf,
So sad[1] of Maner, so mylde of Mood,
þat alle men heolden hire holi and good ;
De-boner, deuout, so milde of steuene,
þat alle men gesset[1] hire worþi to heuene. 8

[1] The name here, and v. 31, is a later introduction to the poem (cf. MS. Cott.). (Gregory is said to have instituted the Trental.)

[1] V_2 good

[1] V_2 gessed

[1] Ed. before in *Engl. Stud.* VIII, p. 275. The poem occurs again in the same MS. Vern. fol. CCCIII (V_2) ; other MSS. are Cott. Cal. A II (15th cent.), ed. by Furnivall, *Pol., Rel. and Love Poems*, London 1866, and MS. Lamb. 306 ; from these MSS. A. Kaufmann has tried to give a critical text, based chiefly on MS. Cott., and retaining its spelling (*Erlanger Beiträge* 3, 1889). A different version is extant in MS. Edinb. Adv. Libr. 19, 3, 1, ed. by Turnbull, *The Visions of Tundale*, Edinb. 1843, and MS. Cambr. Univ. Libr. KK 1, 6, ed. by Kaufmann l. c., which MSS. again differ greatly.

Trentale *sancti* gregorij.

MS. Cott. Cal. A II, fol. 86 (ed. in Furnivall's *Polit., Relig. and Love Poems*, E. E. T. S. 1866).

A nobuH story wryte y fynde,
A pope hit wrote to haue yn mynde,
Of his modur & of her lyf
That holden was an holy wyfe, 4
Of myrthes sadde & mylde of mode,
þat aH men held her holy & gode ;
Bothe deuowte & mylde of steuen, 7
þat aH men helde her wordy heuen.

As holi I-holden as heo was,
þe fend ȝit falled hire in a foul cas,
He truyled[1] hire wiþ his tricherye [1] V2 gylede
And ladde hire in to lecherye,
þat lust wiþ loue hire so be-gylede,
So foule, til heo was wiþ childe.
So priueliche noþeles heo hire bar
þat þer-of nas no wiht I-war.
And for no wiht schulde wite hire cas,
Anon as hire child I-boren was,
þe Nekke heo nom, þe child heo woriede,
And a-non þe child heo buriede.
þus was heo cumbred in careful cas,
Ne schewed neuer schrift *þer*of, allas!
ffor heo wolde holy I-holde be,
Heo tolde neuer prest hire priuite;
Al[1] folk fayn was of hire fame, [1] V2 Alle
So holy as heo was holden of name.
Eft-sones hir fel þe same cas
Riht as bi-foren bi-tyd hire was.
ffor heo was comen of prys paıage,
Of riche kun,[1] of gentil lynage, [1] V2 kin
Hire sone was seynt Gregori þe pope, [2] vv. 31-2 om. in Cott.
Men heolden hire holy *wiþ* al heore hope,[2]
þerfore heo schonede hir schrift to schowe,
Leste by schrift hire cas weor[1] knowe. [1] V2 were
[1] So schome makeþ men schone heor schrift [1] vv. 35-8 later addition.
And leose[1] þe grace of godus ȝift, [1] MS. leoseþ
And siþen to liue*n* so sunfulli[1] [1] V2 sinfulli

was led by the Devil into lechery.

She wrung her baby's neck,

and never confest her sin.

As she was of high birth,

and the Pope's mother,

she feard to confess, and make her sin known.

So holy as she was holde of name,
Aƚƚ men were gladde of her' fame.
But as holy as she holden was,
þe deueƚƚ browȝth her' yn a foule cas,
He *tri*feled her' so *with* his trecherye
And ledde her yn lust of lecherye,
ffor *with* lust of lecherye he *her* begylde
Tyƚƚ she hadde *con*ceyued a chylde.
And also *pri*uely she hit bare
That þer'-of was no man ware.
And for no mon) shuld wyte of *þat* case,
Anone as þe chylde born was,
The chylde she slowȝ & wyryede
And pryuely she hit byryede.
þer was she *com*bred yn a carefuƚƚ case,
And vnshryuen *þer*-of she was;
She ne tolde no preste her' *pri*uyte
ffor she wolde holy holden be.
Efte-sones she feƚƚ *in* þe same case
Ryȝth as beforn her' be-tydde was.
ffor she was come*n* of hyȝ parage,
Of gentyƚƚ kyn*n*e & worþy lynage,
*þer*for' she wolde not her' syn*n*e shewe
Nor yn schryfte hit be-knowe,

And sorily dyen and sodeynli.
Þis wo*m*mones dedes ner not aspyet,[1] [1] V2 neore . aspyed
She died. And softly sone *þer*-aftur heo dyed.
Whon heo was seyen[1] so softly dye, [1] V2 seȝen
Men hopede heo weore i*n* heuene ful hiȝe,[1] [1] V2 hie
Men heolden hir holy and so deuoute
Þat of hire deþ men hedden no doute,
But wenden witerly alle to-wisse
Þat heo weore set in souereyn blisse.
ÞEr-aftur wiþ-Inne a luytel tyme
Vp-on a day sone aftur prime
And when her son St. Gregory was saying Mass, Hire sone þe pope at Masse stood,
And of his Modur trouwed bote good.
Al sodeynliche a-Midde his messe
a great darkness came on, Þer drouh touward hi*m* such a derknesse
Þat lakkede al þe dayes lyht
And was derk[1] as hit weore midniht; [1] V2 as derk as is at m.
And in þat derknesse a myst among,
Al stoneyd he was, such stunch þer stong;
Þer-of so grislich he was a-gast
Þat al swounyng he was al-mast.
Beo-syde he loked vndur his leor:
and he saw a grisly creature, A-Midde þe derknesse *þer* drouȝ on ner
A wonder grisli[1] creature, [1] V2 grislich
Riht aftur a fend ferde hire feture;
So Ragget,[1] so Rent, so elyng, so vuel,[2] [1] V2 Ragged [2] euel
like a Devil of Hell. As hidous to bi-holden as helle-deuel;
Mouþ and Neose, Eres and Eȝes

And so her' dedes wer' not a-spyed.
But aft*ur*warde sodenly she dyed.
When she was seyn so sodenly dye,
Men hoped she was yn heuen hye; 36
They helde her' so holy & deuowte
Þat of her' deth þey made no dowte,
But sykurly men wende y-wys
Þ*a*t she was worþy heuen blys. 40
Then aft*ur* w*i*th-Inne a shorte tyme,
Vpon a day soone aftyr pryme,
The pope as he at his masse stode, 43
Vpon his mod*ur* he hadde þowȝt goode,
Prayng to god w*i*th con*c*iens clere
The soþe to knowe as hit were.
And sodenly yn myddes his masse 47
þer þrowȝ to hy*m* such̄ a derkenesse
þ*a*t he[1] lakkede ner þe dayes lyȝt,
ffor hit was derke as mydnyȝt; [1] om. he
In þat derkenes was myste among, 51
AH a-stonyed he stode so hit stongke.
Be-syde he loked vnþ*ur* hys lere:
In þat derknes a þ*y*ng þrew hy*m* nere,
A wonþ*ur*fuH grysely creature, 55
Aft*ur* a fend fyred w*i*th aH her' feture,
AH ragged & rente, boþe elenge & eueH,
As orrybuH to be-holde as any deueH;
Mowthe, face, eres & yes

fflaumed al ful of furi liȝes.[1] [1] V2 leiȝes

HE asked hit heiȝlich: "þorwh his miht — St. Gregory askt this creature
þat alle deueles schal dreden and diht, 68
And eke bi vertu of his blood
þat for Monkynde diȝed on Rod,
Sey me a-non[1] þe soþe soone: [1] V2 sik.rly
What hastou in þis place to done? 72
What is þi cause, þou cursede wrecche, — why it troubled him at Mass.
þus me at Masse to derue and drecche?"

ÞE gost onswerde wiþ dreri cher: — It said, "I am thy Mother.
"I am þi Moodur þat þe beer, 76
þat for vn-schriuene dedes derne
In bitter peynes þus i berne."

ÞEn onswerd þe pope: "allas,
Allas, my Modur, þis wondur cas! 80
Allas, my Modur, hou may þis be,
In such aray I þe to seo?
Men wenden witerli to-wisse
þou weore wel worþi to habbe blisse 84
And þat ful wel wiþ God þou were,
To preyen for us þat liuen ȝit here.
Sey me, modur, wiþ-outen feyne,
Whi art þou[1] put to al þis peyne?" [1] V2 artou 88
Heo seide: "my sone, soþfastly
I schal þe telle þe cause why:
ffor I nas not such as I seemed, — I was wicked
But wikked and worse þen men me demed, 92

Brennede aH fuH of brennyng lyes. 60
He was so agast of þat grysyly goste
That yn a swonyng he was almoste.
He halsed hit: "þorow goddes myȝte
That þe fende he putte to flyȝte, 64
And be þe vertu of hys blode
That for mankynde dyed on Rode,
Sey me sykerly þe soþe soone 67
What þou hast yn þis place to done;
What ys þy cause, þou cursed wreche,
Thus at masse me for to drecche?"
þe gost answered with drury chere:
"I am þy modur þat þe beere, [1] r. berne
þat for vnschryuen dedes so derne 73
In byttyr paynes þus y brenne[1]."
Then sayde þe pope: "alas, alas!
Modur, þis ys to me a wondur case. 76
A, leef modur, how may þis be
In suche paynes þe for to se?
ffor aH men wende y-wys [1] L well with god
That þou hadde ben wordy heuen blys,
And fuH good[1] þat þou were,
To praye for vs þat ben here.
Sey me, modyr, with-outen fayne, 83
Why art þou put to aH þis payne?"
She sayde: "sone, sykerly,
I shaH þe telle þe cause why:
ffor y was not such as y semed,
But myche worse þen men wened; 88

I sungede[1] wikkedliche in my lyue, [1] V2 sunged
Of wȝuch I ne dorste for schome me schriue;"
Heo tolde him trewely al hire cas
ffrom ende to oþur riht as hit was.
"Sei me, Modur, for Marie flour,
ȝif ouȝt may beo þi socour,[1] [1] V2 þi saf s.
Wher penaunce of fasting mai ouȝt alegge,
Beodes or Masses þi peynes abregge,
Or eny-maner oþur þyng
þat þe mai helpe of eny lissyng?"
"MI deore Blessede sone," seide heo,
"fful wel I-holpen I mihte beo,
Holpen and saued I mihte beo wel
Hose vndurtoke a trewe trentel
Of ten cheef festes of al þe ȝer
To synge for me in þis Maneer:
þreo Masses of Cristes Natiuite,
And of þe Ephiphan oþur þre,
þreo of þe Purificaciun,
And þreo of þe Annunciaciun,
þreo of þe Resurrexiun,
And þreo of þe Ascenciun,
Of þe Pentecost oþur þre,
And þreo of þe holy Trinite,
þreo of Maries Natiuite,
And of hire Concepciouⁿ oþur þre"—

and durst not be schriven." She then confest her sin.

St. Gregory's Mother told him a Trental of 10 chief Feasts would serve her:

3 each of Christmas, the Epiphany, Purification,

Annunciation, Resurrection,

Ascension,

Pentecost,

Trinity,

Mary's Birth and Conception.

I lyuede in lustes wykkydly in my lyfe,
Of þe whyche y wolde me not shryfe;"
And tolde hym trewly alle þe case
ffro þe bygynnyng how þat hit wase.
The pope lette teres a-down Renne,
And to his modyr he sayde þen:
"Telle me now, modur, for loue of mary flour,
If any þyng may þe help or sokour,
Bedes or masse, þy penaunce to bye,
Or ony fastyng, þy sorowe to aleye;
What crafte or caste or any oþur þyng
The may help or be þy Releuyng?"
"My blessed sone," sayde she,
"ffulle welle y hope þat hit may be;
Syker & saf myȝth y be welle
Who-so trewly wolde take a trentelle
Of ten chef festes of þe ȝere,
To syng for me yn þis manere:
Thre masses of crystys natyuyte,
And of þe xij day oþur þre,
Thre of our ladyes puryfycacion,
And oþur þre of her Annunciacion,
Thre of crystes gloryous Resurreccion,
And oþur þre of his hyȝ Ascencion,
And of pentecoste oþur þre,
And þre of þe blessed trinite,
And of our ladyes Assumpcion oþur þre,
And of her Ioyfulle natiuite þre;

Þeose weoren[1] þe cheef festes ten [1] *al.* ben
Þat soue*r*eynliche socourde[2] synful men. [2] *al.* socour(en)
" What godmon syngeþ þeos masses, sau*n*fayle,
To synful soule[1] þei schullen auayle, [1] V2 soules
Wiþ þe ȝeer wiþ-outen treyne
Diliueren a soule ful out of peyne.
Let sei þeos Masses bi ȝoure hestes — These Masses, said within the Octaves of the Festivals,
Wiþ-Inne þe vtaues of þe ffestes !
And he þat schal þeos Masses do,
Let sei þer-wiþ þe Orisun þer-to, — and with a Prayer,
[1]Treoweliche wiþ-outen were [1] vv. 129-146 a later paraphrase of the two vv. in MS. Cott.
Eueri day þorwh-out þe ȝere, — would deliver her soul.
Heet him sei[1] hit eueri day, [1] V2 seyen
Oþur he þat doþ þe Masses to say."
Hose wol knowe þis orisun clene, — The Prayer is this:
Hit is on Englisch þus muche to mene :
" God, vr verrey Redempciun, *Oracio* — " God, our Redemption,
Vr soþfast soules sauaciun,
Þat chose al[1] oþur londes bi-forn [1] V2 alle
Þe lond of bi-heste In to beo born,
And þi deþ suffredest in þat same,[1] [1] V2 þe s.
Diliue*re* þis soule from gult and blame, — deliver this soul from the Fiend's bond!"
Tak hit out of þe fendes bond,
And þat lond from þe heþene hond,
And peple þat leueþ not in þe
Þorwh þi vertu amendet mote be ;
And alle[1] þat trusteþ In þi Merci, [1] V2 al
Lord, saue hem sone and soþfastli ! "
" A Modur," he seide, " þat wol I do, — St. Gregory promist his Mother to sing this Trental of Masses,
ffor I am mon most I-holde[1] þer-to—
Þou weore my Modur, I was þi sone— [1] V2 holden (I- om.)
To synge þe Masses I schal not schone[2] ; [2] MS. schome

These ben þe chefe festes ten
That soko*ur* þe sowles þat ben fro heueñ.
Who-so sayth þese masses, *with*-out fayle,
ffor syñfuH sowles þey shaH a-vayle ;
AH a ȝere, *with*-outen trayne,
They delyuere a sowle out of payne.
Lette say þese masses be ȝo*ur* hestes
With-Inne þe vtas of þe festes ! 124
And he þat shaH þese masses do,
Sey he *þer-with þis* oryson also :
Deus qui es nostra Redempcio, 127
With aH þe oþur þat longen *þer*-to."
The pope was gladde her-of *in* fay,
And to his mod*ur* þen gon he say :
" Modyr," he sayde, " *þis* shaH be do,
ffor y am moste bounde *þer*to— 132
Thou were my mod*ur*, I was þy sone—
Thys same ȝere hit shaH be done ;

God grau*n*te me, Modur, þe stonde in stede[1] [1] V2 stude
Aȝeynes þe synnes þat euer þou dude.[2] 152
I halse þe heiȝliche, Modur deere, [2] V2 Aȝeyn . sunnes . dede
Þis tyme twelf-Moneþ[1] to me a-peere, [1] V2 a tw. m.
Hol þin a-stat to me þou schowe,
þat, hou þou fare, I mouwe wel knowe!" 156
"Mi sone," heo seide, "I wole, in ffey,"
And wiþ þat word heo wente hir wey.
So day from[1] day þe ȝer con passe, [1] V2 fro
and on the days assiȝnd, he duly sang them. þe pope for-lette neuer his Masse 160
þe same dayes þat weoren[1] asignet, [1] V2 were
To helpen his Modur þat was so pynet,[1] [1] V2 pyned
And tok þe Orisun al-gate þer-to
Als, as his Modur preiȝede him do. 164
At the year's end he saw þAt tyde twelf-Moneþ at Masse he stod
Holyliche wiþ deuociun good:
And in þat same tyde apliht
He say3 a swiþe selli siht, 168
a comely Lady, A comeli[1] ladi, so dresset and diht [1] V2 comly
þat al þe world of hire schon briht,
crownd, Comeli Corouned[1] as a Qweene, [1] V2 crouned
led by 2 Angels. Tweyn Angeles ladden hire hem bi-twene. 172
He was so Rauischt of þat siht,
Al-most for Ioye he swounede riht.
He fel doun flat bi-foren hire feet, 175
þe teres of his eȝen he doun leet,[1] [1] V2 Deuoutli teres wiþ leores he leet

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God *grau*nte me *grace* to stonde *in* stede
Aȝeyns aH̄ þe sy*nnus* þ*at* eu*ur* þou dede. 136
I co*mmaun*de hooly, my moder dere,
þ*at* þ*is* tyme twelfmoneþ þou to me apere,
And hooly to me þy state þou telle,
That how þou fare y may wyte weH̄."
"My sone," she sayde, "y woH̄ yn fay," 141
And w*ith* þat worde she wente her̄ way.
Day by day þe ȝer̄ gon passe,
The pope for-ȝate neu*ur* h*is* masse 144
The same dayes þ*at* were a-syned,
To helpe h*is* mod*ur* þ*at* was pyned,
And toke þe orysons aH̄-way þ*er*-to
Ryȝth as she bad h*ym* for to do. 148
xij moneþ aft*ur* as he at masse stode
W*ith* gr*et* deuocion & holynesse gode,
At þ*at* same tyme fuH̄ Rygh̄t
He sawe a fuH̄ swete sygh̄t: 152
A comely lady dressed & dygh̄t,
That aH̄ þe worlde was not so bryȝt,
Comely crowned as a qwene,
Twenty Angellys her̄ ladde be-twene.
He was so Raueshed of þ*at* sygh̄t 157
That nyȝ for Ioye he swoned Rygh̄t.
He feH̄ down flatte by-fore her̄ fete,
þ*at*[1] deuowtly teres wepynge he lete,

[1] [1] om. þat

He grette[1] hire wiþ wel mylde steuene [1] V2 gret — He greeted her as Queen of Heaven, Mother of Jesus.
And seyde: "ladi, Qween of heuene,
Moodur of Ihesu, Mylde Marie,
ffor my moodur Merci I crie."
"[D]O wey," heo seide, "I nam not heo
[ ] Ne whom þou wenest[1] þat I beo, [1] V2 þe wenest
Bote, soþlyche, as þou seost me her, — She said she was but his own Mother.
I am þe[1] Moodur þat þe beer. [1] r. þi; V2 þi
Bi-foren i ferde, þou wustest wel, — A year ago, she was as a Fiend of Hell;
ffarynge as a fend of hel,[1] [1] V2 helle
I am nou such as þou sest her,
Þorwh help and vertu of þi preyer, — now, by his prayer, she was ready for bliss.
ffrom derknesse i-dresset[1] to blisse cleer. [1] V2 om. i-
Þe tyme beo blesset þat I þe beer!
And for þe kuyndenesse of þi deede
Souereyn Ioye schal beo þy Meede.
And alle þat leteþ þeos Masses þus do,
Schul saue hem-self and soules also.
Þerfore, Sone, þis storie þou preche!
Mi dere sone, god I þe be-teche."
Whon heo hedde endet þis wordes euene,
Angeles token hire hom[1] to heuene. [1] V2 euene — The Angels took her to Heaven.
Þe same hom to[1] god vs sende, [1] V2 om. to
To wone wiþ him wiþ-outen ende. Amen.[1]

[1] Then follows in MS. Vernon, William of Nassington's *Mirrour of Life* (translation of John de Waldeby's *Speculum Vitæ*), fol. CCXXXI—CCLXIIII b, extant also in a MS. of Lord Ashburnham (best MS.), MS. Reg. 17 CVIII (written 1418), Hatton 19; then Rich. Rolle's *Pricke of Conscience*, fol. CCLXIIII b—CCLXXXIII b; then Þe *Spore of Loue.*

And grette her' with a mylde steuen
And sayde þere: "lady, qwene of heuen,
Modyr of Ihesu, mayde marye,
ffor my modyr mercy I crye."
At þat worde with mylde chere
She hym answered on þis manere:
"Blessed sone, I am not she
Who wenest[1] þou þat I be, [1] r. Whom þ. w.
But certes as þou seest me here
I am þy modyr þat þe bere,
That her'-by-fore, þou wyste weH,
I was wordy payne yn heH,
And now y am such as þou seest her',
Þorow help of þe vertu of þy prayer',
ffro derknesse I dresse to blysse clere;
Þe tyme be blessed þat y þe bere!
And for þe kyndenesse of þy good dede
Heuen-blysse shaH be þy mede.
And aH þo þat leten þese masses be do,
ShaH saue hem-self & oþur mo;
Þus may þey helpe her' frendes aH
That Reche-lesly yn synne faHe.
Therfore, sone, þis story þou preche!
And almyȝty god y þe be-teche."
At þe endyng of her wordes euen
An AngeH her ber yn to heuen.
In to þat place god vs sende,
To dwelle with her with-outen ende.

(MS. Cott. Cal. A II adds:)

Thys ys þe vertu, y þe telle,
Of seynt gregory trenteHe.
But who so wyH do hit trewely,
He moste do more, sykurly:
þe preste þat þe masse shaH synge,
At eche feste þat he doþ hit mynge
He moste say with good deuocion)
Ouer Euen) þe commendacyon),
Placebo & dyryge also,
The sowle to brynge out of woo;
And also þe salmus seueñe,
ffor to brynge þe sowle to heueñ—
Among oþur prayeres þey ben good
To brynge sowles fro helle f[l]ode,
ffor euery psalme qwencheth a synne,
As ofte as a man þoth hem) mynne.
Loke with good deuocyon þou hem say!
And to aH halewes þat þou pray,
To helpe þe with aH her' myȝte
The sowle to brynge to heuen brygHt,
Ther' euur ys day and neuur nygHt—
Cryst graunt vs parte of þat lygHt!
Loke þese ben sayde aH in-fere
Euery day yn þe ȝere;
Neuer a day þat þou for-ȝete,
These to say þou ne lette!
Also in þe vtas of euery feste
Also longe as hit doth leste—
viij^te^ dayus men) callen þe vtas—
þe preste moste say in his masse—
A nobuH orysoun) hit ys holde—
þe colette þat fyrst y of tolde.
And attur þe fyrste orysoun)
þer ys an-oþur of gret Renoun)
þat to þe sowle ys wonþur swete,
Menne calle hit þe secrete.
When þe preste hath don his masse,
Vsed, & his hondes wasche,
A-noþur oryson he moste say,
þat yn þe boke fynde he may,
þe "post comen" men don hit calle,
That helpeth sowles out of þralle.
And þat þis be don at eche a feste
As þe trentaH[1] speketh moste & leste;
Then may þou be sykur & certayne
To brynge þe sowle out of payne
To endeles Ioye þat lasteth aye,
þat god dyed fore on good fryday.
To þat Ioye he vs brynge
þat ys in heuen with-oute endynge!
Pray we aH hit may so be,
And say Amen for charyte.

Explicit.

[1] corr. fr. trentell

The Spur of Love.

[XXXV. þe Spure of Loue.] [1] fol. cclxxxiii b.

(A free translation of St. Edmund's *Speculum.*)

Her beginneþ þe Prikke of loue,
þat profitable is to soule be-houe.

God, grant thy Blessing to all who hearken to me!

God þat art of miȝtes most,
ffader and Sone and holigost,
þow graunte hem alle þi blessyng
þat herken wel to þis talkyng.
ffor, lewed and lered, more and lesse,
Hit wol ow teche holynesse;
To loue God wiþ fyn chere
My dears, Hit wol ou teche, my leoue and dere.

[1] So the title in v. 21, 1081; in the heading the title is *þe Prikke of loue.* A local reference, v. 163 ff., seems to imply that the poem was written in Leicester. The translation is very free, with frequent additions, omissions, and contractions.

ffor mony a tyme ȝe cone me preye — You've often askt me to
Þer-of a lesson ow to seye;
ȝoure dulnesse sumwhat to scharpe — sharpen your dulness.
ȝe han me preyed for to carpe.
ffor bisynes of worldli þing
To monye hit is a gret lettyng,
And eke ȝor owne frelete,
Þat makeþ ow ȝeore heui to be
Of or-self and ȝoure liuinge,
Þorw þe ffendes entysynge.
Þerfore þis bok to ow I make — I write, for your comfort, this *Spur of Love*,
ȝoure discu*m*fort for to slake,
Þat is cald "þe spore of loue,"
Þat stureþ or loue to god aboue.
Riht as þe spore makeþ hors to re*n*ne,
So schal þis bok sone god[1] ou kenne, [1] MS. good — to teach you Holiness.
Þat is souereyn holynesse.
ȝe schul fynde heer-in swetnesse:
Loke ȝe take herto good hede!
ffor I schal telle ȝou, as I rede.
Þis may be ȝor halyday werk,
Hit wol a-vayle boþe lewed and clerk.

Of Meditacion of þi-self knowyng.[1]

[1] The poem begins with Chap. 3 of the Spec.

Takeþ good hede, of alle þinge — Love first,
Þis tweyne to loue, good þei wil þe bringe:
Þe ffurste Is Meditacion, — Meditation,
Þe toþer is Contemplacion; — 2. Contemplation.
Þenk of þi-self þat is to say,
And on God, eueriche day.
Þou maiȝt not loue God riȝt wel
But ȝif þou knowe hi*m* furst sumdel,
Ne þi-self neuer þe more.
Þat God is best wite wel þe*r*fore;
And wene not þi-self be best,
Al þi while þen hast þou lost.
Þi-self loke þat þou knowe, — Know thyself,
ffor þat schal make þe Meke & lowe
And able to knowe þe grete bou*n*te — to know the goodness of God.
Of God þat sitteþ in Maieste.

Bi-þenk þe þenne, whil þou hast quart,
In Bodi and Soule what þou art. 48

Thy body was begotten of filth,
þi bodi was gendred of foul matere,
þat is wlatsum for to here.

and thy 9 issues are unclean:
[1] Bi al þin Issuwes hit is wel sene
[1] vv. 51-86. This passage is wanting in the Spec.
þat þou art not wiþ-Inne ful clene. 52
Nyne Issuwes þou hast, I wene,
ȝif þou loke hem al bi-deene:

2 Ears,
Tweyne Eren þou hast, ben ful of wore,

2 Eyes,
þyn Eȝen ben gou*n*di whon þei ben sore, 56

2 Nostrils,
þi Neose-þurles ben ful of snit,

1 Mouth,
And þi Mouþ of glet and spit,

2 Privities.
þyn Issuwes þat aren in priuete
ffor schome þou letest no mon hem se. 60

St. Bernard says
þerfore, seint Bernard as he vs telles: [1]
þou proude mon, þou art nouȝt elles

man is a sack of muck,
But of Muk bretful a sekke; [1] cf. The sayings of St. Bernard.
Mon, schuldest þou not so muche rekke 64
Of þi-self þen of anoþer,

and worm's brother.
ffor Rot is þi ffader, worm þi broþer,
ffor gendred he is riht of þe same
As þou. Proud mon, þou art to blame, 68
þat þow berest þe so stoutli
And hast þow non enchesun whi!
Heddest þow be maad of stones riche,
Sonne or Mone or bodi heuenliche, 72
How nobliche þow heddest be wrouȝt!
As Lucifer þow miȝtest haue þouȝt.
Of his beute proud he was:
þerfore him tidde a wel foul cas, 76
In heuene he durede but a while.
Riht so pruide wol þe be-gyle
And caste þe doun riht to grou*n*de,

Proud man, thy soul shall go to Hell.
þi soule in peyne hit schal be bou*n*de. 80

Thy body shall rot.
þi bodi, þat now is hol and sounde,
So foul rot hit schal be founde,
Hit schal not t*ur*ne to gras nor flour,
But in to wlatsu*m* and foul odour. 84
þus maiȝt þou knowe þi bodily staate,
þi fleschli lust forto abate.

Meditacion of þe *Soule.*

Of þi soule ȝit þenke þow — Thy soul
What staat hit is Inne now,
And what þou hast don her-bi-foren—
Or elles þou maiȝt sone be loren.
þenk hou muche wikkednesse — has done evil,
þou hast don, and [left][1] goodnesse, [1] om.
How luitel good þow hast wrouȝt, — and little good.
þi tyme hast spendet aboute nouȝt;
Of werk and word þat is gon — Of every work and word
And of þi tyme schal leue riht non — shalt thou give account.
þat þou ne schalt ȝelde ful streit acou*n*te,
þou nost hou muche hit wol amounte.
ȝif þou weore bounde for to telle ex*emplum*
In þe séé þe smale grauelle,
Or sterres in þe ffirmament,
þow heddest gret neode, ve*r*rement,
fforto a-vise þe wonder wel!
So most þou rikene eueridel
Werk, and word, and þouȝtes alle,
þat ben wel mo þen grauel smalle;
And of þi tyme þat is past.
þerof þou maiȝt ben sore agast
To þenke þus what þi soule haþ ben! — Think on what thy soul is now!
What hit is now, is good to sen.
So chaungeable is þi soule, my frende, — It is changeable.
þat nouȝt þe pleset adai to þe ende;
Now art þow sori, now art þow glad,
Now art in hope, now art adrad;
ȝit wilnest þow þing þat neuer ne was.
þou art more frele þen is þe glas:[1]
Wiþ-oute touche hit lasteþ ay, [1] vv. 116-121 wanting in the Spec.
þi soule is frelore atte assay: — It is frail,
þorw siht wiþ-oute & þouȝt wiþ-Inne
Hit may be broken, wiþ dedly synne.
þerto assentest þou lihtly,
And for to be fondet þou art redi, — ready to be tempted,
And forte wiþ-stonde hastou no miȝt, — and can stand only by God's
But þorw þe grace of god almiht, — grace.

þat kepeþ þe vp whon þou schuldest falle.
God's goodness. ffrom mony mischeues he con þe calle:
Whon þou art loren he þe fyndes,
Of Bond*us* of sy*n*ne he þe vnbyndes;
To þe deuel whon we were sold,
He Rau*n*sound vs, boþe ȝonge & old;
God takes not prompt vengeance on thee, but waits. Dedly synne whon þou hast don,
He vengeþ hi*m* not þer-on anon,
But Corteisliche he þe abydes;
þi schome & synne ȝit he hydes.
He blames þe whon þou dost mys,
God teaches and feeds thee. And eue*r*e he techeþ þe, I-wys,
In hu*ngur* & þurst he þe fedes,
Among þi*n* enymys he þe ledes,
In hete and chele he þe refresches,
Slepyng, wakyng he þe redresses.
Heron þou þenke boþe Euen & morn!
Think how He has let others die, not thee; And eke, hou mony me*n* han be lorn,
Boþe be water and londe also,
þat God ne haþ not tendet to
As to þe so bisyli.
thank Him, And þ*er*fore sei, "sire, graunt Merci,"[1]
Whon þow be-þenkest þe day or niht
Hou god þe kepeþ wi*þ*-oute dispit
In Bodi or soule, erli or late.—
þus maiȝt þou knowe þi*n* owne astate.
and love Him! To loue god bi alle resoun
ffor þis fordede þou hast enchesoun.
þis þouȝt is Meditacion.
Now forþ to Contemplacion.

[1] The Spec. has a complete prayer, beg. Gratias ago tibi, &c.

Of Contemplacion in creature.

Contemplation is the sight of God, and His nobleness, Contem*p*lacion is to seye:
Siht of god and his nobleye.
þat maiȝt þou se be þin Inwit
In creature, and in holy writ,
And siþen in his owne kynde.
Of þeose ȝif we wol haue good mynde,
I. in His works. þe nobleye of god [we se] in his werkes,
As men mowe seo, Lewed & Clerkes.

Þou þat neuere seȝe Duyk Henri, exemplum
Þat þe newe werk of Leycetre reised on hiȝ:
Þer-bi maiȝt þou wel wyte and se
Þat he was lord of gret pouste
Þat hit made of his owne cost—
I hope he naue þeron not lost.
Þe makyng of vche a creature
Such is[1] godes miȝt wiþ-oute Mesure.
And bi þe ordre of vch a kynde
His wit we sen but we be blynde;
And bi þe creatures meyntenyng
Of his godnes we han witeryng.
So long and Brod as is þis world,
Heiȝ and dep, scheweþ him a lord
Of Miht and pouwer gret saunȝfaile,
Al made of nouȝt wiþ-oute trauayle.
[1]Eyr & ffuir on heiȝ ben founde,
Water and Erþe heuy at grounde:
Of his wisdam hit scheweþ a part,
And so to Ioyne hem a ful gret art.
Hedde fuir and water to-geder ben set,
Not wysli don men wolden han let,
Þat On þat oþer wolde distruye;
Hedde Eir be Ioyned to eorþe so druye,
Hit wolde for-chyne, for to seye soþ,
No fruit wolde bere as hit now doþ.
Water and Erþe are meynt to-gidere,
ffor grene þing schulde not al to-whidere.
Gret wit and wisdam, as I ow tolde
In God ȝit ȝe may be-holde:[1]
How summe creaturs al-on
Han beoynge of him, as stok and ston;
And summe, as treo and gras and flour,
Han lyf, but Ioye non ne no dolour;
Summe ben & liuen & fleon[1] lykyng,
As Beest and ffoul and ffisch fletyng;
Ouer alle þeose Mon bereþ þe pris,
ffor he haþ reson to make him wys—
Þat makeþ hym peringal lo here
To Angeles of heuene, to ben heor feere.

[1] vv. 179-192 wanting in the Spec.

[1] In the MS. vv. 189-190 & 191-2 are transposed.

[1] r. felen

[1] r. Schewis?

Though you've never seen Duke Henry, who built the new work at Leicester, it shows he was a great lord.

So God's creatures prove His power, wisdom, and goodness.

The size of the World shows God's power;

the order of the elements His wisdom.

He made some creatures with Being only,

others with Life,

but Man with Reason,

equal to the Angels.

So muche may ȝit be monnes grace
þat he mai passen an Angeles place.
Seynt Austyn, þe grete clerk, seiþ riȝt so:
An Angeles place he wolde for-go
ffor to haue þe worþi stede
þat God haþ ordeynd for Monhede.
Herof I rede þou take good keepe!
Elles þou art worþi gret schendschip,
Live, then, after thy degree! But þou lyue aftur þi degre,
Seþþe þou hast such a dignite
Alle þing to beo þin vnderloute,
A-boue, bi-neþe, and al aboute.
All things on earth were made for man's service. ffor al þi*ng* i*n* corþe, mon, in su*m* wyse
Was maad of god for[1] þi seruyse: [1] MS. þor
Hors & Neet and eke Chamayle,
þe to ese in þi trauayle;
Lyn, fforre, fflax, Selk and Wolle,
þat diuersliche God ȝeueþ at folle,
þe to kepe from chele and hete;
Beest, fisch & foul, & fruit, to þi mete.
þe þinkeþ p*ar* aunter hit is not so,
Even venomous beasts ffor venymous bestes þei don vs wo.
þe harmful creatures, verrement,
Weore maad til vre amendement,
þei ben to vs a Chastisyng,
And eke a wel feir techyng.
[1]Whil þou hast in þin hond a ȝerd, ex*emplum*
þe Child þ*er*-of is sore aferd, [1] vv. 229-234 wanting in the Spec.
Of his vntiȝt[2] ful sone slakes [2] = Germ. Unzucht
And to his lore good keep he takes;
Hit makeþ þe child boþe meke & lowe,
A-Mendeþ hi*m* wel him-self to knowe.
þe venymous beestes wel muche we dreden:
may help us to lead a better life. þe beter þ*er*fore vre lyf we leden.
ffor su*mm*e to vs þei beo nuyouse,
Godes werk we knowe ful meruilouse—
Of Godes wisdam a wonder cast! [1] 240 ff. wanting in the Spec.
[1]But of his goodnes be-hold atte last,
Things above, as sky and stars, last How Creatures þat ben Iure,[2] [2] So V. and MS. Sim.
þe Sky, Heuen, Sterres and heore nat*ure*

God haþ maad forte mowe endure
Euermore wiþ-outen eny gendrure;
But þulke on eorþe euer*i* day þei rote,
As on is ded, anoþ*ur* is gote—
Such v*er*tu in kuynde God con faste,
þat longe I-nowh so mihte þei laste,
3if his wille were for euere and ay;
So multiplye þei euer vche a day,
þat sum*m*e ben olde & sum*m*e be newe,
þorw þe godnesse of his vertue.—
þus mowe 3e knowe boþe more & lesse
Godes Mi3t, his wit, and his goodnesse
In creatures, as I haue told,
How gret, how good, how monifold.
Seþþe he haþ maad for vs al þis,
But we him loue we don amis.
3if þow loue 3iftes in þin entent,
Loue hi*m* wel raþer þat hit þe sent,
þat is god al þing aboue.
þ*er*fore me þinkeþ we schulde hi*m* loue;
And for him-self 3it wel more,
Whon we be-þenken vs of þis lore.
þis þe furste Contemplacioun
In Creatures of gret Renoun.—

without renewing;

but those on earth rot daily, and are daily multiplied.

Thus you see God's Might, Wit, and Goodness in His creatures.

We should love Him for these and for Himself.

þe *secunde contemplacion In holy writ.*

þE secu*n*de conte*m*placion is hit
þat I seide, in holi writ.
þei þow be lewed and con not rede,
Noþeles ful wel 3it may þou spede
To herkene þe ffrere Sarmounyng
And oþer priue Carpyng,
And loke 3if þou mowe ou3t þer lere
þin vnderstondyng to make more clere.
þer mai3t þow lerne, as I trowe,
Good from vuel for to knowe,
Sinne to hate, vertu to loue,
And to 3erne þe Ioye aboue,
þe pyne of helle for to drede,
Nou3t loue þis world but for þi nede;

Contemplation is II. in Holy Writ.

If you can't read it,

you can hear the Friar preach,

and learn to know Good from Evil.

Alle þinges þat we of prechen,
Summe of þeos poyntes forsoþe þei techen.
Lead your life by Holy Writ! Þerfore I prey 3ou, takeþ good hede
After holi writ 3oure lyf to lede,
Godes wille so to knowe þer-Inne
Þat 3e mowe hate dedly sinne.
The 7 Deadly Sins. And þat 3e mowe knowe w3uch hit bene,
I schal hem riken alle bedene,
And þe spices þat of hem launches.
I. Pride and its 6 branches: Pride þe furste, haþ six[1] Braunches: [2]
[1] 7 in the Spec.
[2] vv. 289 & 290 are transp. in the MS.
þe furste is cald vnbuxomnes:
1. Disobedience, Of herte hit is a gret hi3nes,
Makeþ mon to leeten þat him is boden[1]
[1] orig. beden
And to don þat is forboden
Of God or Mon, his ouerlyng.
2. Boasting, þe secounde spice is Bostyng,
Þat makeþ mon forto him auaunte
Of good þat he wolde neuere haunte.
3. Hypocrisy, þe þridde spice is Ypocrisye—
Schewest þe beter to Monnes ei3e
Þen þou art þi-self wiþ-Inne,
And leetest as þou heddest neuer do synne.
4. Arrogance, þe feorþe is clept Arrogaunce,
Þat schewes oþur mennes mischaunce
And openeþ al out heore wikkednes,
So þat þyn may seme þe les;
Of oþer mennes schendschipe
To þe þow takest worschipe.
5. Despite, þe ffyfþe spice, hit is dispyt,
Oþer menne goodnes setteþ[1] luit,
[1] r. settest?
Þow seist hit is not worþ a Bore,
So þat þin may seme þe more.[1]
[1] The 6th in Spec., impudentia, is om.
6. Elation. þe Sixte is cald Elacion,
Boldnesse of vuel þat þou hast don;
Þat makeþ mon for to fonde
Correxion hou he may wiþ-stonde.
Þeos ben þe spices most comuyn of pride,
Þat spreden in þis world ful wyde.
Pruide in heuene furst bi-gon,
Man's Pride And seþþen in eorþe to mony a Mon.

Of þeos þreo þinges as I schal telle,
Of Pruide moni on haþ þe smelle:
Of godes of kuynde, or of grace,
Or elles of worldes purchace.
Strengþe, feirnesse, good wit, or kynne
Bi kynde þis mon haþ him wiþ-Inne;
ffeiþ, Hope, Loue and Charite[1]
Goodes of grace þei ben, parde;
ffeir Cloþes, Lond, Hous and Rent
Worldes purchase ben, verrement.
Of þeos þreo þinges pruide is born,
þat makeþ mony a mon to be forlorn.
þe secunde synne, hit is Envy:
Of oþur mennes wele hit is sori,
And of heor harm hit is fayn.
þreo spices hit haþ, as men sayn:
In herte hit is furst, þorw vuel wille;
In word: þi neiȝebor Bakbyte and spille;
In werk, hit makeþ lered and lewed
To his neiȝebor forte beo schrewed.
Wraþþe to þi soule Is mischaunce—
Of þi neiȝebor hit wilneþ veniaunce;
ȝif þou in herte bere hit longe,
Hattreden hit engendreþ swiþe stronge.
Herof comeþ cheste and Manasyng,
Vileynous wordes, and eke grucching,
Discord, Repref, deynous lokyng—
þeos ben alle a foul ofspring.
þe ffeorþe is slouþe in godes seruise.
[1]þe Braunches þerof I wol deuyse:

[1] *al.* Spec.: Scientia, virtus, gratia, bona fama, & dignitas.

[1] vv. 350-398 differ from Spec.

is in advantages of nature, grace, or getting.

II. Envy,

its 3 kinds.

III. Wrath

begets strife and grudging.

IV. Sloth, and its 4 branches.

þe furste is feyntise wiþ-oute likyng,
þat makeþ þe heui wiþ alle þing;
þat toþer is a tendernesse,
þat suffreþ no disese nor duresse;
Recheleschipe is þe þridde—
þou takest no kep what men þe bidde;
þe feorþe is called Idelnesse,
Whon þou ne wolt worche, more ne lesse.
þe ffyfþe is cald Auarice,
þat haþ mony a sori spice:

V. Avarice

gives rise to treason and theft, &c.
Þerof comeþ treson, and Robberie,
fforsweryng, Oker, and Symonye,
Þeſþe, Beryng of falꝭ witnesse,
Lyȝing, and of herte hardnesse,
Þat makeþ þe no reuþe to haue
Of hem þat þe good craue.

VI. Gluttony.
Glotonye is þe Sixte synne,
Þat fouleþ mon wiþ-oute and wiþ-Inne.

The kinds of Gluttony: 1. eating too much;
Þe furste spice is of glotenye
To ete more þen þou mayȝt defye,
Whon þou art in hele nomeli;

2. too lustily;
Anoþer is to ete to lustili.
Glotonye makeþ mon in hast
To breke holychirche fast.

3. thinking too much about food;
Þe þridde makeþ bisili to þenche
What man*er* of mete his lust may quenche.
Þe feorþe, þat makeþ mon as ded,

4. Drunkenness,
Þat is foul drounkenhed—
Þat is dedly, bi enchesoun

which bereaves a man's reason.
Þat hit bi-reueþ mon his resoun;
But ȝif hit come wiþ-oute fayle
Of feble brayn or gret trauayle,
Or þe drinke be stre*n*gor þe*n* men wenen,
ffor venial synne we hit demen.

VII. Lechery, and its sorts:
Lecherie is on of[1] þe seuene,
[1] MS. of of
Þat greueþ muche vr lord of heuene.

1. Fornication,
In to þis synne whon tweyne falle
Þat ben sengle, is lest of alle;

2. with a Virgin,
But ȝif þe wo*m*mon a Mayde be,
Worse is þat, þe secou*n*de degre;

3. Adultery,
Þe þridde is clept Holorie,
Þat wedlak brekeþ, is synne ful hye;

4. Incest,
Incest þe ferþe, whon þou lyst bi
Þi gostly kyn or bodili;

5. Sodomy.
Þe worste of alle is Sodomye,
Vn-kyndely synne, foul Ribaudye—
Þe*r*fore haþ God taken gret wreche.
Of dedly synne her endeþ my speche.

Of þe Seuene blessynges of þe gospel, Seuene dedli Synnes remedie.

Remedies for the 7 Deadly Sins.

But of heore remedies nou wol I telle
þat crist seiþ in þe holi gospelle.
Þo ben þe benisouns seuene;
Aȝeyn þeose synnes þei ben ful euene.
"Þe Meke of spirit þei ben blest,
ffor heoren is þe Ioye þat euer schal last:"
Þis Blessyng aȝeyn pride is riht,
Þat be-reueþ mon God almiȝt.
"Þe Mylde beþ[1] blessed þat loueþ no strif,
ffor þei schul haue þe lond of lyf": [1] on erasure; r. ben
Aȝeynes Envye þat was sayd,
Of oþur mennes hauyng þat neuer was payd,
But of Mischef of his neiȝebore
He is glad, and of his lore.
"Blessed ben þo þat Mournen I-wis
ffor heore frendes þat þei mys;
Þei schul ben cumforted wonder wel":
Aȝeynes wraþþe hit is sumdel,
Þat discumforteþ mon him-selue
And þo abouten him, ten or twelue.
"Þe Merciful ben blessed, for-þi
God of hem schal haue merci":
Þat is aȝeyn Couetyse,
Þat to þe nedful wol not diuyse.
"Þat hungren and þursten riȝtwysnesse,
Þei[1] [schul] ben fulled more and lesse": [1] MS. þat
Aȝeyn þe Slowe þat nouȝt wol wirke;
Of alle gode dedes him þinkes irke.
"I-blessed ben alle of herte clene,
ffor godes owne face þei schul sene":
Herof þe gloten may aske riȝt nouȝt,
ffor of his foule wombe is al his þouȝt.
"Þat louen pes þei blessed ben alle,
ffor Godes children men schul hem calle":
Þe Lechour in herte he haþ no rest;
Of þis[1] perfore his part is lest. [1] r. þes

I. Against Pride:

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit."

II. Against Envy: "Blessed are the Meek."

III. Against Wrath: "Blessed are they who mourn."

IV. Against Covetousness: "Blessed are the Merciful."

V. Against Sloth: "Blessed are they who thirst for Righteousness."

VI. Against Gluttony: "Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

VII. Against Lechery: "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

Aȝeyn þi wo*u*ndes now hastou salue,
þe blessynges ȝiuen of godes bi-halue.
ȝit ben þei spedful to lest [&] most,
Seuen ȝiftes of þe holigost.

The 7 Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Of þe Seuen ȝiftes of þe holigost.

Whon þo*u* art hol sound, þe to lede
The Spirit of 1. Dread, Tak heer furst þe spirit of drede,
þat makeþ mon furst fro*m* vuel to wy*n*ne;
2. Pity, þe spirit of pite, wel forto bigynne
Gode werkes; þat han a wel gret fo
Of worldes wele and eke of wo:
3. Knowledge, þe spirit [of] cunnyng techeþ vs dispise
þe worldes wele [ȝif we ben wyse];[1]
4. Strength, for Active Life. þe spirit of strengþe, to suffre þe wo.
þeose foure to bisy lyf longen into,
þat we callen Actyf lyf.
For Contemplative Life, þe oþer þreo rulen Contemplatyf.
In Creatures to knowen God verrement,
the Spirit of 1. Understanding, þe spirit vs techeþ of entendement;
2. Counsel, þe spirit of cou*n*seil, what is to do
In writ, what is to leue also;
To knowe god In his owne kynde,
3. Wisdom. þe spirit of wysdam vs bringeþ to my*n*de.

[1] So MS. Sim.; V. and eke of wo

The 7 Virtues.

Of þe Seuene vertues.[1]

[1] In the Spec. the 10 Commandments precede.

After þis ȝit is good to knowe
þe seuen ver*t*ues alle be rowe,
Divine: ffor aft*ur* þis lyf þei wol þe bringe
To blisse þ*at* neu*er* schal haue endynge.
1. Faith, ffeiþ, Hope, and Charite,
2. Hope,
3. Charity, Diuine vertues þei ben alle þre;
Natural: Strengþe, Mesure, Riht, qweyntise
4. Strength, Of kuyndelich ver*t*ues þei beren þe prise.
5. Moderation, A bodilich Iurneye hose schulde go, exe*m*plu*m*
6. Right, þreo þinges him were nedful þer*t*o:
7. Skill. ffurst, þ*at* he wuste whoder he schulde;
And wille, his Iurney to be forþ-fulde;
þe þridde, Hope for to spede—
Elles þ*er*-of nolde he take hede.

ffeiþ of God ȝiueþ vs witerynge — Man's need o' Faith and Hope.
Of vr Iurney þat is endynge ;
Hope vs ȝiueþ strengþe and miht
To come to hi*m* as heo han tiht ;
But wille þen ȝiueþ vs Charite—
How miȝte we þe*n*ne for-go þeose þre ?
[1]Ne þe foure o*þur*e neuer þe more. [1] The 4 cardinal virtues form a separate chapt. in the Spec.
Her þou now þe skile þerfore !
þer may no mon God wel qweme — No man can please God without knowledge to choose good from evil.
But he cu*n*ne good from vuel deme,
þe gode to hente, þe vuel forsake,
Of twei godes þe better to take.
þat hit is good, vche mon troweþ, — Man needs
ffor to ȝelde alle þing þat him oweþ,
And for to wiþ-holde more or lesse
Is vuel : þ*a*t techeþ vs Rihtwysnesse.[1] [1] vv. 483-6 corrupted. Righteousness,
Of twey goodes þe beter to hente,
Qweyntise vs techeþ, verremente. — Skill,
Good þing men mihte mis-vse, I-wis :
þ*er*fore Mesure neodful is. — Moderation,
Vuel mihte mon to muche doun bringe :
Strengþe þ*er*fore is nedful þinge, — Strength.
To[1] make mon hard to suffre wo. [1] MS. Ta
To ten Comau*n*demens now wol I go.

Of þe ten Comaundemens. — *The Ten Commandments.*

þEose biddi*n*ges wol I not ou*er*-hippe.
On God þou schalt worschippe.
His nome þou ne schalt i*n* Idel mu*n*ginge (!).[1]
Halewe þin halyday, þe þridde biddi*n*ge. [1] r. munge, minge
þeose rulen þi lyf, alle þre,
To þe holi Trinite.
A-ȝeyn þe furste biddyng þou mischeuest, — Against 1. is belief in witchcraft ;
On eny wicchecraft ȝif þou bileeuest.
Aȝeyn þe secunde þi-self þou derest, — against 2. swearing ;
Horible oþes whon þou swerest—
ȝit maiȝt þou swere wiþ-outen synne
ffalsede to da*m*pne, þe riȝte to wynne.
Aȝeyn þe þridde þou dost wronge — against 3. lying in bed,
Whon þou lyst in þi bed so longe

Þat Matyns nor Masse herest þou non,
To ffreres prechinge wolt þou not gon—
Þer-Inne of swetnesse *þ*ou felest no tast;
and going to the tavern — Bote to þe tau*er*ne þe *þ*inkeþ more hast
Þen to visyte þe seke or þe pore,
Þat liggen a-tome or at þi dore;
Ȝif þou dost þus, soþ to say,
on Sunday. — Þou halewest not wel þyn halyday.
Godes curtesye her maiȝt þow se:
To hi*m*-self he ȝaf biddynges but þre;
Þe seuen þat comen herafter nou
To þe and to þi neiȝebores prou.
4. Honour thy Father and Mother. — ffader and Moder þow most honoure;
Wiþ foul cher not on hem to[1] loure; [1] om. to
Ȝif heo of þyne habbeþ gret nede,
But þou hem helpe, vuel schalt þou spede.
5. Slay no man. — Loke þat þou sle no mon,
Wiþ hond ne wiþ wepene non,
Ne þorw þyn owne gilerye
Nouȝwhere to puite hi*m* for to dye;
Sle no mon wiþ tonge, biddynge,
Beo tisement ne bi *pro*curynge;
In herte Coueyte no mon to spille—
To borwe hi*m* ra*þur*e is godes wille,
Ȝif þou hit may do lawefully,
Elles of þis biddynge þow art gulti.
6. Steal not. — Stele non o*þur*e monnes good.
7. Bear not false witness. — ffrom fals witnes þow torn þi mood.
8. Covet not thy neighbour's goods, or 9. his wife. — Þi neiȝebores good þow schalt not desyre,
Wyf nor Mayde-child for heor white swire.
10. Do no Lechery. — Loke þou do no Lecherie,
Þi-self for þat wol most anuye.[1] [1] vv. 539-40 ought to follow v. 534.
But i prei þe, þou seist, telle me þe skile
Whi god forbed ra*þur* vuel wille
Of worldes good, and of Monnes wyf,
Þen to bi-reue a Monnes lyf.
ffor, hose is in wille for to stele,
Wiþ o*þ*er mo*n*nes wyf or wiþ to dele,
Hit is hardore hi*m*-self *þer*-from to holde
Þen from monslauȝt, be þou bolde!

ffor þerof kyndeliche vche monnes sone
Haþ gret Abhomynacione;
But wraþþe haþ him his resun raft,
Wiþ him þerof horrour is laft,
After þe dede or elles be-foren—
Elles mony mon schulde be for-loren.

Of twelue articles of vre be-leue.

The 12 Articles of the Creed.

But no mon may, þe Bok hit seiþ,
Plese God wiþ-outen feiþ.
þerfore mo þinges is good to meue:
þe twelue articles of vre bi-leue.
Of alle þe twelue þis is þe most:
þat ffader & Sone and Holi gost
On God Almihti in Trinite
Euer was, and is, and euer schal be;
Heuene and eorþe he haþ wrouȝt,
And al þis world he maade of nouȝt.
þe ffader sende his sone Ihesu
þorw þe holygost vertu,
God and Mon of Mayde Marie
To be boren, and for vs to dye,
And buried was, þorw his good wille,
To sauen vs alle þat we ne schulde spille.
To helle he wente whon he was ded,
þe soule Ioyned to his godhed;
ffrom helle he hem fette swiþe blyue
þat him hedde serued in heore lyue.
Vp he ros þe þridde day,
As he was God and Mon verray;
Riht so schul we, as seiþ seint poule,
Rysen vp in bodi and in soule
At þe grete day of doom—
þerof I rede we take good goom!
þen schal he demen al apert
Vche mon after his decert.[1]
God and Mon to heuene he went;
þe holigost to þe Apostles sent.
þorw him so mowe we heuene wynne,
ȝif we dyen out of dedly synne.[1]

The Creed.

Believe that God is 3 in 1,

that Jesus was born of Mary,

died to save us and

went to Hell,

rose again,

(so shall we,)

went to Heaven, and sent the Holy Ghost to the Apostles.

[1] orig. dicert

[1] All these form 5 articles in the Spec.; the 7 last are the 7 sacraments.

The Seven Sacraments.

Of þe seuene Sacramens.

Off[1] þe seuene sac*ramens* 3it mote we trowe, [1] r. On
þat I schal rikene al be Rowe. 588

1. Baptism. þe ffurste, hit is cristendom,
þat cryst receyued in þe fflom;
Hit makeþ vs clene of þat synne
þat we be boren vchone Inne, 592
And openeþ to vs heuene-3ate,
Elles may no mon come in þer-ate.
But þorw gret temptacion
þat grace mi3te be struied soon: 596

2. Confirmation. *þer*fore is Confirmacion—
þat non may but Bisschop don;
þe holigost hit stableþ ri3t
In þe, a3eyn þe fend to fiht. 600
But after þeose we sungen al day:

3. Penance. þerfore penau*n*ce hit doþ a-way
Dedly synne and veni*al*,[1] [1] orig. veniel
þat is to seye gret synne and smal; 604
þreo pa*r*ties hit haþ, verrey penau*n*ce,
þerof þe synful mai ha fyaunce:
ffor-þinke þe synne wilfulliche,
And schriue þe þe*n*ne verreiliche, 608
And make a-mendes to þi miht—
Of al þi synnes þen art þow quiht.[1] [1] = quit
But leste i*n* penau*n*ce mon schulde fayle,
Him neodeþ cu*m*fort in þat trauayle: 612

4. The Eucharist. Hosul *þer*fore, in Bredes heu3
Godes bodi, we tan, of gret vertu;
Vre gostli strengþe hit holdeþ Inne,
þat we ne falle li3tli a3eyn to synne. 616
But in a wel-ruled halle,
þat ben þer-Inne þei serue not alle,
Out of array for þenne hit were—
In holichirche þe same manere: 620

5. Priesthood. Ordre of presthod is maad þerfore,
Vs to serue lasse and more
Of Sacramens and vre rihtynges—
Presthod haþ power of alle þeos þynges; 624

Gret worschip owen we alle þer-to :
Prest sacres þat bodi, þat aungel ne may do.
But god schop mon forte restore
þe noumbre of angeles þat is forlore,
þorw kyndelich generacioun,
And þerto he ȝaf his benisoun
þat Monkynde mihte multiplie,
Wiþ-oute synne of Lecherye
Mon and wommon to-gedere Ioyne ;
þerfore he ordeynde Matrimoyne,
þat dedli synne hit doþ a-wei—
But þe venial wol I not sey.
But of þis world whon we schul wende,
Gret peyne we han þenne at vr ende :
þerfore is holi Oynement,
þat vs aleggeþ, verreyment,
Of peyne we han þenne bodily,
And of þat we dreden gostly ;
Such vertu God herto con lene
To folfille þe penaunce þat naþ mad clene.

6. Matrimony.

7. Holy Unction.

Of þe seuene dedes of Merci.

The 7 Deeds of Mercy.

Bute at þe dredful domes-day
Mon schal haue an hard a-say,
ffor he schal þenne a-posed be
Of þe dedes of Charite.
þerfore is good now to witen
Wȝuche hit ben, as hit is writen.
þe ffurste is, fede þe hungri.
ȝeue drinke to þe þursti.
þe þridde, þe naked for to cloþe.
To herborwe þe pore be þou not loþe.
Visyte hem þat ben in prisoun bounde.
Cunforte þat seknesse haþ cast to grounde.
Of þeose sixe þe gospel spekeþ.
þe seueþe Tobye vs he þat techeþ :
To burie þe dede Is Charite—
In Bodi and soule quit schal hit be.[1]

1. Feed the hungry.
2. Give drink to the thirsty.
3. Clothe the naked.
4. House the poor.
5. Visit prisoners.
6. Comfort the sick.
7. Bury the dead.

[1] The rest of the chapter in the Spec. is omitted, as well as the foll. chapter : De septem petitionibus orationis dominicae.

The 7 Glories of the Body in Heaven.

Of þe seuene druweries[1] *of Monnus bodi.*[2]

[1] r. doweres

[2] The Engl. text is more detailed than the Spec., which in 1 chapter contains: de dotibus corporis & anime & de penis inferni.

1. Thy body shall shine brighter than the sun;

2. shall fly faster than a bird;

3. shall be strong enough to push the earth like a ball;

4. shall pass free thro' all obstacles;

5. shall never be sick;

6. shall never hunger or thirst;

7. shall have every wit or sense gratified,

Þi Bodi schal haue druweries seuene,
As Monye þi soule, boþe to *in* heuene,
Of þe [whuch] schal rise þi grete blis—
Þer-bi maiȝt wyte what heuene is.
Þi bodi schal schyne so wond*ur* feire,
No foulnesse schal hit a-peyre;
Seuenfold briȝtore þen is þe sonne
Vche bodi schal be þat haþ hit wo*n*ne.
ȝit was *þer* neue*r*e foul of fliȝt
As þi bodi so swift and liȝt,
ffor in a twynclyng of an eiȝe
ffrom erþe to heuene þ*o*u maiȝt styȝe.
In bodi þou schalt ȝit be so strong
Þat al þe erþe, wyd, dep, and long,
Þ*o*u schalt mowe posse hit as a bal;
As þou wolt welde hit, þou schal.
Þou schalt ben fre, *þat* nou art bonde,
Þat no þing schal a-ȝein þe stonde
To lette þe to passe whoder þou schal,
Erþe ne water ne stonene wal;
As oyle synkeþ þorw hol vessel,
So schal þi bodi p*e*r*s*e al þing wel.
Vre bodies þat here ben seke and sore,
Þei schul haue hele for euer-more;
We schul beo so wel atese
Þat hunger ne ferst nor no dissese
Nouþer wiþ-Inne ne wiþ-oute,
Hurt nor langour we schul not doute.
Þerto gret lykynge in þat lyue
We schul han in vr wittes fyue,
Vche a wit wiþ-outen anguisch
Schal haue his lykyng w*i*þ a wusch:
ffeir siht lyking to þin eiȝe;
Þyn Eres ful of melodye;
Tast, and Smel, and þy felyng,
Þei schul be ful of gret lykyng;
And al þis Ioye schalt haue to-gider—
Vr lord of heuene bring vs þider!

In þis lyf whon we best fare,
Whon we be-þenk vs, we mai ha care
þat mischef of deþ schal vs be-tyde;
þerfore vr blisse may not a-byde:
But in heuene wiþ-oute stryf
Bodi and soule schal euere ha lyf;
þerof þou maiȝt þe wel affye,
ffor bodi and soule þei schal neuur dye.

and, tho Death ends our bliss here,

in Heaven we shall have long life without end.

Of þe doweres of þe soule.

The 7 Dowers of the Soul in Heaven.

ÞI soule schal haue þis[1] warisun: [1] MS. his
Of wit and wisdam so gret foysun
þat creatures alle, hiȝe & lowe,
In heuene & eorþe, þou schalt knowe;
Gret Ioye schal þat be, sikerliche!
ffor mon disyreþ kuyndeliche
To knowe þing þat is vnkud;
ffrom þi knowyng nouȝt schal ben hud.
ffrendschipe wiþ-outen enemyte,
þat schal ben a-noþer fe;
Such frendschipe in heuene among hem is
þat vs[1] is fayn of oþeres blis. [1] Sim. vche
A-cord and pes wiþ-outen stryf,
ffforsoþe, hit schal be þere so ryf:
þe bodi and soule, þat striuen here,
Vche to oþer schal be so dere
þat þe bodi schal noþing wille
But þat [þe] soule wol al be skille;
þyn eȝen ben of so good assent,
þat on lokes nowher verreyment
But ȝif þat oþer loke þer-wiþ;
þer schul ben alle in so good kiþ
þat Bodi and soule vche wiþ oþer
Schul to-geder no þing soþer.
Worschipe wiþ-outen vileny
þer schul we haue, sikerly;
As kynges in trone sitte we schal,
Crouned wiþ Angeles peryngal.
þe soule, þat her haþ luitel maystrie
Or þauȝ þe bodi be in gret anuye,

1. Knowledge of all Creatures.

2. Friendship without enmity.

3. Concord and peace.

4. Honour, without abuse.

5. Boundless power of the Soul.

So gret miht þer schal hit haue
þat nouȝt aȝeynes hit schal quich nor q*ua*ue.
But trust nis non in worldes wele,
Nou art þou sek, nou art in hele,
Nou artou pore, now artou riche—
þe blisse of heuene nis þat not liche:
ffor þe meste p*ar*t of þy Blis
6. Security. Schal be sikernesse of al þis.
7. Joy in praising of God. þe seueþe blisse: þi soule in heuene
Schal þonke God wiþ hiȝe steuene,
As Angeles don wiþ gret likynge,
"Holi, Holi, Holi" is heore syngynge.

The Pains of Hell.

Of þe peynes of helle, & amonesting.

Hit is no neod now for to telle
More of þe peynes þ*a*t be*n* in helle.
They are the contrary of the Joys of Heaven, In bodi & soule þei han gret nuye,
Of al þis Ioye þe contrarye.—
ȝif þou be-þenke þe, my dere frend, wel
Of al þis Ioye eueriche a del
þat god haþ ordeyned for þi solace
Whon þou schalt sen hi*m* in his face,
for which you should love God above all. þou hast gret Mat*e*re, sikerliche,
Him to loue souereynliche
þat such knowynge and such wit
ȝiueþ vs of him in holy writ.
Nou hast þou mat*e*re of holy speche
Vnwysore þen þou for to teche;
And whon þou spekest wiþ eny mon
þat more good con lere þen þou con,
Ask and learn more good. Su*m* of þeos Mat*e*res þou maiȝt enqwere,
Wel more good for to lere.—

The 3rd kind of Contemplation of God in Himself.

*Of þe þridde Man*e*re of* con*templacion in god him-self.*

Tac hede nou & þou schalt se
Of Cont*e*mplacion þe þridde degre,
Of Godhead within, Manhood without. Of God hym-self wiþ-out*e*n doute,
Of Godhed wiþ-Inne, monhed wiþ-oute.
Of Christ's Manhood, þre þinges þou þenke, as I þe rede,
Of crist vr lord in his monhede:

Of þe Incarnacion þe grete Mekenes,
And of his liuyng þe holynes,
And of his passion þe charite.
At ones þou maiȝt not þenke þise þre;
I schal depar*t*e hem, as I may,
Be þe houres of niht and day;
Wiþ double Conte*m*placione
In vche an houre of god þou mone:
Ones of his passioun,
And eft of oþer sesoun.

think of His Incarnation, Life and Passion.

I'll divide 'em by hours.

Contemplacion at Matines tyme.

At Mateynes þen*k*, aftur or bi-fore*n*,
Wȝat time & vre, place cr*i*st was bore*n*.
þe tyme was wynter, ȝif þou be-holde,
þe vre was midniȝt, wonder colde,
þe place, as doctours seyen and trowes,
Was a toren hous wiþ-outen wowes.
In Riche cloþus was he not wrapped,
In Cracche wiþ ragges he was happed,
Bi-twene an Oxe and an As—
Gret Meknes þer I-schewed was!
Be-þenk þe of þat cu*m*paignye
Of Iosep and of swete Marie,
Hou bisy þei were*n* to kepe þat fode
þ*a*t for us schulde dyen on Roode;
Of þe herdes deuocion,
And of þe Angeles þ*a*t songen abouen
"Ioye be to god þat is on hiȝ"—
In herte so syng þou priuely.—
þenk how Iudas also outrayde
At midniȝt, whon he crist be-trayde;
Hou þe Iewes þei him be-caste,
And as a þeef þei boun*d*en him faste,
And as a feloun þei forþ him lad.
Whon þe traitour a Cos him bad,
In speche he was so Meke & hende:
His traytur he calde his dere fre*n*de.
In dede also he schewed non awe,
fforbed al hise wepne to drawe,

At Matins, think how Christ was born in winter,

at midnight,

and wrapt in rags.

Think of the Shepherds' adoration,

how Christ was at midnight betrayd by Judas,

bound as a thief,

And Malcus ere, þat Peter of smot,
Heled hit aȝeyn, not chid nor flot.[1]
led before Caiaphas, Biforen Anna i-lad and Cayphas
Vileynesliche þer I-boffeted was,
And petur þryes wiþ-Inne a þrowe
ffor-sok him, ar cok hedde þries crowe.
and deserted by His Apostles. And alle þe Apostles euerichon
A-wey þei fledde, wiþ him lafte non.[1]

[1] vv. 811-12 and 813-14 are transp. in the MS.

[1] vv. 817-18 ought to precede v. 813.

Of contemplacion at prime: of þe passion, and of þe Resureccion.

At Prime think how false witness was brought against Christ, Off þe passion þenk at prime,
Of cristes vprist þe same tyme.
Crist in to a ȝard at prime him[1] ladde
And fals witnesse aȝeyn him hadde,
þat seiden hou he hedde god dispised,
þe cuntre al tornd and dyuised
ffrom Ierusalem to Galyléé.
and how He was spit on And in his face þen spitten heo,
þei hudden his face & bobed his he le
And scorned him and bad hym rede
and smitten. Ho him smot þo wiþ his fuste.
Nout he ne seide, þouȝ he wel wuste.

[1] r. he, cf. v. 826.

Of þe Resurexion.

Think how He arose, Þenk also at prime, whon crist vp ros—
þerof wydewhere sprong þe loos—
and appeard to Vyue siþes apeered he þat day
To his derlynges, soþ to say:
1. the Magdalen, ffurst to Maudeleyn, þat was him dere,
Whon heo þhoute him a gardynere.
2. to others, To hire and oþure, verrement,
As þei comen from his Monument;
And seide "al heil! God saue ȝow."
3. to Peter, And siþen to Peter—but we nute how.
4. to two Disciples, þe ffeorþe tyme as a straunge pilgrim
To twey disciples, þat knew not him,
Toward Emaus, þe goode Castel;
In bred brekyng þen kneuȝ þei him wel.

þe ffyfþe tyme to þe apostles ten, — 5. to ten Apostles.
But Thomas was not wiþ hem þen;
But þat hit was he þei nouȝt bileeued,
ffor a gost to hem he furst bi-semed,
Til he schewede boþe foot and honde
Amiddes hem þer he con stonde,
"Pees to ȝow" he seide þon—
þei kneuȝ him wel whon he was gon.[1]

[1] The Spec. adds the 5 other apparitions.

Biforen vndurne: Of þe passion, and of Witsuntyd.

þEnk how crist at vndurne-tyde — Before Underne, think how Christ was scourged,
Was dispoyled, boþe bak and syde,
And to a piler þenne was he bounde
And skourged so sore wiþ mony a wonde
þat from þe foot to þe heued
Hol skin was on [him] luitel be-leued.
Wiþ Mantel of Red þei him cladde,
Bi-foren þe folk þei forþ him ladde,
ffor Septre a reod token him in honde,
Crouned him wiþ þorn, I vndurstonde, — crownd with thorns,
[1]And þenne þei kneled him be-forn
And called him kyng al in scorn.
Vp-on Pilate þen gunne þei crye
Ihesu on Rode to Crucifye.
He bar his Cros wiþ gret anuye — and made to bear His Cross.
To þe place þer he schulde dye.

[1] In the MS. vv. 867-8 precede v. 863.

Bifore vndurne of þe holigost.

þEnk also at þis same vre — Think how He sent the Holy Ghost to His Apostles.
þe holigost wiþ gret honoure
Crist his apostles sende amonge,
So wonderliche to speke wiþ tonge
þat folk þat weoren of opur langage
Heo[m] vnderstoden, & seiden outrage
þat of wyn dronken þey were.
þe holygost also schewed him ful clere
In fuir, to make hem hard and bolde,
ffor þei schulde not in mischef folde.

At Midday: of þe anunciacion, And of þe passion.

At Mid-day, think how our Lady conceivd Christ.

At middai be-þenk þe witerli
Hou Gabriel grette vr swete ladi,
þenne conceiued heo *crist* Ihesu
þorw þe holigost vertu.
But whi wolde he take flesch & blode
And siþen dye for vs on Rode,
Siþen he miȝte ha saued Monkynde
Bi an Angel, as I fynde?
But þen schulde we ha loued be riȝt
þe Angel more þen god Almiȝt;
He wolde we loued hi*m* be-fore*n* al o*þur*:
þerfore hi*m*-self bi-com vr broþur.

Also of þe passion.

At Mid-day, think too how Christ was crucified between 2 Thieves,

þenk hou *crist* was don on Rode—
His bodi þen ron al on blode;
Bi-twene twey þeues he hynged;
Galle & Eysel to hi*m* þei menged
To dri*n*ke, for þurst who*n* he hi*m* pleined.
ffor vre gult so was he peyned.
In al þis world þow[1] peynes alle
Vpon o Mon miȝte falle
And he miȝte suffre as muche more
As alle men þ*at* nou ben bore,
þe same deþ twye or þrie
þat *crist* suffrede þouȝ he miȝt dye,
þat peyne ȝit were not so liche
Nou*þur* neiȝ so as his so miche.

[1] MS. þorw

and sufferd more than the pain of Hell.

Hit semeþ wel þenne bi þat i telle
His peyne passeþ þe pyne of helle
þat pure creature miȝte þole, i-wis,
ffor eue*r*e so may neuer on his.

At Noon: of þe passion, and of þe Assencion.

At Noon, think how Christ gave up the ghost,

BE-þenk þe at þe vre of noon:
Whon *crist* hed seid þ*at* al was don,
Mildeliche wi*þ*-outen bost
To his ffader he ȝeld his gost,[1]

[1] The Spec. here gives the 7 words of Christ on the Cross; the Engl. text follows the Horae de Cruce, No. XIX.

And to him he made a cri
Hely lamaȝabatani,
Þat is to seye aftur Þe Book
"ffader, whiere Þou me forsok?"
As hos seiþ, Þus here for to spille;
A, lord, for hit was Þi wille.
A blynd kniht Þen atte laste
A Spere Þorw [his][1] herte Þraste,
Þat Blod and water Þen out ȝede.
Þerof we schulde take good hede:
Þe blynde kniȝt *Þer*of cauȝte his siht,
And vre Bapteme Þere hedde miȝt.
Lord, ȝif me grace day and niht
To Þenke how deolfulliche Þou were diht!
Þe sonne for deol Þen lees his liht,
ffor to be wreken of his dispiht;
Hulles and dales Þei al to-schoken,
And Þe stones al to-broken.

[1] MS. Þin

how He was pierst with a spear,

and how the Sun lost its light.

At Non of Þe Assencion.

ÞEnk also at Þe vre of non
Of Ihesu Assencion
On Þe Mount of Olyuete,
Whon al Þe Apostles *Þer* gumne mete,
And his deore Moder Marie,
In al heore siht vp gon he styȝe,
And sitteþ on his ffader riht hond,
Þat weldeþ boÞe Séé and Lond.
Þe Apostles bi Þe wey Þat was geyn
To Ier*usal*em Þei torned a-ȝeyn,
In preyer & fastynge *Þer* for to abyde,
As he hem bad, til witsontyde.

At Noon, too, think of Christ's Ascension

to His Father.

At euensong-tyme: of Þe passion, and of Þe Maunde.[1]

At Eu*en*song-tyme Þenk *ver*reyli:
ffor ded was fou*nden* his swete bodi,
Ioseph Þ*enne* of Aramathi
Tok him doun deuoutli,
Of Pilat, Þat Þ*enne* was heiȝ Iustise,
He asked no more for his seruyse.

[1] MS. Monhede

At Evensong,

think how His body was taken from the Cross.

Þi pouwer, lord, whon þow were ded,
Hit was hud in þy godhed ;[1]
As gras is stomped for medicyne,
So were þou fruscht wiþ muche pyne ;
Allas for deol, boþe euen and Morn,
Þe Croune of blisse lai vnder a þorn ![1]

[1] cf. XIX, v. 131.

[1] Cf. XIX, v. 131 : Heu corona glorie iacuit sub spina.

Now of þe Maunde of Ihesu crist.

Also, how at His Last Supper, He washt His Apostles' feet,

At euen*song*-tyme of his Maunde
Þenk ; wiþ hou gret Charite
He wuȝsch his owne apostles feete,
And of his Bodi alle þei ete
As he heom ȝaf in bredes heuȝ,

and how He gave Himself, as bread, even to Judas.

And to Iudas, þat waried Ieuȝ,
Þauȝ he hi*m* wuste in synne derne,
His flesch & blood ȝit nolde he hi*m* werne.
Ensau*m*ple herof þe prest may haue
Non hosul to werne hose wol hit craue,
In priue synne þouȝ he him knowe—
To warne hym stilly is best, I trowe.

At cumplin-tyme : of his passion, and of his buriinge.

At Compline, think how Christ prayd

At Cu*m*plin þenk wiþ good entent
Hou *crist* in to a gardyn went
After þe Mau*n*de, forto prey
His ffader þ*a*t passion to don a-wey ;
Þe Monhede of hym so sore dredde þat

till blood and water dropt from Him;

þat blod & water þer so he swat
þat hit dropped doun in þat place
In to þe eorþe from his face.

Of þe buryinge of Ihesu crist.

and how He was laid in a grave,

Þenk at Cu*m*plyn : þe bodi of crist
Was leid in graue til his vpryst,
þat Ioseph diȝte for hi*m*-self hadde ;
And in Sendel he him cladde,

and anointed.

Wiþ Mirre and Aloyne, good oynement,
He Baumede hi*m*, wiþ good entent.—
Lord, ȝif me grace swetnes to fynde
Þeos Vres þ*us* to haue in mynde,

þat suffredest for me þis harde paas!
At myn ende hit be my solas.—

Of Contemplacion of god in his owne kynde.

Of Christ's Godhead.

Þus schaltou þenke on his Monhed.
Now schal I teche of his godhed,
þat from vr knowyng sumdel is hud,
And in foure wise to vs is kud:
In Creature, and in holy writ—
þerof Ichaue my tale quit;
þe þridde be Reuelacion,
þe ffeorþe be monnes reson.
Bi Reuelacion God schewēþ him-selue
As he dude to þe prophetes twelue
And to oþere Mony on,
Or be Miracle open I-don.
Bi reson þus God maiȝt þou kenne,
ȝif þou wolt þe be-þenke whenne
þou were nouȝt or þou boren were;
Of oþer Creatures þe same manere,
þat comen & gon eueriche day;
þe soþe þer-bi wel wite þou may
And bi reson vndertake
þat þei miȝt not hem-seluen make;
Heore biginnynge seþþen þou maiȝt se,
And of hem-self þei mowe not be,
þenne mostou nede grante sum þing
þat neuer hedde no bi-gynnyng,
Oþur þynges of whom comen alle,
God Almihti þat men calle.
But twei goddes ȝif þat þer were,
þer moste nede be sum manere
Of diuersete hem bi-twene—
Al on elles moste þei bene;
þen moste þat on, as wel I wot,
Sumwhat haue þat þe toþer hedde not;
þen hedde þat on, sikerliche,
Ouþer to luyte or to muche;
ȝif þat he hedde to luitel,
He were not god almihtful;

984 988 992 996 1000 1004 1008 1012 1016 1020

It is known to us by 1. Creatures, 2. Holy Writ,
3. Revelation,
4. Reason.
By revelation God showed Himself to the prophets by inspiration, or by miracles.
Reason shows us
that we and other creatures
couldn't make ourselves.
It forces us to assume a thing without beginning,
that men call "God Almighty."
And as you can't have two Gods,

And to muche ȝif þat he hadde,
A sori god were and a badde
þat to muche miȝte not do hi*m* fro—
To alle þing for þat is so.

we must assume One God.

Siþen two goddes þenne mowe not be,
On-lepi god þen grau*n*te we.
But Ioye is non here i*n* no two afye (!)[1]

[1] r. in to affye

But He wants company,

Wiþ-outen riht good cu*m*paynye.
Siþen God is ful of Ioye and blis,
In Godhed Cumpaynye þer is.

so we put 2 Persons in 1 God.

Be-twene lasse þen two mai hit not be:
Two *per*sones in God þen mai we se.

And as love must be between these two, we assume a 3rd Person to make the Trinity.

But cu*m*paignie were nouȝt, I wene,
But þer were loue hem bi-twene:
þe þridde *per*sone, I wol warante,
In Trinite þe*n* moste we grau*n*te,
To make loue and Charite
In þe holy Trinite.
And þus mowe we knowe anon
þreo *per*sones and God but on.

In þi-self þou maiȝt a-tame ex*emplu*m
Open ensau*m*ple of þis same:

(It's just as you have 1. Might, 2. Knowledge;

In þi soule þou seost ful wel
Miht and Co*n*nynge þou hast su*m*del;
þi miȝt & Co*n*nynge þe wiþ-Inne
To loue hem boþe þou const not blynne;

and from these two, Love.)

þi miht is furst, and þenne cu*n*nynge,
And of hem boþe comeþ louynge.
þe same manere in god aboue:
Miht and Connynge and eke loue.

The Father is first; the Son comes from Him;

þe ffader we callen þe furst Miht,
Co*n*nynge þe Sone, of hi*m* comeþ riht;
þe holigost loue we calle,

and the Holy Ghost from both.

þat comeþ of boþe, knowleche we alle.
Al Monkynde [knoweþ] in toun and felde
þe ffader waxeþ feble in his elde,
þe Sone in his ȝouþe is not wys,
Of Mo*n*nes gost comeþ Malys.

God has Might; Christ, Wisdom;

In god lest men wolde wene þe same,
þe ffader haþ miȝt, þe Sone wisdame;

His miht is euer gret inlike,
þe sones wisdam may nouȝt be swike.
þe Holigost he haþ goodnesse, — the Holy Ghost, Goodness.
Wiþ-outen Malys More and lesse.
To knowe god *þus* furst men come
Bi resun—so maiȝt þou, ȝif þou take gome.
þin herte to god vp so to lifte,
In þeose þreo wyse as I skifte:
By his werk, and holy writ,
And bi resun of monnes wit
And of him-self in double kynde.
Wel ouȝte we þenne haue him *in* mynde,
þat al þis world wiþ þat þer-Inne
ȝaf, and him-self, vr loue to wynne.
Nou þou him knowest & his bounte,
Loue him wel for Charite — Love God to thy life's end!
Euer-more to þi lyues ende!
To Ioye & blisse þen schaltou wende,
þat he haþ ordeyned for vre solace.
Lord, bring vs þider for þi grace. Amen.
þus endeþ þe spore of loue—
God grant vs þe blisse of heuene aboue.[1]

[XXXVI. þe Lamentacioun þat was bytwene vre lady and seynt Bernard.][2][3] [fol. cclxxxvi.

Her is a gret lamentacion betwene vr ladi & seint Bernard, Of cristes passion, hire dere sone, þat was so pyneful & so hard.

1 Then follows the well-known 'Disputacion bytwene þe bodi and þe soule,' ed. before by Th. Wright, *Walter Mapes*, p. 340 ff., and extant in 5 other, partly very old MSS. (MS. Auch., ed. in *Owain Miles*, Edinb. 1837, Laud 108, Digby 102, Reg. 18 A x, and Simeon), mostly printed, wherfore I omit it here. Cf. Anglia II. p. 225.

2 Ed. before, at my suggestion, in *Engl. Stud.*, 1885, vol. viii. p. 85 ff., by G. Kribel, from MS. Vernon and Cambridge Dd. 1, 1. I here give the text of MS. Vernon with various readings from MS. Dd. 1, 1, and two more MSS., Trin. Coll. Oxf. 57 f. (incomplete), and MS. L. 70. The poem is based on a Latin sermon attributed to St. Bernhard (ed. opp. Antw. 1616, col. 156, and in Migne Patr. Curs. Ser. II. vol. 182, col. 1133, Paris 1879; both edd. differ in some respects, the Engl. text rests more on that of the former ed.), with frequent addings from the Gospels (cf. v. 21-4). The poem is not to be ascribed to Richard Rolle, but to Richard Maidenstoon, the author of the Seven Penitential Psalms. Cf. Kribel, l. c. It is in 8-line stanzas of alternate rymes.

3 So the title in Index.

Title in D, 'Lamentacio sancti Bernardi de compassione beate Marie virginis ex dulcissimi filii sui passione et eiusdem crudeli morte'; in T, 'Lamentacio *sancte* marie & beati Bernardi.'

Lewed men be not lered in lore,
As Clerkes ben in holi writ;
þauȝ men prechen hem bi-fore,
Hit wol not wonen in heore wit:
þerfore is þat I syke sore,
ffor broþurhede, as God hit bit,
And, ȝif cristes wille wore,
Wel fayn I wolde amenden hit.
ȝif Crist haue send mon wit at wille,
Craft of Clergye, for to preche,
Alle hise hestes scholde we fulfille
As ferforþ as we mihten areche.
ȝonge and olde, holdeþ ow stille:
ffor broþerhed I wol ow teche—
þe Mon þat con, and teche nille,
He mai haue drede of godes wreche.
þerfore ichaue on Englisch wrouȝt,
Seint[1] Bernard witnesseþ in Latyn—
Mon may be glad in al his þouȝt
þat his wit haþ leid þer-In.
þe gospel nul I forsake nouȝt,
þauȝ hit be writen in parchemyn;
Seynt Iones word,[1] and hit be souȝt,
þer-of hit wole be witnes myn.
While Ihesu crist on eorþe eode,

I sigh for lay folk's ignorance,

and will teach them for brotherhood.

Therefore I have englisht St. Bernard's Latin.

[1] *al.* As

[1] *al.* bok

1 D Lewid L Lewede. D arn T buþ L þat beoþ. T noȝt. D lerid L lente, om. in T. 2 D clerkis. T beþ L beoþ. D writte. 3 T þeȝ L þei, D & þouh. D preche L reden. TL before D euere-more. 4 DTL It. DL wile T may. T noȝt. D wone T dwellen. D hire T hare L here. D witte. 5 D ffor þis it is. T y. DTL sike. 6 D bretherhed TL broþerhede. T it D vs, om. in L. D bitte. 7 DL if. D Cristis T godis L godes. D wil it. T were. 8 DTL om. Wel. TL Y wolde fayn. D amendin. D itte. 9 T And ȝif. TL god. D sent TL lent. DTL vs. D witt &. 10 DL & craft. 11 DTL We schuld (L sholde T shullen) fayn his hestis (T his hestis fayn). T fulfelle. 12 D ferfort TL fer. D has. DTL oure wit. L myghte T may D wold. TL reche. 13 D hold ȝow TL loude &. 14 D As bretherin alle. DL wile T wil. DT ȝow L ȝou. 15 D ffor he T ffor who so L Who so. DTL om. þat. DTL can. D & haþ no wille. 16 L Him. DTL om. haue; T doute L douten D sore dowte. D Cristis T harde. 17 DTL I haue. TL in. L englissh. D wrouht L wroughte. 18 DTL As B. seyth (TL seiþ) in his l. 19 TL A man D He. L beo. T wel glad L blithe. TL om. al; T om. his. L thoughte. 20 L al his. D besynes L tente. T haþ leyd his wit. D om. haþ; leyde. 21 D wile forsake it L wel forsake I T forsakeþ it. 22 TL þat is wryten D ffor he it wrot. 23 T Iohanes D Iohn his L Ion in his. DTL bok if it. L beo soughte. 24 DL Herof. T Wil be þerof. TL om. hit. D ben. DT witnesse. 25 D þat while þat L þe while þat. DTL god inst. of Ihesu crist. DT erthe. T ȝede L ȝeode D ȝode.

Mony of his Miracles writen þei were:
þer nis no mon þat mihte rede
þe goodnesse þat he dude here.
Men and wymmen, ȝe schule*n* haue mede,
Lustene*þ* alle now me I-feere; — Listen to me, ye folk!
ȝif I si*ȝ*ge mis, take*þ* good hede,
And wisse*þ* me, þat hit bete*re* were.
ffader and sone and holy gost,
Al-mihtiful god in Trinite, — God, send me
Myn hope is on þi Modur most,
fful of grace and of pite:
þou*ȝ* I be synful, as þou wel wost,
Such grace þenne þow sende me — grace to say what 'll make men better!
Su*m* word to speken wi*þ*-outen bost,
þat su*m* men mowe þe beter be.

Gret del hit is to speke and say
Of hi*m* þat dyed on þe Roode,
How he vppon þe gode ffriday — When Christ died,
ffor vs þe*nne* schedde his herte-blode;
Alle hise disciples flowen a-way,
ffor doute of de*þ* þei were nei*ȝ* wode:
þer nis no tonge þat telle may — no tongue can tell
þe serwe of Marie, his moder gode. — Mary's grief.

[1] Heo him bar bo*þ*e god and Mon, — [1] Here begins the Latin text. — She bare Him.
And si*þ*en hi*m* clepede swete Ihesu,

26 DTL Alle his. D myraclis T workes L werkes. D wretin. DTL om. þei. 27 DT is. L om. no. T man DL clerk. D om. þat; D in boke. D may T cou*þ*e L coude. 28 D goodnes T guodnesse L godenesse. DL dide. D to vs here. T þere. 29 TL Man. D women TL woman. D schul T may L mowe. D han. 30 DTL If (TL And) ȝe me (om. in TL) listne (T wille lestyn) alle in fere (T yfere). 31 DTL mys-say. D taki*þ*. T guod L goede. 32 D om. And. DT wisse. D to telle þe beste to lere. L as inst. of þat hit. T y inst. of hit. L better. 33 D om. and(1). 34 T Almy*ȝ*tful DL Almyhti. DT trenyte L trinitee. 35 D Mi mone TL My mynde. D to the. TL moder D modir. 36 L mercy. T pete. 37 L þauh T þe*ȝ*. L beo. DT it inst. of wel. 38 D Swich g. lord, T Lord such g., L Lorde sende suche g.; DTL om. þenne. L om. þow; T sende þou. DL to me. 39 L Som. DL speke. DL wi*þ*-out(e). 40 D sum man T many folk L mankynde. DT may, om. in L. DT bete*re* L bettere. L beo. 41 DTL It is gret dool (T del L deol) to telle. 42 D god T ihesu. DT deyde L diede. DL vpon T oppon. DTL rode. 43 T om. he. L on. D good T guode. 44 D vs alle. DTL om. þenne. D schad T shadde. D om. herte; L suete. 45 DTL his. D disciplis T deciples. D fled T fledden L fledde. 46 D But Marie & Iohn be him stode. TL drede. T ne*ȝ* L ney. 47 DT is. L om. no. D tunge. D tellin. 48 T sorwe L sorwes D goodnesse. DL om. Marie. D good T guode. 49 DTL ffor sche. DTL as inst. of bo*þ*e. DT man. 50 L sithe T sethe D setthe. DTL clepid (T clepude) him. DTL om. swete.

And offrede him to Symeon—
fful wel þɜ *pro*phete him he kneuȝ! 52

Mary was warnd to take her boy into Egypt.

An Angel warnede vre ladi þon
Of kyng Heroude, þat was vntrewȝ,
And bad hire in to Egipte gon
ffor doute of deþ of mony a Iewȝ. 56
Euer was Marie glad I-nowȝ
Whon heo hire swete sone seȝe;
Whoderward þat Ihesu drouȝ,

He was never out of her eye.

He nas neuere out of hire eȝe. 60
Siþen men duden him gret wouȝ,
Harde peynes heo seiȝ hym dreiȝe,
His honden were[1] nayled to a bouȝ, [1] *al.* om.
Vppon a treo honged wel heiȝe. 64

No wonder, she was woful

Þauȝ heo weore wo no wonder nas:
Heo seiȝ hym blodi, bodi and croun,
Hire sone þat so gultles was,

when she saw Him stream with blood;

Wiþ stremes of blod he ron a-doun. 68
To sen his peynes was gret pres,
Wy*m*men folewede hi*m* þorw þe toun,
Sore wepynge, wiþ-outen lees,
ffor gret deol of his passion. 72

though He charged the women following Him not to weep for Him.

Ihesu tornde, þat was so meke,
And spac wordes[1] of gret pite [1] *al.* a word
To þe wy*m*men þat þer[1] speke, [1] *al.* he dide, *or* he

51 D Sche. D offerid. D Symean. 52 TL om. fful. D þat *pro*phete ful wel. DTL his lord knew. 53 T þe. D aungil. D warnid. TL w. hem of þer (L here) fon. D þan. 54 T & of. TL Eroude (L heroude) þe kynge v. (þat was om.). 55 TL hem. D vnto T intil. D Egipt. D gan. 56 DTL drede. D dr. of þat felou*n* Iew. TL many. T gew L gewe. 57 DTL wel inst. of glad. D anow. 58 DL Whan T Whanne. DT sche. DTL seye. 59 T Whyderward so D Whedir þat euere. D drow L drouhe. 60 DTL was. T here. DTL eye. 61 D Setthe T suthen. D þe Iewis. DL dide. D wow L wouh. 62 D peynys. DTL sche. T seȝ L say D saw. T dreye DL drye. 63 D hand T handes L hondes. DTL om. were. D naylid. TL til D vpon. D bow L bouhe. 64 DTL & on. D þe cros L a cros. TL hongen D þei heng. DT him L on; wel om. in DTL. DTL heye. 65 L þauhe T þeȝ D þow. DT sche. DTL were. L om. wo no. D wunder. DT was. 66 T Hy D Sche. T seȝ L seye D saw. T blede L bleden. D crowne L croune. 67 L Hire oune s. DT þat was so, om. in L; L al. DL gilteles. 68 D Stremyd of blod þat ran riht downe T Of blod þe strem ran adou*n* L On strem þe blode ran adoune. 69 D seen L seon T se. D peynys L peyne. D þer was. D om. gret. 70 D women. DT him folewid (folwede) L foleweden him. T þorghe L þoruh. D towne. 71 D weping T wepende. DL wiþ-oute. DT les. 72 DTL And made (LT maden) dole (T del L deol) for. D passiowne. 73 TL tu*r*nede (tornede) him ful meke D him turnid ful mylde & meke. 74 D seyde. DTL a word. 75 T And to L Ande þus to. D women. D he dide TL he, inst. of þat þer.

And seide: "Wepeþ not for me! 76
ffor 3oure children 3e mowe wepe,
Þat doþ me schome, as 3e mowe se."
No wonder Þou3 hire herte breke, Mary's heart broke when she saw Christ beaten.
Þat sei3 hir sone so beten be! 80
Whon he was beten wiþ scourges sore,
Alle his frendes were from hym gon;
Þreo dayes vre feiþ was lore
Saue in Marie, his moder, al-on. 84
Bernard bereþ witnesse Þerfore,
Also doþ hire Cosyn Ion:
ffor serwe Þat heo hedde Þore
On swou3 heo fel sone a-non. 88
Þe blod out of hire e3en ron, The blood ran out of her eyes.
Al-most hire herte clef a-two—
Seynt Bernard, Þat holy mon,
Witnesseþ wel Þat hit is so. 92
Seint Bernard in to chirche wenden he con, St. Bernard once in a church
To witen of Þat Ladi wo.
To him wel feire speken[1] heo gon, [1] MS. spenken 95
What was his wille to asken Þo.[1] [1] vv. 33-6 added by the poet.
"LAdi, 3if hit be Þi wille,
Tel me, as Þou art heuene-qwene, askt her how she wept,
Hou Þat Þou weope Þin herte fille,
Whon Þei duden Þi sone to scheme, 100

76 L weopeþ D wepit T ne wepe 3e. T nou3t L nouhte. 77 TLD But (wepiþ D) for 3ow (T 3ow-selue) & 3oure children (D childer) eke. 78 D Þei DTL don. TL shame D sorow. D may. L seo. 79 TL om. No. T Wonder it was. D if TL Þat. DTL Maries. D myhte br., TL ne br. 80 D saw. D betin. L beo. 81 DL Whan T Whanne. D betin & scorgid s., TL beten swiþe s. 82 T & alle D om. Alle. D frendis L freondes. T were fro him g., L fro him conne g., D fled fro him good wone. 83 T Þre. DTL oure. T si3t. D ilore L forlore. 84 D Saf in Þe thef & Marye alone. 85 DTL Seint B. witnessiþ (L wittenessede) it (om. in L) before. 86 D And so TL & al-so. DL Iohn. 87 D sorwe TL Þe sorwe. DT sche. D had TL hadde. 88 D Out of hire eyen Þe blod gan gone TL Þe blod out of here (L hire) ey3en ron. 89 TL Out of here ey3en Þe blod it (om. in L). DT ran. 90 L Almest. DT in two. 91 DTL Þe holi man. 92 D witnessiþ L wittenesseþ. L om. wel. DT was. 93 DTL om. Seint Bernard. L ffor in to. T Intil. DTL a temple. TL wende he D he wente. TL gan D Þan. 94 T wite. T lefdy DL ladyes. 95 TLD & sche (L heo) ful (D him) faire fraynede him Þan (D freyne gan). 96 D To witen what his wil was Þo. L aske T aske hire. L so. 97 D He seyde Ladi L Lauedy he seide. T Leuedy. L were 3oure. 98 DL Telle. 99 L Hou D If T Whanne; DTL om. Þat. T wep D wepte. 100 DTL Whan men. T dude DL dide. DTL Þat tene.

Whon þei hi*m* bou*n*den and beoten ille
And Corou*n*den hi*m* wiþ þornes kene,
And[1] [he] bar þe Crois meke and stille [1] *al.* om.
As þau3 on hym non harm were sene. 104

whether she was by, when Christ was beaten,

"Ladi," seide Be*r*nard, "weore þou þere þo,
þe*r* Men him bou*n*den and beoten so fast?
I wot þou weore not fer him fro,
þin herte was stif and ful studefast! 108
Allas! whi nere myn herte so?
Whi is myn now so vnwrast?
Whi nolde hit cleue or breke a-two,
Or wepe while þat hit wolde last?[1] [1] A stanza om. 112

and how sorry she was when He hung on the Cross,

"Tel me þi[1] serwe þin herte was in, [1] *al.* Allas for
Whon þou se3e þin oune fode,
Godes sone, his hed doun lyn,
þer he hongede vppon þe Rode! 116
þei3 he weore God, his flesch was þyn,
His bodi ron doun al on Blode.
Allas, whi nedde þi serwe be myn?
Whi nedde I stonden þer þou stode? 120

101 DTL om. whon þei: Bounden (D Bou*n*din) him & beten (DT betin) him (om. in L) ille. 102 D crownid T crounede L crouneden. D thornis. 103 DTL He. L his cros D him euere. D mylde L myldeliche T boþe mylde. 104 D As non harm on him had bene TL As him were no sorwe sene. 105 DTL Swete ladi (T lefdy L lauedy). DTL om. seide Bernard. DTL were. 106 DT Whan L þo. T þe3. DTL betin (L bete) & bounden. DTL om. so; L him. DL faste. 107 D hope. DTL were. T no3t. 108 DL is. DTL so. TL om. stif and. DTL om. ful. D stedfaste T stedefast L stedefaste. 109 D Allas allas whi dide þei so. TL my loue. 110 DTL myn herte; now om. DL vnwraste. 111 D þat it ne wile cleue in two. TL breke (L berste) or cleue. 112 T &. DTL whil my lyf may. DL laste.

DTL then have the following stanza: Ladi, I am in (om. in L) greet longing To seen (T se L seo) þat (T þe) sihte (T si3t) þat þou there (om. in L) seye, Whan (L Hou) þou gan (T be-gan L gonne) þin handis (T honden L hondes) (to T) wring (wringe), þe teris (TL teres) ran (L ronnen) doun be (L of) þin eye. þou saw (T se3 L seye) þi sone wiþ naylis (TL nayles) sting (T stynge L stronge), & (om. in L) on a tre (L treo) þei (om. in TL) heng (TL hongen) him (L on) heye. Whi ne were (TL nere) myn herte in (L on) þi mournyng, Whan (L þo) þou him saw (T se3e L seye) swich (T þe L þo) peyne (T pynes L peynes) drye (TL dreye)?

113—120 follow in TL the stanza wanting after 128.

113 DTL Allas for (TL þe) sorwe. L þat þou were. D þin h. myhte kyne. TL ynne. 114 D saw L seye. D owne T herte. 115 D Goddis T Godis. D heuid. DL clyne T clynne. 116 þer as. DTL heng. T oppon. 117 T þe3 L þei D þouh. DT were L beo. DTL þe f. T fles L flessh. D thyne. 118 D þat swete bodi þat ran on bl. TL þou se3e (L seyen) him renne (L rennen) al on bl. 119 TL nere D ne were. DL þat. DTL sorwe. DTL om. be. 120 D Or I had stonde T Why ne my3te y stonde L Whi ne stod I. D þer þat.

" Whon [þat][1] he his lyf forsook, [1] MS. Vr ladi seide : Whon
He bowede his hed & lafte[1] his siȝt, [1] *al.* les, lost and died and
And nom his leue, his wey he tok went to His Father.
Vp to his fader ful of miht. 124
Witnesse wole þe holy book,
þat day þe sonne les hire liht,
þe Temple clef, þe eorþe qwok,
þe dede a-risen to lyue apliȝt.[1] [1] A stanza om. 128

" Ladi, tak hit not a-gref, St. Bernard hopes Mary's grief will melt his own hard heart.
þeiȝ I speke of his peynes so ;
To heren of him me is ful lef,
I ne may hit nouȝt for-go, 132
I seo him hongen as a þef,
Godes sone and þin also :
Ladi, þe teres þat þou þer ȝef,
Graunte me sum*me* ! " he seide þo.[1] [1] *al.* er þan y go. 136

" As þou art queen of heuene-blisse, He asks her
And I am here in gret p*er*ile,
Swete ladi, þow me wisse,
þouȝ I be synful mon and vyle. 140
As þou art moder and Mayden I-wis : what Christ did in His exile,
What dude my lord in his exile ?

121 DTL om. Vr ladi seide. DTL Whan þat. D forsoke. 122 D bowid. D heuid. TL les D lost. D sihte. 123 D His leue he nam T He nom his wey his leue he t. L nam. L & vp he t. D toke TL tok*e*. 124 L om. Vp ; T Op. 125 DL As beriþ (bereþ) witnesse T As witnesseþ. D boke. 126 D sunne lost. T her*e* D his. D sihte. 127 D claf. DT erthe. D quoke TL quok*e*. 128 D þe dede men. TL risen. D þe soth to plyhte. T leue.

Then DTL have the following stanza : Ladi (T Leuedy L Lauedy) þi loue is (L was) naturel, & my (TL myn) loue (om. in TL) is swiþe (L swiþe wonder T wonder sore) lite ; Be (L ffor be) þi weping (T wepynge) it semiþ (TL semeþ) wel No clerk þi sorwe ne may (LT may (myȝte) þi sorwe) write. Allas whi nadde (D no had) I (T ich) loue (L loued) sumdel (TL somdel), þat to (TL in) myn (T my) herte it (om. in L) myhte smyte, þat is hardere (T hardere is L harde is) þan (L so) any (TL ston or) stel (L steel), May no bale þer*in* (TL þer-ynne) bite.—In TL then follow v. 113—120.

129 DTL Swete ladi (T lefdy). D take. DL om. hit. T noȝt. D to greef. 130 T þaȝ L þauh D If. D peynys mo. 131 D speken T speke. L Of him to speke. DTL it (om. in L) were me (L me were) leef. 132 DTL ffor I. DTL om. ne. D wile not his loue f. L him note T noȝt it. 133 TL þou seȝe (seye). D se. D hangin T hange L honge. L so a theof. 134 D Goddis T Godis. 135 T Leuedy. D teris. TL þer*e*. L geef. 136 T some L somme. D to han of tho TL er þan (L ar þat) y go. 137 D Ladi queen ful of bl. T þou art leuedy of h. bl. L Lauedy þou art*e* queen in h. bl. 138 D As. L perill*e* T fyl. 139 T lefdy L lauedy. 140 T þaȝ L þauh. L beo. DT man, om. in L. T wyl. 141 DT mayden & moder. TL y-wisse. 142 DL dide T dede. DL þat ; T om. his. T exyl L exill*e*.

and what He said on the Cross.

Whon he was pyned wiþ-outen mis,
Whuche weren his wordes in þat while?" 144

Mary promises

"Bernard, þe wordes of þi Mouþ
To myn herte scheteþ a spere;
þat speke of *him* bi norþ & souþ,
I-wis, þei don myn herte dere! 148
Wepynge is me now ful couþ,[1] [1] r. vncouþ? cf. Lat.: quia glorificata sum, ultra jam flere non possum.
Now þow wolt my peynes lere.
Mekeliche þow aske nouþe:

to answer St. Bernard.

*Ber*nard, I wol þe onswere!" 152
Bernard seide and gon to speke:
"Mi rihte were to wepe sore:
Min herte [is hard &] nul not to-breke,
I seo not hit wole melte fore. 156
I wolde he[1] were in serwe steke, [1] *al.* it
Wiþ me[1] to wepe euer-more: [1] r. ye
Hit nil not of[1] myn e3en reke [1] *al.* May no ter fro
To wepe, as my wille wore. 160

(*Passion on Thursday.*)

"As þou art Qwene of heuene & helle
And baar *him* þat vs deore haþ bou3t,

He asks

Hou hit is þou most me telle,
þing þat is now in my þou3t: 164

"whether she was in Jerusalem

Weore þou *þer*e as men [wold] *him* qwelle,
In I*erusal*em, þer he was sou3t

143 DT Whan L While. D pynid L peyne. D wiþ þe Iewis L wiþ-oute lisse. T mysse. 144 D Whiche L What T Swilk. DT were. TL werkes D werkis. T whyl L while. 145 T Bernad. D wordis. D mouþe L mouhte. 146 T my. DTL han (T hane) schotin (T shoten L smyten). 147 D His was al as mannys 3ouþe. TL Who-so speke þ. TL be. T northe. TL or. L souhte. 148 D it TL he. DTL doth. 149 DT But (Bote) w. D not vnkouþe TL now vncouþ. 150 D If þou TL And þou. D wile TL wilt. D of peynys TL of my peynes. 151 D Setthe of weping þou askist T Sethen wiþ wepynge askeþ L Sithe þou wepinge askest. T nouþ L nouhte. 152 DTL om. Bernard. T Y wil þe shortliche answ. DL I schal the tellin (L telle), D wiþ swete a. L if þou wilte here. 153 DTL If I to the (TL sholde inst. of to the) of (his TL) peynys (TL peynes) speke. 154 DT riht. D wepin L weopen. 155 DTL Myn h. is hard & may (L wil) not breke. 156 D It is no þing T Is no3t þat L þer nis no thinge. DT wile. D meltin. T more. 157 DTL it were. TL sorwe. D a stede D to steke T be-steke L y-steke. 158 TL þe D eye. T wepen L mourne. DL for euere-more. 159 DTL May no tere (L teer T ter) fro. L om. myn. D eye. L reken. 160 D wepin. TL so. D wil it L willes. 161 D Qvod Bernard Queen TL Lefdy (Lauedy) quen. 162 DL þou inst. of And. D bar TL bere. DT dere. DTL om. haþ. D bouhte T abou3t L aboughte. 163 DTL How so it be (L beo). D must L moste. 164 DTL Of þing þat I haue the besouhte (T by-sou3t). 165 D Where were þou. T om. as; D whan L þo. DT men wold(e) L men diden. 166 D In I. þe fayre cite it was wrouhte. L whan inst. of þer.

And nomen wiþ þe Iewes felle
And siþen bi-fore Cayphas brouȝt?" 168 when Christ was brought before Caiaphas."
Ovre ladi seide: "I was þere þo,
Sore I wep and wrong myn honde; Mary tells St. Bernard
Whon þe Iewes him ladde me fro,
To folwe him wepinge miȝt I not wonde. 172
No wonder was þeiȝ me were wo,
Ac hit was wonder I miȝte stonde,
Whon I seiȝ hym to peyne go how Christ on Maundy-Thursday was taken,
And beo bounden in hard bonde. 176
"On Cene-þursday wiþ-Inne þe niht
Cayphas him nom, him þhouȝte gome,
Wiþ swerdes and wiþ lanternes briht,
And clepede him Ihesu by his nome. 180
He onswerde: 'I am her riht.
Do my disciples for me no schome!' begd His disciples might not be punisht,
ffor alle þe peynes þat him were diht,
He nolde his frendes hedde no blame. 184
"ffor no chesoun of his takyng
He wolde no mon þe worse were:
þat schewed he wel in alle þing,
Boþe here and elles-where. 188
Peter, for soþe, made fihtyng and rebuked Peter for
And smot sone of a Iewes ere:

167 D takin L token him T bounden. TL om. þe. D Iewis TL gewes. 168 L om. siþen; D setthe be nyhte. D beforn. T sire Cayphas. L him broughte. 169 T lefdy. L side T answerd. 170 D fful sore. D wepte L weope. D hond. 171 D led him L ladden him T hidden him. 172 TL Wepynge (L weoping) to folwe D To wepin sore. him om. in DTL. D I myhte. D wond L stonde. 173 D It was no wunder. L nas. D if. T y. 174 DTL But (T Bote L Bot) wunder it (om. in TL) TL was D is. D þat I. 175 D Whan, om. in TL. D saw T seȝ L seye. TL my sone. D peynis T peynes. 176 D & bounden & betin & don al schonde. L om. And. TL om. beo. L Bounde T wounden. L wiþ. TL ful harde. L bondes. 177 T On þe. DTL scherthursday (L sherethoresday). D wiþin L in T at. T om. þe. 178 D þe Iewis toke him alle in same TL Cayfas & his (& his om. in L) men him nam. 179 TL Wiþ lanternes & wiþ (om. in L) swerdes br. D þei souht him wiþ l. br. 180 T om. And. D callid T Calde. T *ihesus* ihesus. DL be. DL name T nam. 181 D Mi sone. D answerid T answerde L answerede. D hem in hire siht. 182 TL Doþ. D these men T deciples. L shame T sham D blame. 183 DL al þe peyne. DL þat þei him. L dyghte. 184 D wold TL wolde. L freondes D disciplis. D had TL hadde. T blam D schame. 185 DTL ffor þe (om. in T) encheson. 186 D þat non. TL man, om. in D. D werse. 187 TL þat he schewede. D He schewid þat. DTL om. wel. D almaner. 188 D Thanne inst. of Boþe. DT there. D ellis. 189 DTL om. for soþe. D stod vnto f., L stoed forþ wiþ f., T wiþ-stod al sittynge. 190 D om. sone, T al smert of, L of smertly. TL gewes D mannys.

cutting off a Jew's ear.

Mi sone hi*m* blamed for þat þing
And also-swiþe heled hit þere.

Mary tells St. Bernard

"Iudas was ful of þe ffend,
fful wel my sone his tresun wust:
þer he cleped hi*m* his frend
And Mekeliche[1] he him cust.

[1] *al.* myldeliche

how the Jews laid into Jesus with staff and fist.

þe Iewes of harm hedde non ende,
Mi sone to-beten and to-pust,
Wiþ strokes þei gu*nne* to hi*m* wende
And leyden on hym wiþ staf & fust."

"[1]Ladi," seide Be*r*nard, "God ʒelde hit þe!
Tel me more of Myn askyng:
þi swete sone, what dude he?

[1] vv. 201-8 added by the poet.

Whi nolde he stonde wiþ fihtynge?
Bi kynde skil I may wel se
He mihte hem alle to deþe bringe.
Swete ladi, tel þou me

Mary tells

Al his semblau*n*t and his berynge!"

"A Be*r*nard, ʒif I teres had,
, Nou miʒti wepe al my fille.
Of serwe nas I neuer sad,
Whon I þouʒte on his peynes ille.
Al[1]-hou he was from me lad,

[1] MS. And

I haue told, and ʒit I wille,
And hou he was in serwe stad

191 D But he leet be at his seyeng. TL blamede him. 192 T om. And. D as sone T Als quike L also quyke. DL he helid T he it helede. L him. 193 DTL þat was. L feond. 194 D ʒet T þeʒ L Al, inst. of fful wel. L sones tresoun. DTL wiste. 195 D & callid him ʒet T ʒut he callede him L & ʒette he clepede him. D his dere L leoue. L freond. 196 D myldeli TL myldeliche. DTL kiste. 197 L To done him harm þei coude n. e. D om. of. D had T hadde. D neuere non. 198 D my dere s. D to betin TL to bete. TL ne. TL to-biste D biste. 199 D wepenys L skourges. T þeʒ gan him to w., D aboute him þei gan w., L faste to him þei w. 200 T leyde D bete; D om. on. D stauys & wiþ. DTL fiste. 201 D Seyde Bernard Ladi I prey the T Lefdy q*uod* B. y p*ra*ye þe L Swete lauedy pray I þe. 202 D ʒet telle. L nouþe inst. of more of. 203 DL dide. 204 D Whi stod he not wiþ no f. 205 DTL Be. D rihtful skile T riʒt wise L ryghte speche. D men. DL om. wel. L seo. 206 D deth bring. 207 T lefdy L lauedy. D now telle it me. L telle. 208 D bering. 209 T om. A. D & I teris. TL hadde. 210 DTL myhte I. L weope. L om. al. 211 DTL sorwe. T ne was L was D am. 212 D þinke T þenke. D peynys. 213 L om. And; DT But (Bote). T whan inst. of hou. TL my (deore L) sone was be-stad. D fro. 214 DTL h. þe told. DL ʒet T ʒut. 215 D I was in greet sorwe bestad TL And whan (L Hou) þe gewes fro (T for) me him ladde (T bad).

And I him folewede wiþ teres grille.
"Þei hudden his eȝen & boffetede him þo
And beden him reden ho hit wore,[1]
And duden hym peynes monie mo,
Þer nis no tonge may telle fore.
Þere stoden my sustren two
Þat hedden loued hym wel ȝore;
Marie Maudeleyn dude also,
Þat trewely louede him in hire lore.
"Hire loue was studefast and trewe,
And I hym louede ful trewelyche.[1]
[Strong][1] is loue of ffrendes newe,
And of þe Moder nomeliche.
I seiȝ neuere my sone chaungen hewe,
But euere in on, as lomb I-lyche.
Sori þei were alle þat hym knewe,
And wepte for him, boþe pore & riche.
"ffrom Cayphas paleis þei him drouh
Riht to Pilate, my sone to spille.
He crieȝede not, as men duden him wouȝ,
He eode wiþ hem wiþ gode wille,
Euere he was Meke I-nouȝ
And heold him boþe clos and stille.
Pilat wolde not þat þei hym slouh,

[1] MS. were

[1] *al.* tenderliche

[1] MS. Good

how she followed Christ,

and how she and

her 2 Sisters and Mary Magdalene were by when Christ was insulted.

(*Good-Friday.*)

Mary continues how Christ was taken to Pilate.

216 D But euere I folewid. DL om. him. DTL crieng (T *crie*nde L cryande) schille (L shrille). 217 D hid TL hidden. L hise. D buffet T smyten L smyte. L om. him. 218 D bad T bede. DTL rede. D what þat he. T were. 219 DTL And othere peynys (peynes) D dide him mo TL many mo. 220 DTL Ne (om. in TL) may no tunge (TL tonge) tellin (TL telle) T before D more L for sore. 221 D Beside þer stod. TL myne. D susteris T sostres L sostren. 222 D had T hadde L hadden. D louid. D om. wel; TL ful. D longe before. 223 DTL And M. DT Magdaleyn[e] L Magdeleyn. DTL om. dude. 224 D truli T *tri*wely L treuliche. D louid L leoued. D him & his. L om. him; in his. T here. 225 L He was. D was euere. D stedfast T stedefast L stedefaste. T newe. 226 D louid. TL om. ful. TL tenderliche (tendreliche) D tendirli. 227 TL Strong D ffor strong. T om. is. D frendis. T *tri*we. 228 T namliche L nameliche D grettest namly. 229 L say DT saw. DTL him neuere. D chaungin T change his. 230 D But as a lomb wiþ-outen cry. T om. euere. L a inst. of as T al-wey inst. of as lomb. 231 DL Alle were sory T And was sory. 232 D Riche & pore & alle him bi. T wep L wepten. L om. boþe. 233 DT ffro L fram. D drow. 234 L Before. D him inst. of my sone. 235 D Þei tok non hede þei d. TL He ferde. D dide L diden T dude. 236 D þei. DT ȝede L ȝeode. D him. D good. 237 T om. Euere. D was Ihesu. L mylde T meke and mylde. 238 D He suffrid hem & held him stille. T held L helde. 239 D Pilate wold. T om. *þat*. DTL men. D slow.

In his dedes he fond non skille.

How Christ was beaten,

"Þei stripte hym þat ilke stounde,
To a piler bou*n*den hi*m* þat day,
And beote*n* hi*m* whil þei warm hi*m* fou*n*de.
Þen was my song weilaway!

and had 4500 wounds;

ffour[1] þousend & fyf hu*n*dred wou*n*de [1] r. ffif
Þei maden on hi*m*, for soþe to say,
And seiden on skorn vppon þe grou*n*de:
'Þi pr*o*phecye helpe þe ne may.'

how the Jews cried "Crucify Jesus";

"Mi leue Be*r*nard, gret was my care
Whon þei criede wel faste in on:
'Do Ihesu on þe Crois ful [ȝare[1]] [1] MS. raþe. *al.* ȝif him þe dom, þe crois is ȝare
And dilyuere vs Barraban!'
Goddes sone to Iugge þare
And leten a þef to lyue gon,
Be*r*nard, þis was a sori fare,
Such dom hedde neuer no mon!

and how Pilate gave Him to them;

"Þus þe Iewes steorne and stoute
Mi sone hedden in hard bonde.
Pilate hedde of hem more doute
Þan[1] he hedde of godes sonde: [1] MS. þat
Þat was I-sene, he[1] ladde hi*m* oute [1] MS. þei
And dude hi*m* to þe Iewes honde.
Þe Iewes þrongen him a-boute,
And I for serwe mihte not stonde.

240 DTL ffor in. D dedis T dede L dethe. T seȝ L say. TL no. D ille. 241 D stripid T streptyn L strepten. DTL him nakid. D on a L in þat T þat st. 242 DT & bou*n*de (bou*n*den) him to (til) a pilere. D all day. 243 D om. And. D Bete T betyn L beten. T wel where þeȝ h. f. 244 DT þan L þo. D weleaway T welaway. 245 D ffyue þousand & iiij hu*n*derid w. TL ffor þre (L a) thousand & sixe hondred w. 246 D On him þei mad. T made. D soth. 247 D On skorn þei seyde & fil to gr. TL on skornynge on. 248 D þat. T pr*o*pheri. DL nouht (note) helpin (helpe) the may T helpen ne may. 249 L leoue D dere DTL frend (L freond). 250 DTL Whan. D cride T criden L crieden. D alle þan T al at an L alle on one (wel faste om. in DTL). 251 DTL ȝeue (T ȝif) him dom (T þe dom) þe cros (T *cr*ois) is ȝare. 252 DTL delyuere. TL Baraban. 253-4 & 255-6 transp. in TL. 253 D Goddis T Godis L Godes. T iuggen D deme. T ȝare. 254 D ffor a thef þat þei wold han. T let. L theof. T gan. 255 TL Lo B. DTL here was sori f. 256 D Swich ă T Swilk L Suche. D had T herde L seye. DTL om. no. DTL man. 257 D Iewis L gewes T þeues. DTL sterne. 258 T heldyn L helden D þei held. T &. TL harde. L bondes. 259 T þat P. L And P. D had TL hadde. D mor. 260 D goddis T godis. 261 D om. þat was Isene; ffor he led him þer-wiþout. L Hit. T sone L sene (I- om.). T þeȝ ladde L þei hadden. 262 D & dampnid T & delyuerede L To deliuere. TL om. þe. D Iewis TL gewes. 263 D tuggid T wentyn L ronnen. DTL al-aboute. 264 DTL sorwe. T noȝt.

"Whon he was dempt and out sent,
Alle þei duden hym gret dispite.
He nom þe Cros and forþ [he] went,
Wiþ wraþþe þei driuen hi*m*, muche & lyte.
Allas þat lomb [þat] Innocent!
Wolues wolde him sore a byte.
Þe care was at myn herte lent,
Mi serwe mihte no mon wyte.

how Christ took His Cross,

"I suwede, & swoulnede mony a siþe,
Mi sustren comen a-bouten me;
I spac to him[1] as I miȝte kiþe,
Whon I him[1] for þres mihte se.
Mi sone hiȝede hi*m* wel blyue[1]
And bar him-self þat heui tre,[1]
And let me beo[1] be-hynde vnbliþe:
Bernard, þen gomede me no gle."

[1] MS. hem
[1] MS. hem
[1] *al.* A, sone, why hyestou so swithe
[1] *al.* & berist on bak so h. a t.
[1] *al.* & leuist þi moder.

and bare it.

[1]"MErci," seide *Bernard*, "heuene queene,
Þou hast so muche me i-told!
ȝit *þer* is wel more I-sene,

[1] vv. 281—304 added by the poet.

265 DTL Whan. D dampnid T iugged L Igged. T y-sent. 266 D dide; TL hadden, him om. DL despite T despyt. 267 DTL tok. TL his. T *crois*. DTL he wente. 268 D þei skornid him, wiþ wr. om., T Wiþ wo þeȝ folwede him L ffen threwen on him boþe. D mekil T mokel L mychel. T lyt. 269 L He ȝeode forþ as a lomb i. DT þat i. 270 D Þo wuluys T Whanne w. L & þei as w. D wilde L þat wolden. D so sore bite T *þere a* byt; L om. sore a. 271 D þat sorwe T þe sorwe L His sorwe. DTL is in. D so bent. 272 D care TL wo. D I may hem alle wite TL ne wiste y (L I ne wiste) wham (L whom) to wyt(e).

After 272 DTL have the following addit. stanza: Þei mad (TL maden) game & (game & om. in L) gret lawhing (T laȝyng, L lauhinge), Whan þei betin him althermest (TL þe *cursede* gewes *wiþ* þe mest(e)), Þei (TL And) bad (TL beden) him (om. in T) seye (T sithe) if (T ȝif) he were king, Þei (L þan) wolde (TL wolden) don þan alle at (T be at al L þei alle beon at) his hest (L heste). Mi sone answerid hem no þing (TL He noȝt answerde (L answered not) til (L to) hare (here) askyng), Þouh his peyne were wiþ þe mest (TL His wordes were (L weren) *euere* (L wiþ) þe lest(e)), But (L And T He) bar þe (L his) cros (T *crois*) til (L to) his parting, Mekeli (TL Myldeliche) as (L so) it were a beste (T best).

273 T Ne. T seuede L sewede D folcwid. D swownid L swounede T shonede. D many a, L fele sithe T felesye. 274 D susteris T sostres L sostren. T *euere* ȝeden, D ȝedin L ȝeoden. D aboute TL vnder. 275 D I callid T And callede L & euere I clepede. T on him; L om. to hem. L I dorste T dorste y. T crye. 276 DTL Whan I for þres myhte him ouht (T noȝt L not*e*) se (L seo). 277 D Sone, I seyde, Þou hiest þe swithe TL A, sone, why hyest (L hyestou) so swye (swithe). 278 DTL & berist (berest) on þi (om. in T) bak so heuy a tre (L treo). 279 DTL And leuist (leuest) þi moder. T vnblye. 280 DT þan L þo. D gamyde T gamede L gamened*e*. L gleo. 281 TL *Grant mercy*. DT *quod* B., L he seide. T to h. q. 282 DTL þat þou (om. in L) so (TL þus) mekil (L myche) hast me told. 283 D ȝet L ȝette T ȝut. D moche inst. of wel. DTL I wene.

St. Bernard

Þat ful fayn witen I wold:
Hou bar my lord hi*m*, ladi schene,
A-Mong þe Iewes breme and bold?
His harde peynes alle be-dene
But þou me teche, myn herte is cold.
"Ladi, of þe and of þi childe
I wolde wite a more strif:
What dude my lord[1] meke and mylde
To þe endyng of his lyf?
I haue seȝen séé and watres wylde,
Stremes and wawes two and fyue;
Swete ladi, fro*m* schome vs schylde
And to riȝte hauene þou [do] vs ryue!
"I haue seȝen men þ*at* nolde not[1] loute
Til þat þei þe harde I-seȝe,
And siþen for drede of deþes doute
Heore herte a-rysen vp an hiȝe.
Whon his enemys were hi*m* a-boute,
Hou miȝt he al heor scornyng driȝe?
In his face þei spitte and spoute:
Whi wolde he suffre þat vilenye?"

[1] *al.* If my lord were

[1] *al.* wolde, not om.

wonders how Christ could be so meek as to bear all this,

and that His heart did not rise in the face of death.

Mary says "His heart was stiff enough,

Oure ladi seyde: "His herte was stif,
And mekely suffrede al her fare;

284 D Of þingis þ*at* I witen wold. TL Þat y ful fayn L wite w. T ȝut here w. 285 T leuedy chene. 286 D Iewis TL gewes. T brym D stout 287 D Ladi þi tellingis TL And þyne (L ȝoure) sorwes. T al. 288 DTL But I hem wite my care. 289 DTL Of þe ladi (T lefdy). T þe. DT child. 290 D wold. L witen. D an ende of TL anoþer. 291 DTL If my lord were (L was). T myld. 292 D Vnto. D ende TL laste ende. D of al his. 293 L ffor TL I am T in se in L sete in, D I haue seen manye in D wateris TL wateres. T wyld. 294 D In stremys & wawis T In synne of wawes L In wawes of sinnes. D stoute & blyf L foure or fyf. 295 D But atte laste þei wold hem schilde. TL om. Swete; T Lefdy L Lauedy, TL fro shame þou me shild(e). 296 D & wiþ al hire myht sauen hire lyf. T om. And. L & in ryghtful. T þou me dryf L do me ryue. 297 D seen TL seye. T om. men; D fele. L om. þat. DT wolde L wolden, not om. L aloute. 298 D Riht vnto þe erthe þ*at* þei sye. TL seye (I- om.). 299 D ffor drede to deye þan had þei doute. L sithe. T for þe dethes d. 300 L Heuen here hertes al on h. D Hire T here. D hertis. D resin T risen; vp om. D þan on T al ouer. TL heye D hye. Before 301-2 TL have the following 2 vv.: And woxen (L weren) alle (L boþe) sterne & stoute, ffor þe (L here) deþ was hem so neye. 301 T godis enemyes D þe Iewis. L weren D com. L about. 302 TL om. al; D alle. TL here D hire. T skornes D wordis. T dreye. 303-4 om. in TL. 303 D to spitte and to. 304 D How myhte . suffere . vilanye. 305 D Bernard broþir TL A broþer Bernard. T he inst. of his herte. T stef. 306 D om. And; Mekeli he. TL myldely. D sufferid T þolede. D hire TL here.

Mónnus soule him was ful lef,
Wiþ his blod he bouȝte hem þare.
He seiȝ me stonde in serwe & gref,[1]
Wiþ wepyng and wiþ muche care[2]:
Mi serwe dude him more gref
Þen alle þe peynes he suffrede þare.
"And þat was ful wel I-sene,
Whon he tok me to seynt Ion;
Meke he was, wiþ-outen wene,
Þat tyme he loked me vppon.
Þen wox my serwe couþ and grene,
Of anguissche I mai make my mon.
I wol þe telle al be-deene
His harde peynes euerichon.
"Lusten to me, my Broþer Bernard,
I wol þe telle of peynes more—
Þyn herte schal ben ful hard,
But hit greue þe ful sore;
Þauh I haue a parti spard
Of his peynes herbifore,
I wol þe telle her-afturward
His harm an hundred siþe sore.
"Bernard, I saiȝ my sone honge
As þauȝ he were a Mayster-þef,
His Bak and syden sore I-swonge

but He wanted to die for man.

My sorrow grieved Him more than His own pain."

Mary then tells St. Bernard

how her Son was hanged like a thief,

[1] *al.* I saw him hangin as a thef,
[2] He saw I stod in mekil kare:

307 DT ffor L And. TL mannes D manye. D soulis L soules. DTL was him. D om. ful; TL so. L leof. 308 D He wolde his blod bouhte. T þat wiþ. D hem alle TL it. 309 DTL I saw (L seye) him hangin (T hangen L honge) as a thef (L theof). 310 DTL He (L & he) saw (om. in L) I stod (TL me stonde) in mekil (TL in sorwe &) kare. 311 DL ȝet T þat D dide my weping TL my wepynge (weopinge) dude (dide). D mor. 312 DTL þan. T al. D þat he bare. 313 L om. And. D þat þing. D om. ful; L wonder wel T wonderly wel. D sene. 314 DTL delyuerid. 316 D lokid TL lokede. T oppon. 317 DL þau T þaune. D wex T wax L was. D he boþe ȝelow & grene TL my sorwe nywe (L newe) & grene. 318 D anguys T angwisch L anguisshe. DL now I make T now make y. DL mone. 319 T Lest & y L Lithe I. DL wile T wille. T om. þe. TL om. al. 320 T Myne L Myn. DT euerilkone. 321 D Herkin T Herkne L Herkene. DT om. my. D broþir. 322 TL Whyl y speke of his. D I wile the tellin of peyne ȝet mor. 323 T It shel be wel wonder h. L beo. D swiþe. 324 D But if. T it wile TL rewe. 325 D þouh T þoȝ. D I a parti haue it. D sparid TL spared. 326 DT my. 327 DL schal T shel. D tellin. T om. her. 328 D A þousand part þat hardere wore TL þat ere (arne) a þousand siþes (L sithe) more. 329 D saw T seȝ L say. D þer hong T hange. 330 D As T Als L Also, þauȝ om. DL it. D had ben. L theof. 331-2 & 333-4 transp. in L. 331 DT Wiþ sidis (sides) blo (T bleike) & sore, L His white sydes sore D beswong T beswonge L beswongen.

þat white were and me ful lef. 332

how He was crownd with thorns,

He was Crouned wiþ þornes stronge,
In eueri syde þei duden him gref,
And drowen him on þe cros a-longe,
His senewes to-bursten & to-dref. 336
" þe blod ron doun bi Bodi and heued—
þat lykede þe corsede Iewes wel!
Wiþ spotel & blod he was be-weued,
þat he was lyk a foul Mesel. 340
He was to-drawen and to-dreued

naild with 3 nails,

And Nayled wiþ þre Nayles of stel.
þen was my strengþe me be-reued,
And al-most a-doun I fel. 344

and how 4 streams of blood ran from Him.

" I seiȝ where foure welles were
Out of his lymes ron o-blode.
Bernard frend, my sone dere
þus him seruede þe Iewes wode! 348
Ich hedde gret blisse whon I him bere,
And of his þewes monye and gode:

332 L White þei w. L leof. 333 TL Crouned he was D þei crownid him. D thornis strong. 334 DTL On. T ilke a. T me. D dide T dude, L sore þei him greof. 335 DL þei inst. of And. D drow. T *crois*. L o-longe D al along. 336 D senewis T synes. D þei borstin TL borsten (to om.). D so þei dref TL þou may (myhte) me lef (leoue). 337 DTL ran. TL of D fro. D his heuid (bodi and om.). 338 L þe. D likid. TL cursede D cursid. D Iewis TL gewes. D ful wel. 339 L In. D spotil T spatel. D al beweuid. 340 L ney lyke. 341 D so drawin T to-drawe. D to-dreuid. 342 D om. And. D Naylid T nailled. L threo. D naylis T nailles. 343 DTL þan. D ioye T power L poer. D bereuid. 344 D *þat* sihte grovid my fol euel (gr. &c. by another hand) TL ffor sorwe as (L al) ded adoun (L doun) I fel.

After 344 TL have the following stanza: þe tweye (L þe two nayles) were dryue(n) þorgh (þoruh) his honde (hondes), & þe þridde þorgh (boþe L) his fet. Me was so wo y myȝte noȝt stonde, Of (wepinge L) blod my hondes (L leres) woxen (L were) wet (weete). ffor al his sorwe (L peyne) wolde he (L he nolde) noȝt wonde, þat he was (L nas) euere meke (L mylde) & swet; Was þer no reste for to fonde, Whanne þat he (om. in L) his lyf for-let.

Then follows in TLD: Allas þe (L þat) swete heued (L hed) allas (D Allas þin heuid þei al to-race), þat (om. in T) was wonid (T wont, L woned was) lye (T to lye) to my brest, I saw (L seye þat) it honge (T hange, L om. it honge), it (D &) had (TL hadde) no plas (L place D space) Wher-on (L -onne) it myhte ouht (om. in TL) han (TL take) rest (D reste). To come to (T til) him (L him to) had (TL hadde) I no grace (T *gras* L space), þat was wonid ben to him al*þer*-neste (TL þat y was wont (L woned) to nyȝe (L neighe) nest (L nexte)). þei heng (L henge T hangede) him by þe (D on an) hey (om. in T) pas (L pace D space), There as ȝede (TL *þer* al folk ȝede (L ȝeode)) boþe (om. in L) man (T mest) & beste (T leste).

Then in TL follows Vern. 345—352, which stanza is om. in D. 345 T saw L sauh TL þat. L þere were. 346 L On his. TL body. T ronne L rennynge. TL on. 347 TL Lo Bernard my s. L deore. 348 L So *se*rueden him. TL gewes. 349 TL I hadde blisse whan. 350 L hise, om. in T. TL many.

[þen][1] al wox won Bodi and leore, [1] MS. ffor T þanne L þo
þat feirest was of alle fode.
" So feir ȝit was neuer nomon,
As bereþ witnesse holy writ:
Þenne was his beute al a-gon,
As þe gospel telleþ hit.
I hedde a sone, nou haue[1] I non, [1] D þan had
Me wonteþ[1] boþe weole and wit; [1] D wantid
I not[1] in world whoder to gon [1] *al.* ne wiste, nyste
ffor serwe þat in myn herte sit.
" Bernard, hedde I honged him bi,
Sum-tyme my serwe hedde be pas.
I stod and loked vppon hiȝ,
Wher heng my ioye and my solas.
Þe Iewes seiȝ me ful sori,
Þer as I stod in þe plas:
ffor þat I made sereweful cri,
Þei beede me schome and harde gras.
" ffaste I criȝede in my manere,
ȝut ne was I not I-herd;
Þo I criȝede, he mihte me[1] here, [1] *al.* not
Witnesse boþe of lewed and lered[1]; [1] 2 vv. om.: cf. D Wol febil I was, weping in fere, & of here vilenye aferd.
'Merci!' I criȝede to my sonè dere,

Mary also tells St. Bernard

how she lookt at Christ on the Cross,

how the Jews abused her,

351 T þanne wax wan boþe hyde & lere L þo wex he al wan liche & lere. 352 TL fairest. 353 L ffor so. D fayr a man. DL om. ȝit. T was ȝut. T noman D non L man. 354 D beriþ T beriȝt. DL witnes. T in holy. D writte. 355 D þer TL þus. T bewte L beaute D fayrhed. D þan al gon. T agan. 356 T Al-so. D þe apostelis tellin itte. 357 D had TL hadde. D þan had. 358 D wantid T wanteþ L wantes. DTL wele. D witte. 359 DTL Bernard (L And) I ne wiste (T y nyste) whedir (TL whyder). 360 D Sorwe was in myn herte so knytte TL þe sorwe ȝut (L ȝette) at m. h. sit. 361 DT But (T ffor) had þei (om. in D) hongid (T hanged) me (T my sone) him (T me) bi L Bot euery (!) I was him faste by. 362 D Mi sorwe had ben in schortere spas L ffor any þat euere þer was T S. my sorwe myȝte pas. 363 L stoed. D lokid TL lokede. T op an. L hey. 364 TL Where þat henge al my solas. 365 D saw L seyen T made. TL om. ful; D þan. 366 D þei bad me leue wiþ sori gras TL & skornede(n) me boþe (om. in L) more & las. 367 D But euere I was him ful ny. T And for. TL om. þat. TL so reuful. 368 D ffor al my care I folewid his tras. T beden L bede. TL shame. L *grace*. 369 T Mekel L Often D And often. DT cride L criede. DTL on. 370 DT But þer L Bot fer. DL om. ne; T no. L I was &. T noȝt L nought D noþing. DT herd. 371-6 D & whan I cride þei (r. he) wold not here, My pyne witnessiþ lewid & lerid. I seyde 'Merci, my sone so dere, Alone þou leuist me in deserd.' Wol febil I was weping in fere, And of hire vilenye aferd. T ffeble y was & wep in fere, & of here velenye aferd. þat y cride þeȝ (r. he) myȝte noȝt here, My pyne witnesseþ boþe lewed & lerd. 'Mercy, my sone, my fader dere, Alone þou leuest me in þis desert.' L 'Mercy, sone, my fader deore,

'Al-one þou leue[st] me in desert!'
Þenne he bi-tok me til a fere
And bad, I scholde not ben a-ferd.[1] [1] vv. 375-6 *al.* om.
"Allas, Bernard, þat I scholde se
Mi sone hongen bifore my[1] feete!
how she prayd Christ to let her die with Him; I seide: 'Sone, let me dye wiþ þe, [1] *al.* naylid þorw hand &
Er þen þou þi lyf for-lete!
Mi sone, my lord and al my gle,
þou hast eu*er*e be Milde and swete:
But þou haue pite now of me,
þer may no mon my Bale bete.'
and cried to Mary Magdalene to help her pray. "[1]I criede: 'Maudeleyn, help now—
Mi sone haþ loued ful wel þe: [1] vv. 385—452, the discourse with Magdalen, added by the poet. It was taken up by the Charta Christi in MS. Reg. 17 CXVII.
Preie hi*m* þat I dye mow,[2] [2] MS. now
þat I nout for-ȝeten be!
Seost þow, Maudeleyn, now,
Mi sone is honged on a tre,
ȝit alyue am I and þow,
And þou ne preyest not for me!'
"Maudeleyn seide: 'I con no red,
Care haþ smiten myn herte sore;

Alone þou leueste me in deserte, Contforteles & of feble chere Ande of þe gewes vilanye aferde.' Bot þat I criede men myghte not here, þerof bere witnes lewed & lerede. 377 TL om. þat. D schuld. 378 DTL naylid þorw (T þorgh L þoruh) hand (TL honde) & fete (T fet). 379 DIT cride L Leoue. T lat. D deyen T deye. 380 L Er þat DT Longe or (T er). D he his lyf. T forlet. 381 L om. sone. TD om. and, T in alle gle D myn herte gle. L gleo. 382 T þat were eu*er*e meke. D hast ben boþe, euere om. L om. be. 383 DT mercy. TL om. now. DTL on. 384 D Who myht ellis my b. b. L om. *þer*; TL noman. T bot.

After 384 DTL have the following stanza: Sone (L A, sone) þou hast ben fayr & hende (T hast eu*er*e ȝut ben h., L hast beon euere h.), & bletheli (L gladliche) don al (om. in TL) þat I (þe TL) bad; If (T And ȝif) þou leue (L leuest T loue) me at (L atte) swich an (TL om. sw. an) ende, Of sorwe schal I neuere ben (TL ne (om. in L) worþ y neuere) sad. ffful (om. in TL) loth is deth þer he wile (L wole T wolde) lende (T sende), But (om. in L, T And) now wold I (L I wolde) of him (T of him y wolde) ben (T be L beo) glad, He ne may so sone his (TL a) spere sende (L me s.), þat (om. in L) soner (TL raþer) I wolde *þer*of ben stad (TL þat y it had).

385 DT cride. DTL Magdaleyn. DL helpe T help me. T nowe. 386 DTL haþ eu*er*e ȝet (L om. ȝet T ȝut eu*er*e haþ) louid the. 387 T And pr*aye* D And bidde. L to him. DT deye. D mow TL mowe. 388 TL y forȝeten (L forȝete) here noȝt (L ne). D forȝetin. L beo. 389 DTL Magdaleyn (L Magdelyn) mylde (om. in TL) ne (om. in T) seest þou (T sestow L seostou) how. 390 T My lord. D hangiþ T deyeþ L dieþ. DL vpon. TL þe D ȝone. L treo. 391 DT And ȝet (T ȝut). D on lyue L oliue T on kneo. T er y D I am. 392 D þat I myht deye þou preye for me. TL om. ne. T noȝt L nothinge. 393 T þo magdaleyne L þe Magdeleyn. DTL can. 394 DTL Sorwe. D smetin. T my.

I stonde, I seo my lord neih ded,
And þi wepyng greueþ me more.[1] [1] MS. sore
Cum wiþ me! I wol þe lede
In to þe temple her be-fore.
Mi[1] Mournynge is boþe feble & fede, [1] *al.* þy
ffor þou hast now I-wept ful ȝore.'
"Ich askede þe Magdaleyn: 'wher is þat place,
In pleyn, in valeye or in hille,
[þer] I mai me huyde for eny cas,
þat no serwe come me tille?
He þat al my Ioye was,
Now deþ of hym wol don his wille;
Con I me no beter solas
þen for to wepe al my fille.'
"þe Maudeleyn cumfortede me þo,
To lede me þenne, heo seide, was best.
Care hedde smiten myn herte so
þat I miȝte neuere haue no rest.
'Soster, whoderward þat I go,

Magdalene wants to take her away to a quiet place;

but Mary doubts that she can find rest away from her Son.

395 D Her I stonde T ȝis stand. DTL & se (L seo). D him. DT ner. 396 L om. And; D But T & ȝut. D greuiþ. DTL more. 397 DL Come T Kom. TL wiþ me lady (T lefdy). D & I schal. T wil L wile. T led. 398 D Vnto a stede þou saw not ore. T Intil. TL a. 399—400 D þer may we morne wiþoute drede Stille oure loue as nouhte ne wore. 399 TD þy. L om. boþe. TL faynt (feynte) & L fade T sed. 400 TL weped (L wepen) now. 401 DTL I. D askid. L om. þe Magdaleyn; DT hire. DTL was. DTL plas. 402 TL playn. T om. in D valey L vale. L oþer. T on. D hil. 403 DTL þer (TL þat) I myhte ben (T by L beo). T fore. L any. 404 T þat me ne come no sorwe. DL sorwe. D ne come. 405 D Of him TL In him. 406 TL om. Now. DTL wiþ. T shel L shal D haþ. 407 D In no stede is my s. TL Wot y now (om. in L) no b. s. 408 D But. T wepyn L weopen. D euere al.

After 408 TL have the foll. stanza: I cride (L criede) to þe gewes ilkon (L echone): 'Why lat (L lete) ȝe me þus longe chyde? My voys (noyse) ȝe myȝte a-bate anon Longe er it were pas(s)ed tyde. I am a mayden (mayde), he is (& he) a man (mon): Why ne wille (L nile) ȝe hange (honge) me be his syde (him besyde. In L v. 3-4 & 5-6 are transp.). þanne ȝe myȝte (L myghte ȝe) be (beo) awreke anon; Wherto wille (wole) ȝe lenger abyde?'

Then DTL the foll. stanza: I cride (on him D) 'Ihesu, sone (T sone ihesu) hende, Swete fader, me is wo (D what schal I do?), I may not bryng (TL bringe) the out of bende, Ne þou (L lon) ne (om. in D) may (T myȝt) not (om. in T) come me (L þe) to, Ne þou wilt (L nilt) me no solas (T no solas wilt me) sende, Ne (TL þe) Magdaleyn ne othere mo. Best (D And best) me were hom (L oute) to wende, But (T And) for sorwe I may not (TL y ne may (L I may note) for sorwe) go. In D v. 5-6 & 7-8 are transp.

409 D om. þe. DTL Magdaleyn(e). D comfortid T confortide L confortede. 410 D & seyde Go hom, þat were þe beste. TL hom inst. of þenne. TL she. T is. 411-2 TL Bote (om. in L) wepynge dede (dide) me (MS. ne) wexe (L my body) wo, ffor sorwe ful neȝ my lyf was (L my lyf was ney) lest. 411 D haþ smetin. 412 D At hom schuld I fynde no r. 413 DTL I seyde to hir (T soster L sostren) whedir-so (T whider L whare) I go.

Mary says she

þe wo of hym is in my Brest;
While my sone hongeþ so,
His peyne is in myn herte fest.
"'I seih[1] my sone, [my] ffader dere [1] r. se
Heiȝe hongen vp-on a tre;
I hedde blisse whon I *him* bere,
And now deþ for-doþ my gle:
would not leave her Son,
Scholde I leten *him* hongen here
And lete my sone al-one be?
Maudeleyn, þ*e*nne vnkynde I were,
ȝif he schulde honge & I schulde fle!
but would stay and
"'Vnder þe Cros leuen I-schille[1] [1] l. chille
And seo my sone hongen þer-on;
gaze on the Cross.
Of siȝt I nedde neue*re* my fille,
[1]Whon I loke[d] hym vppon.' [1] *al.* Whan I him saw on erthe gon
I bad hem gon wher was heore wille,
þe Maudeleyn and euerichon:
'And my-seluen be-leuen I wole,[1] [1] r. wold leuen stille
ffor I nil fle for no mon.'"[1] [1] *al.* I wold not fle for Iewis non.
[1]BErnard [seide][2]: "wordes swete [1] vv. 433—448 added by the poet. [2] MS. my sone
þe Maudeleyn also gon say;
Ladi, [heo seiȝ][1] þi serwe vn-meete [1] MS. we sen
And fayn [heo] wolde[2] han it a-way [2] MS. we wolden

414 D Al my ioye now haue I leste TL Ne (om. in L) shel (Shal) I neuere take rest. 415 D Whil þat TL ffor. T þat h. D hongiþ T hangeþ L hengeþ. 416 D Care comiþ neuere out of my brest TL Sorwe (T þe s.) is smyten þorghe (þoruhe) my brest. 417 D se L seo T saw. DTL my fader. 418 D Hie. T honge, D hange here. T oppon. D þis. L treo. 419 D Wiþ-oute peyne I dide him bere. TL hadde. T whanne L þo. 420 L om. And. DTL wile (T wil) deth fordon (TL fordo). L gleo. 421 DT How schuld (T myȝte). DL lete him T him lete. D hangen L honge. 422 DT & suffere (T soffren) him alone to be. L my child. beo. 423 D Ow Magdaleyn. DTL om. þenne. 424 D schuld TL sholde. DT hange L hongen. L om. schulde. 425 T crois. D beleuen T byleue. DTL I wille. 426 DTL I inst. of And. DT se. DTL my flesch. D hongin T honge L hongeþ. 427 D Of þat sihte. T sich. T y hadde DL had(de) I. 428 D Whil. DTL I saw him (TL him saw (L seye)) on erthe gon. 429 L go. T whyder þeȝ wille. D þer w. 430 DT Magdaleyn(e) L Magdeleyne. T euerilkon L hem ilkon. 431 TL And y my-self wil leue(n) stille D ffor I wold there beleue stille. 432 DTL ffor om.; I wold (L nile) not (om. in TL) fle for Iewis (gewes) non. 433-4 TL Bernard seide þe wordis (wordes) were swete, þat þe magdaleyne þer (om. in L) gan (can) seye (say). D Than spak Bernard wordis swete, ffor Magdaleyn gan he say. 435 DTL om. Ladi; Sche (L Heo) saw (L sey) þi sorwe (L dedes weren) so (om. in L) vnmete. 436 L om. And; D fful fayn T þat fayn. L heo wolde þi sorwe delay T sche was þe soþe to seye D schuld haue mad þe lay (crossed out; by a younger hand: wold sche an (?) had a way).

And, deore ladi, þi bale to[1] beten ; [1] om. to
But in riȝt resun was his[1] way. [1] r. þi?
Ladi, ȝif I dorste þe be-sechen,
To aske þe more I wolde þe pray.
"Of angussche þou hast told me strong ;[1] [1] 1 v. om., cf. notes.
Myn herte is not as Ich wolde,
I ne may hit wiþ serwe fonge,[1] [1] r. fonde
And[2] what my lord siggen wolde, [2] *al.* But
To aske þe more nul I not wonde,
Whon þe Iewes Breme and bolde
Naylede him þorw feet and honde,
Aftur þat Iudas hedde hym solde."[1] [1] This v. is superadded, to supply v. om.

St. Bernard asks what Christ said on the cross.

"BErnard, I haue told my þouȝt :
Wolt þou now ȝit aske me more?
Be I forþere in tales brouȝt,
I-wis, þou greues me ful sore.
Ac for þou hast me be-souȝt,
Bleþeliche I wol telle þe fore ;
I wot, þow art in longyng brouȝt,
To witen wat his wille[1] wore. [1] *al.* wordes

Mary says,

tho' it grieves her,

she 'll tell him.

"Whon[2] my sone deþ scholde han, [2] *al.* Er þan
Delful wordes wiþ him þer were :
ffurst he seide : 'be-hold, wommon!'

Here in D *a leaf* (*f.* 26) *is wanting,* with v. 437—512.

437 T And fayn she wolde L & blethely lady. TL om. to ; bete. 438 L om. But. L resoun T skele. T hadde hy L he hadde. T no weye L no nay. 439 T Leuedy. L ȝou. L beseke T grete. 440 TD To wyte more. T ȝut wolde y. L ȝou. T preye. 441 TL Of þyn angwisch þou hast me told, Leuedy (Lauedy), as y may vnderstonde (2 vv.). 442 T My. T y L I. T wold. 443 TL om. ne. wiþ no sorwe. T fonde L wonde. 444 TL Bote . seye. T wold. 445 L asken. L om. þe more. T om. more. T wil y L I wolde. T noȝt. 446 T Whanne L Whan. TL gewes. T bold. 447 TL Dryue(n) nailles þorgh (þoruh) his. 448 om.

After 448 TL have the foll. stanza: And sithen (sithe) hangeden (hongede) him ful (L vpon) heȝe (heye), & crounede him (om. in T) wiþ thornes of tre (treo). Marie (L Lauedy), þou were him ful neȝe (neye), I wot it may non oþer be (beo). Al þe sorwe þat þou þer seȝe (seye), Swete leuedy (lauedy) tel þou me. Whanne (L While) þy sone þo (T þe) peynes (L peyne) dreȝe (L drye), What(e) wordis (wordes) seide he to þe (L þeo)?

449 T þe told L tolde þe. 450 T What þynge wiltow aske L Wonder what wiltou a. L om. me. 451 L Beo. L it T þou. T ferþere. L tale T sorwe. TL y-broȝt. 452 TL greuest. 453 TL Bote (om. in L) louely (Loueliche) þou hast. 454 & 456 transp. in T. 454 L Ande fayn I wole þe telle f. T To wyte what his wordis wore. 455 T And now art þou. 456 L wite . his wordes. T & fayn y wille þe telle more. 457 TL Er þan (L þat) he deyde (dyede) sone anon. 458 T Wel delful. L worde. TL om. þer. 459 T fferst L ffirst. L womman.

Mary says that Christ bade John keep her,

And siþen he scide: 'be-hold þou here[1]!' 460
And siþen he seide to seynt Ion:
'Kep my moder leof and dere!'
Me þouȝte myn herte al to-chon
Such wordes of hym for to here. 464
"He bed Ion, as he was hende,
Kepe mē and ben al at my bone
Whoderward I wolde hym sende,
As him-self was wont to done. 468
'Heþen,' he seide, 'I mot wende,
Mi tyme neiȝeþ swiþe sone,
I may her no lengor lende,
I mot in to my fader trone. 472
"'Moder, þe Bodi þat þou bere,
In hard penaunce þou miht hit se,
[ffor] al Monkynde þat dede were
ffrom deþ schal areysed be. 476
He will restore I seo[1] a schep, þat was me dere, 1 *at.* seke
þat wiþ wronge was stolen from me:
I schal him bringe þer he was ere,
And of his þraldam make him fre. 480
mankind "'þe schep be-tokneþ al monkynde,
Mi fader wolde þat hit weore souȝt;
Wiþ-owten me may no mon [hit] fynde,
by His blood to His bliss. ffor wiþ my blod hit mot be bouȝt. 484
I wol hit bringe to riȝte mynde,
To my blisse he[1] mot be brouȝt, 1 r. hit
And þou [ne] schalt, moder, leue be-hynde:
Swete Moder, ne wep þow nouȝt! 488

460 TL On Ion (Iohn̄) þy cosyn (L sone) by þe (L þat stondeþ) here (L þere). 461 TL om. And. T Sethen L Siþe. 462 L þi. L leoue T lef. 463 T ffor sorwe þoȝte myn herte þan. L þat myn h. chon̄ (al to om.). 464 T Swilk L Suche. TL om. for. 465—472 om. in T. 465 L bad Iohn̄. 466 L Euere-more beo at my b. 468 woned. 469 He seide he myghte no lenger lende. 470 His tyme neyghede. 471 And saide þat he moste wende. 472 On heye to his fader in throne. 474 TL Is hard (om. in L) pyned as þou maist (L myghte) se (seo). 475 TL ffor al T man-kende L mankynde. 476 TL Reysede (T Rysen) shulle (L sholde) to lyue be (beo). 477 T seke L seche. TL is. 478 T was wiþ wronge. TL fro. 479 T shel. L it; it. 480 T þraldom. L it freo. 481 TL þat. TL om. al. L mankynde T mannes k. 482 TL wile. be (L beo). 483 hit om. TL noman. 484 T om. ffor. T moste. L beo.

In T *the rest of the poem is wanting* (last leaves torn out).

485 L I shal it seche & vnbynde. 486 & into blisse it shal beo b. 487 moder shalt, ne om. 488 Ac suete m. . ne om. weope.

" 'Þauȝ þou seo me hongen heiȝe,
I prey þe, Moder, ne wep not sore;
Al þe peyne, þou seost me drye,
Hit is to saue mon þerfore.
Betere hit is þat on dye
Þen al Monkynde euer-more.
So longe schal I not lye
Þat I [ne] schal wel my deþ restore.'
" Þus were his wordes loken in on
Þat seint Ion scholde me loke.
Þauȝ he were my kynnes-mon,
Þerfore ich him [for] sone toke.[1]
Such wordes he speke con
Þat[1] al my Ioye I þer for-soke.
Bernard, þow most þis wordes tan
And craftliche writen hem in boke!
" Bernard, O þing dude me wo:
He þursted, my sone, & gon to crie.
To ȝiuen him drinke þei þouȝte þo,
Þe Iewes ful of ffelenye:
Eysel and Galle þei mengeden also,
Wiþ a sponge þei brouȝt hit an hiȝe
And wiþ a launce þei putte him to,
Þe Iewes ful of Ribaudye.
" I[1] criede to hym: 'ne drynk hit nouȝt!
Þe Iewes on scorn hit [haue][1] I-mad:
Hit is Eysel and Galle I-wrouȝt,
ȝif hit stynke, þou miȝt be sad.'
Loueliche he me[1] be-souȝt,
Þat I scholde boþe be bliþe and glad:

Mary says Christ bade her not weep,

but yet she lost all joy.

Christ thirsted;

the Jews gave Him vinegar and gall.

Mary begd Him not to drink it,

[1] L ffor my sone I him þere toke.
[1] r. ȝit?
[1] MS. þei
[1] MS. hedde.
[1] MS. he hedde me

489—496 L reads instead: Moder, alone shaltou note beo, þauh þat I nouh wende þe fro. þou haste a sone shal loke þe, Iohñ, þat for me now is ful wo. Loue him, moder, in charite, As þei he were þi sone also, And honure him as þou woldeste me, & weren þine children two. 497 L weren . one. 498 He bade Ion sholde. 499 kynnesman. 500 ffor my sone I him þere toke. 501 þe wordes þat he . gan. 502 þat om. þere. 503 þese. 504 & craftily do write h. in a b. 505 Bot o thinge ȝet dide. 506 I am thurste my sone gan crie. 507 ȝeuen . þei were thro. 508 gewes . felonye. 509 Aysel mengede wiþ galle also. 510 In . spounge . broughten . hit om. on heye. 511 And om. pitten. 512 DL I cride sone drinke it n. 513 D Iewis L gewes. D for pyne to the it made. L on sk. it haue made. 514 D fful bitter to the thei it w. L of eysel. 516 D þe stink to felin L To fele þe stynche. D ben L beo. 517 D Wol loueli þan. DL om. hedde. L besoughte. 518 L And bad me beo bl. D schuld stilli make me glad.

'Þorw þis drynke Adam [is][1] bouȝt, [1] MS. was
but He did. I drynke hit as my ffader bad.
"'Þerfore I preye þe, Moder hende,
Lef þi deol, ne wep no more!
And I schal to my ffader wende
And bring hem vp þat were for-lore.
And after þe þen schal I sende:
But I mot, Moder, go bi-fore,
He promist her bliss with Him. And after schalt þou wiþ me lende
In Ioye and blisse for euer-more.'
"ÞEnne þe Iewes ful of pride
Two þeues þei hynge my sone bi;
Mary tells how one Thief rebuked Christ, þat on þat hengede bi his syde
Criȝede to my sone Merci.
þat oþur onswerde in þat tyde:
'He hongeþ herre þen þou or I
On þe Croys wiþ woundes wyde,
To crie Merci, þow dost foly.'
while the other prayd Him "þat oþur seide: 'Mon, þow art wod,
þis ilke Mon[1] [is dampned] þorw false red, [1] *al.* Ihesu
He haþ do noþing bote gode,
He weore not worþi to be ded.
Ihesu as þou art mylde of mode,

519 L þoruhe D ffor wiþ. D drink. D Adam is L is Adam. 520 D þis drink is. L for.

After 520 L has these 2 stanzas: þis coppe is of my fader assente, I drinke it, moder, be his reede; þauhe it beo bitter & ful of stynche, I drinke it for Adam-is deede. And sone after þis bitter drinche Now shal deye my manhede, þe thridde day wiþ-oute blenche, I shal arise fro þe deede.—þerfore wite wel to wisse, þe thridde day I shal arise, Al hol & sound wiþ-outen misse, As gode & man in alle wise. Alle my freondes to mychel blisse þat haue y-louede my seruise. þerfore, moder, take som lisse, þi weopinge doþ myn herte agrise.

521 D prey. 522 L Leef D leue. D þi cri L þis sorwe. DL & wepe (weop). L namore. 523 DL To my fader I muste (L mote) w. 524 DL & bringe to him þat. D was. 525 L om. And; D And setthe for. L þe moder. DL om. þen. DL I schal. 526 D om. But; L Ac. DL Moder I muste (L mote). D gon. 527 D To ordeyne þer þou schalt l. L þanne schaltou. L lenden. 528 D ffor ioye & bl. schal euere ben thore. 529 L þus D Bernard. 530 D ij L tweye. D theuys L theoues. L om. þei. D heng L hengen. DL him by. 531 DL On eueri (L eiþer) half his swete (L my sone) side. 532 DL þat on began (L gan) to (om. in L) crien (L crie Ihesu) merci. 533 DL oþer. D answerid L answerede. 534 D hangiþ L hangeþ. DL heyere. þan. 535 D Vpon. DL a cros. D woundis. 536 DL To askin (L bidden) him help. D it is. 537 L He DL answerid man. D art þou. L woede. 538 DL Ihesu is dampnid wiþ fals r. 539 D He dide neuere nouht but. D good, L goed. 540 L were D is. D ben L beo. 541 D To Ihesu he seyde wiþ mylde mod. L Ihesu þat arte . moede.

Whon þou comest to þi godhed, — to lead him aright.
Þorw *ver*tu of þyn holy blode
Þe riȝte wey þat þou me lede!'
" Mi sone seide: 'Mon, þou art wys, — Christ, said Mary, promist this thief Paradise;
ffor þin askyng Blessed þou be!
Þer*f*ore I graun*t*e þe pa*r*adys,
Þis day þou schalt my Ioye i-se.'
I stod and lokede in heore Vys,
Þo þei hongede[1] vppon þe tre: [1] *al.* How þei deyde
Þat o þef wente to heuene-blis,
Þat oþer gon to helle fle.
" Þis was, Ber*n*ard, my grete solas,
Þat O þef so sone heuene won;
Þe*n*ne wuste I[1] wel in heore eas, [1] MS. þei
Mi sone was studefast[1] God and Mon. [1] r. soþfast
And [as] I my-self stod in þe plas,
Mi sone ful loude crie he con: — and then He cried
'Heloy, heloy,' his criȝing was,
'Lamaȝabatani,' after þon."
Þis is now, as ȝe mowe [se],[1] [1] MS. here
On Englisch to vnderstonde bi:
"'ffader,' he seide, 'In Trinite, — "Father, why dost Thou forsake Me?"
Whi forsakest þou my Mer*c*i?
Hider I com þorw red of þe, — "Father, to Thee I commend My soul."
To þe I take my soule an hiȝ.
Wiþ wrong I dye vppon þe tre,
To fulfille þe pr*o*pheci.'"[1] [1] *al.* DL. — "Consummatum est."

542 DL whan. D comist L arte comen. L into. 543 D ffor. D blod L bloede. 544 D To þi regne þe wey me lede. 545 D þan seyde his avys. L man. 546 D ffor þi troupe wel schal þou be. L beo. 547 L ffor-þi. 548 D To-day. L ioy. D se L seo. 549 D lokid on hem iwis. L hem in þe vys. 550 DL How þei deyde (dieden). D on. L treo. 551 D one soule; L on, þef om. L to paradis. 552 D þat oþer thef to helle gan. L gan. L fleo. 553 DL Bernard þis was to me gret (L a g.) s. 554 L þe theof (þat om.) D How sone þe thef. DL wan. 555 D þan L þanne. D wiste I L me thoughte. L om. wel. D be þat L in alle. 556 D þat my s. D om. studefast; L sothfaste. DL man. 557 D And as L As. DL om. myself. L stoede. D in þat. L place. 558 DL om. ful. D crien. DL om. he. D began L gan. 559 L Hely hely. D crieng. 560 D he seyde inst. of after. DL þan. 561 DL þis was a word of gret pite. 562 D To vnderstonde englisch þer-bi. L In. vnderstande. 563 DL god inst. of he seide. D trenyte. 564 D forsakist þou L forsakestou. D me whi? 565 DL Swete (om. in L) fadir, I prey to (L beseche) the 566 DL Take my soule fro my bodi. 567 D þou wost wel þin schal it be L þin it is siker þou beo. 568 D Now is fulffillid L & fulffillede is.

(*Saturday*) St. Bernard asks Mary

"[1] MErci, ladi," seide Bernard,
"Swete Moder, God ȝelde hit þe!
On Serterday,[1] I haue herd,
How he was went a-wei from þe,
And on þe ffriday how he ferd,
þer he hongede on þe tre.
Al-how þe Iewes him bi-cherd,
Loueli ladi, lere þow me!

[1] vv. 569-592 added by the poet.

[1] r. Scherthursday

to tell him what happened on the Saturday when Christ was taken from the Cross,

"And how he was after taken adoun,
Tel me, Moder Marie Mylde,
Of[1] þe Crois aftur þe passioun,
How þou weope for þi chylde[2]
And geete hi*m* wi*þ* þis (!)[1] orisoun
Of Pilate and of þe Iewes wylde!
þe holy lore of þis passioun
ffrom þe fend hit may vs schilde.[1]

[1] MS. On

[2] 2 vv. om.: L And Ioseph cam so redi-boun þe corps fro shame forto schilde

[1] Orig. his

[1] vv. 583-4 superadded.

and who was at His burial.

"[1]Tel me, ladi briht and schene,
Wȝuche were þi frendes eue*r*ichon
þat wolde at his buriing bene,
And how þou were saued fro*m* þi fon
In þe Temple, wi*þ*-outen wene;[1]
þe serwe of þe and of seint Ion

[1] 1 v. om.: And how he was leyd in þe ston

[1] vv. 588-9 *aï.* after 592.

After 568 D (not L) has these 2 stanzas: Vnto helle his gost gan wende, As his faderis wil it was, To bring Adam out of bende, & for to bynde Sathanas. Sone þer com a lotheli fend, And sette him be my sonis fas, To take þe soule & to helle it sende, But no synne in his bodi was.—þ*a*t sihte dide me werst of alle, ffor as ded I fel there doun; My susteris began aboute to falle Wepinge & made ruful soun. Iohn my cosyn gan me vp calle, And wold me lede toward þe toun. Now haue I told & brouht to stalle þe peynes of his passioun.

569 DL Seynt (om. in L) B. to (L þo to) Marie answerid (answerd*e*). 570 DL Ladi (lauedy) blissid (y-blessed*e*) mote þou be (beo). 571 D Of. DL scherthursday. D now DL haue I. 572 L taken awey D bounden & led (awei om.). DL fro. 573 D & also of good f. DL it. 574 D Whan þe Iewis heng him on. L Swetely hastou kennede me. 575 D But how L After-ward*e* hou, D þi sone was L he was DL beried. 576 D My swete l. L Dere l. D telle; L let*e* me nou seo. 577 DL om. after. D takin doun. 578 DL Telle. Marie modir. 579 D Of L ffro. DL cros. DL after his. 580 D þer þou were L & hou þo[u] weptest. After 581 DL read first: And (L & hou) Ioseph cam so (om. in L) redi & (om. in L) boun, D His bodi of þe cros doun to hilde L þe corps fro shame forto shilde. 581 D Wiþ preyere and wiþ good resoun. L wan. his. 582 DL ffro. D & fro þe L & þe. 583-4 om. in DL. 585 DL And how he was leyd in þe ston, Telle me ladi (L marie) briht and schene (2 vv.). 586 D & whiche. L weren. DL his frendis (freondes). 587 D wold L wolden. D beryeng L beryinge. 588-9 follow in DL after 591. 588 L om. And. D þou kepedist the L he kepte þe, D whan þei were gon L fro þi foon. 589 D In t. fro þi sone I mene. L wiþoute. 590 L sorwe D wordis.

Tel me, ladi, al be-dene,
Of þi sone bodi and bon!"[1] [1] This v. superadded. 592

Oure ladi seide: "Bernard, allas, — Mary tells St. Bernard
What woltou more aske me?
Tel I þe forþure of þis cas,
þe swerd of deþ wol neiȝ me sle. 596
Ioseph a-non nom his pas — how Joseph was given Christ's body if it was dead;
And bed his bodi vppon þe tre.
Pilate him grauntede and Cayphas,
ȝif þat þei witen, þat he ded be. 599 [1] 601-626 introduced by the poet.

[1] "Pilate[s] kniȝtes steorne and stoute
fforþ wiþ Iosep gumne þei wende,
And oþure kniȝtes wiþ gret route,
Summe his fon and summe his frende. 604
ffurst þis kniȝtes wenten aboute[1] [1] r. ffurst þei went þe þeues aboute — and how Pilate's knights broke it,
And bursten boþe Bak and lende;
[Bernard], þen was I[1] in gret doute, [1] MS. heo
So han to[1] serued my sone hende. [1] r. to han? *al.* þei wold so serue
"I suwed after wiþ al my miht, 609
Ion and my sustren two.
Here now, Bernard, al apliht,
þe strengeste pyne[1] of al my wo. [1] *al.* point 612
Be-syde þe Roode þen stod a kniȝt, — while Longeus
Blynd he was and lome also,
Alle þei seide Longeus he hiȝt:
Vnder þe Roode þei dude him go. 616
"þei token him a launce good — with a lance

591 D I wold wite hem alle b. 592 om. in DL. 593 DL Marie. L seide to D answerd. 594 DL Whi. L wiltou D woldist þou. D mor aske ȝet of. 595 D And I telle ferthere þis harde cas. L in. 596 DL of sorwe. D in myn herte wile be L wile me sle (neiȝ om.) 597 DL I. vnto (L to) Pilate tok his (L þe) pas. 598 L To bidde þe b. D To haue þe b. D doun of. 599 L om. him; D it. D grauntid. 600 L Bote þat D As sone so. D wiste. D þat ded was he. L beo. 601 D Pilatis L Pilates. D knightis. DL sterne. 602 D Ioseph. L gonne D gan. L om. þei. 603 D other L oþere. D Iewis L gewes. D felle & proude. L a inst. of wiþ. 604 L Somme D ffele. D fos. D & fewe. 605 D þei ȝede þe theuis al aboute L ffirste þei ronnen þe theoues aboute. 606 L breken D dide brek. D hire boþe lende L here backes & here lendes. 607 D Bernard I was þan L þo was I bernarde. 608 DL þei wold(e) so serue my s. so h. 609 D folewid L wente. 610 D & also. L myne. D sisteris L sostren. 611 DL Bernard þou schalt herin (heren) apliht. 612 D strengest. DL poynt. 613 D Among hem DL þer stod. 614 Blind illegible in L. DL lame. 615 D þei seyde alle Longius L Longeus seiþ þe boke. 616 D þei dide him vnder þe cros to go. L cros . maden. 617 D þei putte a l. in his hand.

pierst Christ's side

And sette hit to my sone syde,[1]
And Longeus þruste wiþ gret mod
To my sone herte gon glyde;

till water and blood flowd from it;

þe water & þe rede blod
Ron doun of his wo*un*des wyde.
Doun I fel al þer I stod,
No le*n*gor sto*n*de I ne mi3te þat tyde.[1]

" þei weore[1] went to sire Pilate,
And we bi-lafte wiþ reuthful rou[n].[1]
Whon þei weore I-gon heore gate,

how Joseph took down the body,

[I bad][1] Ioseph nime[2] hym a-doun,
Til I hym hedde, me þhou3te ful late,
þe Iewes weoren alle ful feloun.
Ioseph seide to me wiþ þate:[1]
'To bri*n*ge hi*m* þe we ben ful boun.'

Nichodemus drawing out the nails.

" Nichodem*us* þe nayles out drow3,
And Ioseph nom him in his Arm;
Mi sone he louede wel I-nou3,
He tok hym dou*n* wiþ-outen harm,
And nom hi*m* of þe hei3e bou3
And leyde hi*m* softe in my Barm.

[1] *al.* 2 vv. more.

[1] 623-4 superadded.

[1] *al.* þe Iewis þan

[1] MS. ron

[1] MS. And [2] MS. nome

[1] *al.* we ben þer-ate

618 L setten. D sonis. After 618 L And crieden on hím as þei were wode, Shof vp þei seiden what so betide. D þe Iewis on him were criand Put vp, Longius, now is þe tide. 619 D þorw hem was Longius wel willand. L om. And: L. shef wiþ egre m. 620 D sonis. DL it gan. 621 D Blod & watir þer com rennand L Anon sprong oute water & blode. 622 D Out of þat wo*un*de þat was so wide L & ran doun enlonges be his side. 613-14 om. in DL here.

After 624 DL have these 2 stanzas: þan wax (L was) myn herte heuy so (L as) led, Whan (L ffor) I saw (seye) þat ruful (reuful) sihte, þe (om. in L) watir wiþ þe (L & eke) blod so red, To Longius hand it ran dou*n* rihte (L Ran oute of þe wounde aplighte). Dou*n* I fel as I were ded, Lengere to stande (L stonde) had I no myht (cf. Vern. 623-4). Iohn my cosyn (my c. om. in L) comfort (counforte) me bed, & so dide (so d. om. in L) Ioseph, þat (L þe) trewe knyht.—þe blod ran (L fel) dou*n* to Longius hond (L londe), He wipid (L wipte) his eyen & wel he sey, L ffelde & wode water & londe, ffoul in firmamente on hey D þer is no creature in watir ne lond þat myht suffre þe sorwe þat had I. DL On knes (L kneos) he þankid goddis (godes) sond(e), Toward heuene his heuyd (L hede) on hi (L he bey), þat sihte my care (L of c.) mekil (L him) vnbond, So dide it (L & alle) my (L his) frendis þat were (weren) me (L him) bi.

625 DL þe Iewis þan (om. in L) wente(n) to P. 626 DL lefte (lafte) þer. D ruful L reuful DL roun. 627 D And whan. L weren. D were alle. DL gon. D hire L here. 628 DL I bad I. takin (L take) him doun. 629 L him haue D haue him. D þinkiþ L thinkeþ. DL om. ful. 630 D ffor alle þe Iewis þat ben f. L aren ful f. (alle om.). 631 DL I. seyde we ben (beoþ) þer-ate. 632 D to the. D I am. L beoþ. L om. ful. 633 D naylis . drow. 634 L Iosep. DL tok. 635 D hem louid . inow. 636 D þei L &. 637 D ffayre & softe fro þat bow. L bar . fro. 638 D leyden. D om. softe; L gostly.

His swete Mouþ on me hit louh,
And ȝit ne was hit no-þing warm.
" His loue hedde bounde me so faste,
Þo[1] wepen I moste in alle wyse.
Hit was euere in my [gast][1]
Þe þridde day he scholde aryse—
Þe rihte be-leeue on me he caste,
And I Conceyuede þe rihte asyse;
Ich wuste ful wel atte laste
I schulde hym seo a-mong alle hise:
" And ȝit miȝt I not for-bere,
Bernard, for to wepe sore;
Myn hondes I wrong, myn her I tere,
Whon he lay ded me be-fore.
I seiȝ[1] wel, I durste swere,
ȝif eny serwe In Angeles wore,[1]
Þei miȝte wepe mony a tere
ffor þe del þat I[1] seih þore.[2]
" Siþen heuene was maad & erþe also
And wo*m*mon formed aft*ur* mon,
More serwe ne more wo
Neu*e*re tonge telle con

Mary tells how Christ's corpse was laid in her bosom,

and how she wept,

sorrowing more than tongue can say.

[1] *al.* þat
[1] MS. þouȝt
[1] *al.* wene
[1] MS. were
[1] *al.* þei
[2] MS. þere

639 L þe. D vpon L þat on. DL om. hit. D low. 640 DL & (om. in L) I it (om. in L) kiste, it (L & it) was not (L nothinge) w.

After 640 DL have the foll. stanza: An hunderid (L hondrede) tymys (L siþe) I dide (L gan) him kisse, Mouth & eyren, his chin also (L Hede & mouth & eyen two), & seyde 'sone, schal I the mysse, Glad ne worth (L shal) I neuere mo (L go).' And Ioseph faste abouten (aboute) is (L wes), His graue to dihte & him þer-to (L þat he were in graue y-do), & euere (L oftesiþe) I preyde him (L I criede) iwis (L þus) To beryen (L Iosep berie) me wiþ him (w. h. om. in L) also.

641 DL om. hedde. L bonde D wou*n*did. 642 DL þat. L wepe. D muste. D on al. 643 D Nerþeles I trowid euere stedefast L My thoughte was myche on his beheste. 644 D thrid . þat he schuld vprise. 645 D riht. L beleoue D feyth. D in. D cast. 646 L c. it in alle wise. D As it was al his deuyse. 647 DL fful (om. in L) wel I wiste D it. D last. 648 D seen L seo. DL om. alle. 649 DL But I myhte. D neuere me f. 650 DL om. for. D swiþe s. L y-liche s. 651 D hondis. D to wringe L wringe. DL to tere. 652 DL Whil. D þer inst. of ded. 653 LD I wene wel (D if) I. L dorste. D it s. 654 L any. DL sorwe. D au*n*gelis L angels. DL wore. 655 L weope D a wept. DL many. 656 D om. þe. DL sorwe. DL þei saw (seye) thore.

After 656 L has the foll. st.: Whan þei seye Ihesu þe hende, Ihesu þe swete, Ihesu þe meke, Suche sorwe drien at his ende, Godes sone & maries eke, & hou þei gonne to graue wende, Hou his moder to him speeke, And sorwe myghte in angels lende, þei myghte weope þat here herte breeke.

657 D Setthe. L eorþe. 658 D woman L womman. D formyd. DL man. 659 D Was neuere ere swich sorwe ne wo L Was neuere made so myche wo. 660 DL þat any tunge of (om. in L) telle can.

Mary tells St. Bernard

Þen we maden whon we scholde go
To bere mi sone in to þe ston.
Ion and my sustren two
fful mony siþen þei swoune gon.
"Euere I criȝede ful pitousliche:
'Lordynges, what haue ȝe I-þouȝt?
Hit is my sone I loue so muche,
ffor Godes loue, burie him nouȝt!'
Þei nolde not leue, þeiȝ I gon siche,
how Christ was buried
Til þat he were in graue i-brouȝt;
Þei wounden him in cloþes riche
And euer Merci [I] hem[1] be-souȝt.

[1] MS. him

by Joseph and Nichodemus,

"Ioseph leide him in þe ston,
Nichodemes halp him wel,
And riche oynemens leyde him vp-on
And wounden him in clene sendel;
Heo seiȝ þer was no beter won,
Bote[1] burie him þei were ful snel.

[1] *al.* To

Þen loked I on my Cosyn Ion,
ffor serwe boþe a-doun we fel.
"Whon I stod vp and bi-held,
In world I nuste what was best;
ffor gret serwe my fingres I feld,[1]

[1] = folded

ffor wepyng miȝt I haue no rest:

and a stone put over His grave.

Þe ouer-ston ouer him þei heold,
Ioseph hit wolde in close fest,
To him I fel þat was my child,

661 D om. þen; L As. D mad sorwe. DL þei. L gonne. 662 DL toward. D his stan. 663 L myne. D susteris L sostren. 664 DL Mony (Many) a tyme swownid þei (L we swounede) þan. 665 D Bernard L And faste. L om. ful. L pitouliche D pitousli. 666 L Mercy lordinges wh. is youre. DL om. I-. 667 L þis. L I l. him myche D I cri ȝow merci. 668 L ffor my loue D ffor charite. L berieþ D grauiþ. 669 D þei sparid no-þing for me sureli L ȝet þei ne sparede for al my shriche. 670 DL om. þat. D þei him to graue br. 671 L &. D lappid L lappeden. D cloþis tendirli. 672 D To leyen me there DL I hem. 674 D And N. had wounding h. wele. 675 DL om. And. D Oynementis ful swete. DL þei leyde (L leiden) h. on. 676 D dihte. L om. him. D ful clene L a cloth of. D sendele. 677 D Bernard, þer was non oþer w. L þanne wepten we euerichone. 678 DL To berien. L om. ful. D snelle. 679 D þan, om. in L. L I lokede. 680 DL sorwe . doun. D felle. 681 L þo I. ros I him b. D Whan we st. vp for sorwe vnweld. 682 DL om. In world. DL ne wiste. D me was. 683 D ffingris to writhe none I ne felid. L om. gret. 684 D Of w. koude. L Almest my lif was y-leste. 685 L þat. DL faste inst. of ouer him. DL I D beheld L helde. 686 L And Ios. D wolde haue had it fest L wolde closen it faste. 687 DL om. To him; I fel betwix (L betwene) as a (L & was his) scheld.

His swete Mouþ wel ofte I cust. 688
"Ion seiȝ I was in poynt to spille, Mary says St. John
In my bodi I was ful seke,
Euere I stod In criȝyng schille,
þat neiȝ myn herte dude to-breke: 692
He heold his serwe in herte stille
And myldeliche gon he to me speke:
'Marie, ȝif hit beo þi wille,
Go we henne!' þe Maudeleyn eke. 696 took her home,
"And whon we to toune come,
þer as þe wey lay a-twynne,
Vche mon leue at oþer nome,
And wenten hom to heore[1] Inne. [1] *al.* oure 700
Sore I sykede and I-lome,
Of wepyng miht I neuer blynne,
To speke wiþ hem[1] [had I][2] no tome [1] MS. hym [2] MS. in
ffor serwe þat myn herte was Inne. 704
"þei ladde me to a Chaumbre þo to a room where Christ was wont to be,
þer my sone was woned to be,
Ion and þe Maudeleyn also,
ffor no þing nolde þei from me fle. 708
I lokede aboute in eueri wro,
I couþe nouȝwhere my sone se,

688 D Til þat I his mouth had kest. L fol ofte . kiste.

After 688 DL have the foll. stanza: I swownid (swounede) many a tyme wiþ-alle, Or (L Er) I of him myhte take my (om. in L) leue. Many a tere I lete doun falle, þer (L þate) myhte no man it (om. in L) me bereue. I (L And) seyde 'sone, now (om. in L) gon I schalle, Now alle þi (L & oure) frendis schul the leue (L to-dreue). Come (L Com) now, deth, I wile (L gan) the calle, I wold þou myhtest myn herte cleue.'

689—696 DL þan com (þ. c. om. in L) Iohn & (þe L) Magdaleyn eke, & (om. in L) saw (L Seyen) I was in poynt to spille. fful (om. in L) myldeli (Mildeliche) to me þei speke And held (helden) hire (here) sorwe in herte ful (om. in L) stille, But euere hem þouhte hire (here) hertis (hertes) breke, þat þei durste not (L ne myghte) wepin (weope) hire (here) fille. Nerþeles (L Naþeles) to towne (L me to t.) þei (L þe) me (om. in L) wreke (L wreken), Mor wiþ strif (L be strengthe) þan wiþ (L at) my wille.

697 L om. And. DL to þe cite. L comen. 698 L þat. DL om. as. DL oure weyes schuld L twynne D vntwynne. 699 L Euerich at oþer leue n. D I & othere oure l. n. 700 L & sithen wenten til. D wente. DL oure. 701 DL om. Sore; DL I swownid L ma[n]y a tyme & lome D often and whilome. 702 D koude. 703 D spekin to hem. DL had I no t. 704 DL sorwe. D in. 705 D Iohn led. L In to a chambre he ladde me þo. 706 D wonid. L beo. 707 D Magdaleyn & my susteris two. 708 L nolde fro me (fle om.) D wold þei departen fro me. 709 D Bernard L ffaste D I lokid aboute me tho L I l. in eche a wro. 710 D But I c. L Coude I. D not. L seo.

and how she, St. John, and Mary Magdalen wept together,

We set vs doun in serwe and wo
And gunne to wepe alle þre.
"Þus, Bernard, we weren in care,
In serwe of herte & gret Mournyng,
Til we wuste hou hit wolde fare
At my sones vp-rysyng.[1]
Nou haue I told þe wiþ-oute spare
Alle his[1] peynes wiþ-oute[2] partyng.
Bernard, I was euer þare,
To witen after his vp-rysyng."[1]

[1] *al.* Euer we were in greet longing. [1] *al.* my [2] at his [1] 717-18 & 719-20 to be transp.

expecting Christ's uprising.

St. Bernard thanks Mary

"Graunt Merci, dame, God ȝelde hit þe,
Wyf and Maiden, Moder Milde,

for telling him her sorrows,

þat þou hast so muche i-told me
Of serwe of þe and of þi chylde!
Now am I siker, wher þat I teo,
In wode, in water or in felde,
To make þe foule fend to fleo,
þat euer was so wod and wylde.
"Ladi, for þi muchele wo,
þat neuere no tonge may of telle,
þe serwe of þe and him also
þat him dude þe Iewes felle:

and prays that we may all live in joy after death.

Leeue[1] vs neuere skape þer-fro,
But euer-more In ioye to dwelle;
Whon we schul dye and henne go,
Schilde vs from þe pyne of helle! Amen."

[1] MS. And leeue

711 D setten vs L seten, vs om. D wiþ sori wo. 712 D gan L begonne. D wepin L weopen. L threo. 713 D were we Bernard L B. were we. D in greet c. 714 L & DL sorwe. L & in. L om. gret; D long. 715 D Til þat. DL wiste . schuld. 716 DL Euere we were (L Eche of vs was) in greet longing. 717-18 & 719-720 transp. in L. 717 L om. þe. L wiþ-outen. 718 L om. Alle. DL my. D peynys. D at his parting L of his departynge. 719 D But B., L Ac B. D redi inst. of euer. L euere I was ȝare. 720 L wayten him D kepin him. DL at. 721 D Seynt Bernard seyde God L Lauedy *quod* he G. L om. hit. 722 DL & moder & mayden. 723 L om. þou. DL so mekil (L þus myche) hast. DL told. D to me. 724 L þe inst. of Of. D Of þi sorwe; of þe om. 725 D sekir. DL wher-so (L om. so) I be (beo). 726 D In toun or feld in ȝongþe or elde L In chirche in toun in fritthe in felde. 727 L fforto. D don. L om. foule. L feonde. D fle. 728 D þat euere to helle wold don me helde L þat ȝore haþ beon wod & w.

729—736 om. in L. 729 D Now ladi for þat ilke wo 730 þat no tunge may half telle 731 D om. þe serwe: Of the & of þi sone also. 732 ȝow dide . Iewis. 733 And om. Late neuere non of alle tho 734 þat cristnid arn & in þis world dwelle, 735 Whan þei schul passen þe world al fro, 736 To seen þe peyne þat is in helle.

After 736 D has 2 stanzas more: This ryme mad an hermyte, & dide it

XXXVII. Ȝ dispitison bitwene a god man and þe deuel.[1]

Swiþe muche neode hit is — fol. CCLXXXVIII.
þat vche mon be war and wys
To kepe him from þe fendes lore—
ffor he fondeþ euer-more.
And þat we mowen alle I-witen
As hit is in þe Bok I-writen,
I wol ow telle, as I con, — I'll tell you
How þe fend tempteþ a Mon.— — how a Devil tempted a man.

Hit was vppon an haly-day : In an heiȝ feste of þe ȝere ;[1]

[1] In the MS. written in half lines.

Muche folk was to churche gon : Godes word for to here ; — At Church,
þe Preost of þe chirche vndude þe gospel — a Priest once
And lerede his *pa*rischens, as he couþe wel,
And bad hem openly nyme good ȝeme — bade his folk
Hou þei scholden god wel queme — please God
And schenden þe foule fend of helle, — and disgrace
þat fondeþ euere iliche monnus soule to qwelle. — the Devil.
Whon þe prest hedde I-spoken & don what he wolde,
þe folk wente hamward, as riȝt was þei scholde.

A good mon þer was, þat hamward gon rake, — One of his
And þouȝte ful ȝeorne of þat þe prest spake ; — hearers walkt
He eode be him one wiþ-oute fere ȝerne, — home alone.
ffor no-mon of his þenkyng schulde hym werne.

þE wikked fend of helle þerof hedde onde
And hastiliche sende to him his sonde.
His Messager redi was forte don his wille, — The Devil's messenger,
Him to bi-swyke, queynteliche & stille.
In þe wei he hym mette
And feire þenne he hym grette—

writen in parchemyn ; Barfot he wente in gray habyte, He werid no cloth þat was of lyn. Þus on englisch he dide it write, He seyth he drow if of þe latyn ; His mede lord Ihesu him quyte, & seynt Bernard, clerk of deuyn.—And we schul preye þat here it rede, ffor him now an orisoun, & don it smertlich in dede, Wiþ a ful good deuocioun, þat Ihesu Crist his soule lede To blisse in his processioun, And there for to han his mede, Þorw vertu of his passioun Amen.—With the last stanza agrees the concluding st. in L : Eueriche wiþ goede deuocioun Grete wiþ an hertly steuene To oure lady an orisoun, Hire ioye may no tonge nempne : þat for hire sones passioun Heo schilde vs fro þe sinnes seuene, & saue vs fro þe feonde feloun, & bringe oure soules into heuene. Amen.

[1] Ed. before in *Engl. Stud.* VIII, p. 260—275.

Was he no fend i-lyche,
like a handsome man, But as a mon feir and riche;
þe gode Mon was not war
met him, Of þe deuel, þat com þar.
Quaþ þe wikked Counseyler:
"ffelawe, wel I-met her!
and askt him Sei me, as nou mote þou þe,
Wher hast þow now I-be?"
"I com from þe chirche, what woldestou *þer*-bi?
What þou art & whi þou askest, tel me nou, belamy!"
"I am a ferre*n* mon and a wey-feryng,[1]
Spek w*i*þ me feire, w*i*þ-outen grucchyng!
Hastou atte churche I-herd eny sarmoun,
Vndoynge of þe gospel or of lessoun?
to tell all he'd heard, I preyȝe þe, gode felawe, ȝif þi wille be,
Al þat þou herdest, tel hit nou to me!
ffor I con my-self, beo my lewete,
Of alle-maner lore gret plente.
I con wel I-knowe, I sei þe, for-þi,
Wher hit were wisdam þ*a*t he spac, or elles foli.
Wys þow schalt fynde me and hende;
that any falsity in it might be set right. ffor, ȝif he out fals haþ seid, I schal hit ame*n*de.
Þauh þow to me haue no trist,
I con more þen þe prest,
And better I wot, forsoþe I-wys,
How men schulen come to blis,
And also more I con telle
Wherfore Men schule go to helle."

[1] From here the poem is extant in MS. Simeon.

The Good Man þE goode mon bigon his tale: þat oþur ȝerne con luste;
Al couþe he not telle: But dude þat he wuste.
said the Priest "Ouer alle þing he vs tauhte: To loue god, ful of miht,
And siþen vre euencristene: As we ouȝten wiþ riht.
warnd them against the Deadly Sins, He spac of dedli synnes: And seide þer weore seuene,
And whose dyede þer-Inne: Scholde neuere comen in heuene:
Pruide is þe furste: Envye is þat oþer,
Wraþþe is þe þridde: þat mon haþ to his broþer,
þe feorþe is Couetyse: þe fyfþe is Lecherie,
and specially against Pride. þe sixte is Sleuþe: þe seueþe is Glotonye.
Mest he spac of p*ri*de, and lered more and lasse

fforto leue p*ri*de and loue Buxu*m*nesse;
ffurst, abouen alle þ*ing*, wiþ al vre miht — Men were first to love God,
Worschipen & louen god, boþe day & niht,
And louen vre kunrede, as þe lawe wile,
And alle cristene men, as hit is skile.
ffor alle we schulen w*i*þ riȝte louen vchon oþ*ur* — and then one another.
W*i*þ al vre miȝte, as suster doþ þe broþur;
ffor breþ*er*en we are*n* & sustre*n*, as we schul al leue,
Alle þ*at* eue*re* icome ben of Adam & of Eue."

ÞE wikked gost[1] was ful ȝare [1] MS. god
And ȝaf þe gode mon onsware:
"Þow spekest," he seide, "of louyng, — The Devil said
Þat mon schulde furst of alle þ*ing*;
Þat loue god schal eueri mon,
And siþen his neihȝebor, as he con.
Bote hou miȝtest þou trewe loue — "How can you love God
Haue to hi*m* þat is aboue,
Whon he so ofte wraþþeþ þe
And let þe in muche myschef be?
He let þi catel from þe falle, — who lets you lose your
Hors in stable and Oxe in stalle, — cattle,
And oþer þing awey let go,
And suffreþ þe be brouȝt in muche wo.
ȝif þou art sek in syde and Ribbe, — and get sick,
Þat vnneþes maiȝt þou libbe,
Or þin hed sore akeþ
And al þi bodi for serwe quakeþ,
Þorw him þe comeþ al þis.
Loue him not, I rede, I-wis!
Hou miȝtest þ*o*u loue him w*i*þ skile — when He can help you, and won't?"
Þat miȝte þe helpe and ne wile?"

ÞE goode mon wel vnderstod
Þat he seide was not good.
"After þi red wol I not do, — The Good Man answerd:
ffor þe prest ne bad not so.
I wot of alle þ*ing*, be hit what-so hit be,
Boþe beter & wors, my lord sendeþ to me.
Þauh I oþur-while haue I-had wo, — "Whatever God sends, is for my good.
Þorw god þat hit sende hit haþ ou*er*-go;
Hit was for my gode—þonked be he—

He wolde þat I scholde bi þat I-war be.
Þauȝ he me be-reue anon to my Ribbe,
þat I haue vnneþe wher-wiþ to libbe,
Ne wol I not be wroþ þerfore, ne no riȝt hit nis:
All I have is from Him. ffor al þat I haue, al hit is of his;
Al þat I haue, he leneþ me, I-wis,
He mai taken hit aȝeyn, whon his wille is.
So he haþ don ful ofte—I-blessed mot he be—
And ȝaf me wel more þen he birafte me.
If I am ill, And þauȝ he of-pyne me in seknesse sore,
Hit is for my gode, I loue him þe more;
He thus warns me not to sin. þer-wiþ he me warneþ his comaundement to breke,
And sent me such teone him for to wreke;[1] [1] r. reke
I mai þen amende me of þat I haue don ille,
And beeten þat I haue agult aȝein godes wille.
þreo þinges þer beþ, as I haue herd telle,
Seide me þe prest in his lore-spelle,
I ought to love Jesus ffor whom I ouȝte loue Ihesu ful of miȝte,[1] [1] r. mahte
And worschipe him as I con, as me wel iȝte:[2] [2] r. ahte
because He made me, þe furste þing of þe þre, is þat he me wrouȝte
After him-self, as hym best þouȝte;
redeemd me, þat oþur, þat he bouȝte me on þe swete Rode
Wiþ his oune flesch & wiþ his oune blode;
and cald me to His Feast." þe þridde, þat he cleped me to his oune feste
In to þe blisse of heuene, þat euer schal i-leste.
ffor on of þise I ouȝte to louen him wel apliȝt,
Betere I ouȝte for alle, & þat is good riȝt."

The Devil said: þE wikkede gost onswerde þo:
"Lete we þis tale go,
Leue we þis disputyng
And speke we of oþur þing.
þow spekest aȝeyn pruide
And þer-of takest muche hyde.[1] [1] r. hede
Aȝeyn þe riȝte is þat þou says,
And þerfore me mis-pays.
"The Priest's talk against Pride is folly. þou seist þe prest, þat syngeþ Messe,
Lered þe to Boxumnesse;
He was wod, so art þou ek,
And alle þo þat so spek.
Leef þou nouȝt þat hit be soþ!

Hit nis no-mon þat so doþ.
I sigge þ*at* pruide nis no synne:
ffor þ*er*-þorwȝ comeþ worldes wynne.
Þat maiȝt þou witen, I-wis,
Whon þou wost what hit is.
ȝif þou be knowen for wys
And holden art of muche prys
And þat þ*o*u art riche mon and wlouȝ
And of richesse hast inouh:
Þauȝ þ*o*u lyȝe, as mony mon doþ,
Men wolleþ wene þat hit be soþ,
And clepe þe forþ for heore euenyng,
Bi-foren hem þat habbeþ no-þing.
ȝif þou art proud and Modi
And berest þe bold and hardi,
Men þat stondeþ þe aboute
Þ*e*nne of þe wolen haue gret doute,
W*i*þ þe wolen þei comen and speke,
Þi loue to haue and hem to wreke.[1]
Þou mayȝt for þi bolde beryng
Be proud & riche in alle þing,
And ou*ur*-al maiȝt þ*o*u comen and go,
Whon a Moppe dasart schal not so;
As a lord schalt þou be cald,
Þ*er* oþ*ur*e schul stonde be-hynde vn-bald,
And oueral þer þou gost aboute
Þe schal folewe ful gret route;
Of þe schal vche mon stonde gret eiȝe,
Wher þou wolt, þ*o*u miȝt go pleye.
Do nou as I haue I-cou*n*seyled þe:
Proud & stout euer þat þou be!
ffor ȝif þou drawe þe to cu*m*paigny
Of pore wrecches þat wone þe by,
Vche a Mon þat beo þe wey goþ
Of hem schalt þou be swiþe loþ,
And alle wolle þei ful ȝare
Lauhwhe þe to bisemare
And sigge: "lo, Men mowe wel se
What Mon þat he þenkeþ to be!
A wrecche sone wol he ben,

[1] r. reke

Pride is no sin.

If you're known as wise and rich,

men 'll believe your lies are Truth.

If you're proud,

men 'll fear you,

call you a Lord,

and follow you.

Be proud!

If you associate with poor wretches,

folk 'll laugh at you,

and say that you 'll soon be a wretch too,

To wrecches he draweþ, as alle men sen;
Wel Men may seo alle bi þan
and no Man." þat neuer-more wol he beo man."

þE gode Mon vnderstod
þat þat þe toþur seide was not good.

The Good Man answerd: "Do wei," he seide, "þi lore : Ne spek no more of pryde :
Hit doþ þe soule muche wo : And helpeþ þe bodi luyte.
Whon I þenke on þinges þre : Boþe niht and day
"Pride doesn't glad me when I think Pruide ne worldes blisse : Glade me ne may.
1. that I was born in ffurst, whon I beo-þenke me : And am wel I-ware
How I com in to þis world : Boþe naked and bare;
Nedde I to myn hed houue ne hod,
Ne Robe to my bac, badde ne good,
only a foul red clout, But a foul red clout, þat I was boren In,
þat tok I of my Moder, and was a foul skyn—
Al is soþ þat I seye, þeiȝ I speke in Rym—
all over slime, þei coruen hit of me & wosch awei mi slym.
In to þis world þus com I wrecched & bare,
And so, wot I wel, I schal heþen fare.
þei wounden me in cloutes, for cold & for schame,
ffor I ne scholde forfare, þei hulede mi licame.
and unable to find for myself like all other young things can; Al-Maner quik þing þat is þorw Godes miht,
Whon hit comeþ furst forþ, con him-self diht,
Haþ of him-self kyndeliche wede,
And con him-self purchase mete to his nede,
And haþ þorw kynde miȝt for to gon,
þer kynde of mon haþ riȝt non,
Bute vn-miȝti wrecches alle are we.
Hou scholde I be proud, whon I þis se?

2. how Adam and Eve lost Paradise þat oþur is, whon I þenke on Adam and Eue,
Hou þei weren in paradys wel & wiþ leue;
þer wiþ-outen synne þei miȝte haue ben in blis,
ȝif þei nedden agult aȝeyn god, i-wis;
þer þei miȝten han I-wonet in murþe & in wynne:
for their sin. But sone þei were driuen out, for þei dide sinne.
And þerfore ha we muche wo, serwe & vuel-fare,
And wonen in þis middel-ert in serwe & in care.
Weilawei & weilawo, þat synne was I-wrouȝt!
In muche peyne for sinne are mony men I-brouȝt;

Alle wo & seknes þat eny mon is Inne, — All man's woe comes
Al is, for he haþ i-greuet ofte god wiþ synne. — from his sin.
Þer is in þis world muche falshede,
Þer is no treuþe wel neiȝ, in word ne in dede, — Little truth is in this
Þe sone be-gileþ þe fader, þe douȝtur þe moder, — world;
Þe sibbe þe frende, vche mon oþer.
Nis no worldes blisse þat nul ouur-go,
Ne nout no[1] murie on eorþe þat nis meynt wiþ wo. — its mirth is mixt with
But þe blisse of paradys, þat lasteþ euer-more, [1] r. so — woe.
Whon I þenke þeron, me longeþ þider sore.
Hou scholde I þenne be proud for eny þing, — How can I be proud?
Or eny oþer mon, þat is in longyng?

3. When I think where I shall go after death,

ÞE þridde þing is þat I þenke, þat I schal wende henne
Out of þis world, but wot I neuer whenne,
Ne wot I whodur mi soule schal. þerfore sore i drede:
ffor afturmi werkes are, schal hit haue mede;
Riht as I haue deseruet, þe weole or þe wo
Certeinliche schal I haue, i mai not fle þer-fro.
Beo I in mi put leid, þer wormus schul eten me, — and how worms shall eat me,
Worþe to nouȝt schal I þenne, as neuer hedde I be;
Þe her of myn hed, ȝeleuȝ so þe wex,
Schal dwynen a-wey so doþ þe drex,
Mi feire eȝen schulen out renne, — my eyes shall drop out,
Mi white teþ schulen foule grenne,
Mi feire hondes and fingres longe
Schul rote & stynke swiþe stronge. — my hands rot,
Men wol for mi good make striuyng
And puyte me out of al my þing.
Þulke þat weren I-wont ofte me to grete,
Þei wol not her þonkes wiþ me meete.
Alle þe frendes þat I now haue, — my friends
ffor me gladliche wol þei don al þat I craue;
Weore I in mi graue, out of heore siht,
Luite wolde þei for me do, be dai or be niȝt. — leave me helpless.
Nedde I neuere so muche good, al hit wolde go,
Whon mi soule & mi bodi ar parted a-two.
Mi bodi schal leuen her, mi soule faren henne,
Al þe worldes pride luitel helpeþ þenne. — Pride 'll help little then.

Viterde[1] hodes and Clokes also, — [1] MS. Vtterde? Sim. Vitrede, cf. fytered, Mirk Instr. v. 1146. — Now, vitred hoods and cloaks
Al þat vile pride schal don hem ful wo;

eat up poor men's due.

Þei struye godes good þer-wiþ : And torne hit to fen,
Þat muche mihte helpe : Sely pore men.
Now is non worþ a fart,

Men wear daggers and

But he bere a baselart
I-honget bi his syde,

swine's maws;

And a swynes Mawe, & al is for pride.
Godus grame, stirap on his cappe is knit,

short coats too (t. Rich. II):

Þat an vnche haþ he not on for to sit;
Muche meschef and gret colde : On his hers he has,

if their breeches tore, you'd see their genitals.

Men miȝte, ȝif his brech weore to-tore : Seon his genitras.

Women also wear horns on their heads, made of beaver and wood, with silk veils, and turnd-back tight gowns (?).

And also þis wymmen : Þat muchel haunteþ pride,
Wiþ hornes on heore hed : Pinned on vch a syde,
Maad of an old hat : And of a luytel tre,
Wiþ selk scleyres I-set aboue : Apparisaunt to be;
Heore Reuersede gydes : On hem are streyt drawe—
But al be of þe newe aget[1] : Hit is not worþ an hawe.

[1] = get fashion

If they'd think how foul they are in body and soul, they'd weep,

Þei wenen a ben ful feire : And wonder foul þei be;
And a wolden be-þenken hem : Of heore priuete
And hou foule þei are : In soule and in bodi,
Þei ouȝte wiþ heore wepyng : Make heore chekes rodi.

or they 'll go to hell.

But þei leue pride, & oþur synnes mo,
Schortly to telle, to helle schul þei go.
Whon I þenke her-vppon : Mi care is wel þe more;
Luytel wonder is hit : þauh I sike sore.

How should I be proud?

Hou scholde I be proud or elles modi?
Alle ouȝte we to be for synne sori.—
ȝit þou counseildest me a luytel while ere
Þat I scholde not be pore mennes fere;

You said I should be held an Unman if I associated with poor men.

Þou seidest I scholde ben holden an vn-mon.
No-mon wol sigge so þat eny good con.
Þauȝ I & a pore Mon, þat beggeþ his fode,
Be not I-liche riche of þe worldes gode,
Men mai seo þe soþe & þe skile riȝt
Hou we schule bitwene vs vre loue diȝt:

But if I and a poor beggar were naked,

ȝif I do mi cloþus of anon to my liche
Þat I am icloþed in, þat beþ gode & riche,
And a pore beggere, þat haþ muche wo,
Wiþ cloutede cloþes dude also,
And we stode naked boþen I-fere:

Boþe miȝte we þenne ben oþures pere ; we should be equal.
Hose vs seȝe and knewe vs neyþer,
þenne miȝt þei wene þat we were breþer.
þenne most I louen him, and he louen me, So we must love one another."
Whon vre kynde robes beþ of o ble :
þo are þe Robes we were wiþ I-bore—
Ar we liggen & rote, ne worþ þei to-tore ;
Let us be lyk in sum þing, as wel I wot we are,
Al-þauȝ I be riche, & he pore & bare."

ÞE wikked gost onswerde þo The Devil said:
And bad let þat tale go,
" Lete we þis dispuytyng
And speke we of anoþer þing.
þou spekest & seist þe prest haþ forbode
Wraþþe & onde, þorw biddyng of gode.
Hit was neuer forbode of no wys mon, "Envy was never forbidden by a wise man.
But of sum folte,[1] þat no good ne con.
[1] cf. folted, v. 606. O. Fr. folet, foolish.
ȝif þou sest þi broþur or þi kun or a-noþur
þat he be feiror þen þou be, or wisor þen þou ouþur, Who'd blame you if you're sorry to see any one else better off than yourself?"
Or ricchor or baldor or be of beter i-told :
þauȝ þin herte be wo
& of-þinke þat hit is so,[1]
[1] vv. 326-7 in the MS. one verse.
Who mihte þe blame?
Wel miȝt þou penne þinke schame
And vuel may hit þe like
þat he schal be so heiȝ : And þou not so riche."[1]

ÞE gode mon wel vnderstod The Good Man answerd:
[1] In MS. 2 vv.
þat þat þe toþur seide was not good.
" Aftur þi counseil wol I not do,
ffor þe prest seide not so.
No mon haþ so muche good : þat I wolde[1] he hedde more,
[1] r. nolde
Ne so feir ne so strong ne so wys of lore,
Hit of-þunche þ me nouht : Ne þer-to haue I non onde, "I never grudge any one his goods.
ffor al þe godes þat mon haþ : Is of godes sonde.
God, þorw whom comeþ alle þing : Con ful good skile,
Alle worldes winne : He sendeþ, whon[1] he wile. [1] r. whom God sends them as He wills.
Whi scholde I for monnes god haue sorinesse,
Whon I haue for him neuer þe lesse?
God deleþ his dole : To pore and to riche,

"God gives not alike to all;
but each man has a share.
He who envies is not wise."
The Devil said:
"Wrath never was sin.
If any man hit you,
mustn't you be wroth?
As he does to you, pay him back!
If you don't, he'll give you two.
Abuse him,
hit him under the jaw,
knock his teeth out,
punch his head!
If he's too strong for you, get some mates,

And ȝiueþ wit and auhte : But not alle I-lyche.
Whon he haþ I-ȝiuen his þing : As Ichaue I-seyd,
Vche mon of his del : Schulde holde him paid;
No mon schulde grucchen : Of oþeres wel-fare,
And ȝif he doþ, for soþe : He mispayeþ god þare.
ffor god wol ȝiue : To whom his wille is.
Whose haþ envye þer-to : ffor soþe, he nis not wys."

ÞE false schrewe onswerde þore
And bad hym sigge so nomore.
"Þou spekest of wraþþe in þi tale
And seist hit is aȝeyn soule-hale.
Þat is not soþ, but falshede;
Wraþþe was neuere synful dede.
ȝif eny mon a-gult aȝeynes þe,
Smyteþ or elles puiteþ þe,
Oþer seiþ þat þe is him loþ:
Ne most þou þenne nedes be wroþ?
ȝif Mon mis-seiþ þe or deþ þe schame:
ȝif þou be wroþ, ho schal þe blame?
As he doþ bi þe, niȝt and day,
Quit him wel, ȝif þat þou may;
ȝif þou mowe, worse; in eny wyse
Loke þou ȝelde him his seruyse;
ȝif þou forberest O bisemare,
He wol ȝiue þe two ful ȝare.
Aȝeyn o word sei þou two
And mak him wroþ, ar þou go,
And spek wiþ hym baldeliche
And mis-seye hym schomefulliche!
ȝif eny Mon þe mis-doþ,
Smyt þyn hond vnder his teþ,
Wiþ Swerd, Knyf, Staf or Ston
Lei on faste, and þat anon,
And bet him wel wiþ þe beste,
Þat his teþ al to-breste;
Or on þe hed ponne hard,
Þat he go wryȝinge þenneward.
ȝif he is strong or of miht heiȝ,
Þat þou ne miht comen hym neiȝ,
Tac þe felawes þe by-syde:

Þe hardiloker maiȝt þou abyde,
And go sech him be wei and strete, waylay him,
Stint þou nouȝt til þou him mete,
Lei on faste, spare no-þing,
To grou*n*de sone þ*o*u him bryng, thrash him and ground him!
Þat he þ*er*fore grunte and grone;
And warne al o*þ*e*r*e bi him one!
Þen may þi word springe ariht
Þat þou art hardi mon and wiht;
Alle men of þe þe*n*ne schule be fert Then all folk 'll fear you."
Þ*a*t bifore wolde mis-seye þe in þi bert;
Þe*n*ne miȝt þ*o*u go boþe quit and sker
Wher þou wolt, fer and neer."

ÞE goode mon wel vnderstood The Good Man
Þat his cou*n*seil was not good. answerd:
"ȝif I be wroþ and sore agreued: Wiþ eny Mon alyue,
Ich ouȝte seche pees of hym: fful hastiliche and blyue.
Mi Pater noster ne my crede: Ne myn Aue Marie biddynge, "When I'm wroth, my prayers are of no avail.
Whyle ich am in wraþþe: Avayleþ me no-þhynge.
ȝif Mon be wroþ, hym is þe wors: And þat on mony syde—
Þat schul ȝe wite þat hit is soþ: ȝif ȝe wolleþ abyde:
Wraþþe and vuel wordes: Old sore neweþ, Wrath renews old sores;
And makeþ to do þe dede: Þat eft ful sore reweþ.
Wraþþe is a wikked þing: Hit mengeþ þe herte blod
And makeþ mon ofte out of wit: Þat he con no good,
He[1] makeþ mon ofte do þe dede: Þat eft torneþ to grame,
Bete Men and ofte sle: And do ful muche schame, it makes men kill others.
Wou*n*de men and berne men: Robben and to-reuen;
And eu*er*e are þei in serwe and wo: A-Morwen and at Euen.
Whon he is wel a-wreken: Aftur his wille,
Þen he is wel apayed: And goþ forþ wel stille,
He weneþ to here þer-of: No more tiþinge:
Bote þe synne þer-after: Schal him to schome brynge; But the sin brings them to shame.
Ne schal he him no-wyse: So wel him schilde,[1]
Þat he (!) ne schal for þe synne: Sum schome be-tyde,
But hit beo þorw schrift: And þe prestes rede

[1] r. Hit

[1] r. hyde?

þat þe synne be bet : And a-Mended þe deede.
"God is the Judge." þe heiȝe kyng of heuene : Is riȝtful Iustise,
Alle folk schal he deme : Boþe foles and wyse ; 423
He haþ set his lawes— : No-Mon scholde hem breke,
No man should take vengeance. þat no-mon in his wraþþe : Scholde him-self wreke.—
ȝit on oþur wyse ofte mon is wroþ
And seiþ to his broþur þing þat him is loþ.
Let an angry fool talk himself þe wysore of hem two : þen schal holde him stille 428
And suffre þe more fol : Siggen al his wille.
ffor he þat chydeþ al-one : Hit wol sone awey fare,
Hit wol not longe lasten : Wiþ-outen onsware ;
Whon he haþ al seid : þat he sigge wile, 432
quiet. He wol ben in pes : And cunne þe more skile, [1] om.
And [bid][1] for-ȝiuen his wraþþe : þauȝ þei duden ille,
And connen his felawe more þonk : ffor he heold him stille.
ȝif eny wikked wordes or dedes : Bi-fore weren I-wrouht, 436
þei schul þenne þorw wraþþe : Ben al out I-brouht ;
Al þe worste þat þei cunne : þenne wol þei speke,
And dele grete strokes : ffor to ben a-wreke.
Her-of is I-writen a word þat is couþ : 440
He keeps a fair castle who keeps his Mouth well." 'He kepeþ a feir castel þat kepeþ wel his Mouþ.'"
þE wikked schrewe onswerde þon
þus to þe gode mon :
The Devil said, "Ne forbed he neuere : þat I þe plihte, 444
Mon to be riche : ȝif he miht :
"How can men be rich without Covetousness? Hou miȝte men on e[n]y wyse
Be riche wiþ-outen couetyse ?
þe riche Mon, wher he is, 448
Holden is boþe ȝep and wys,
fforþ I-cald and muchel of told,
ffor he haþ good mony-fold ;
The rich man is held of great worth ; He is holden of muche pris, 452
And al for good þat is his.
þe pore Mon al þat schal misse ;
the poor has little joy. Haþ he non such worldes blisse ;
His Meeles are ofte lene— 456
Luitel hit helpeþ, þauȝ he him mene—
His Robes are badde and þinne,

Luitel he haþ of worldes wynne.
*Pur*ueye þe wel on vche a syde,
þat such teone þe ne be-tyde!
ȝif þou ne const, I wol þe teche
Hou þou schalt good to þe reche
And riche mon bi-come and wlouh
And haue of alle goodes I-nouh,
And wiþ-outen eny synne
Geten I-nouȝ of worldes wynne.
Beo peny pound bi-twene two
þou maiȝt gedere mo and mo,
Al wiþ queyntise and wiþ ginne
Muche good maiȝt þou wynne.
Slep þou nouȝt to muche a-niht,
But win þe good, hou þou miht;
Ren a-boute bi þe strete,
Bi wey and bi weonlete;
ȝif þou seost in eny wyse
Wher eny bi-ȝete wol aryse,
Tac sum, and lef I-nouh—
þouȝ þou do so, hit nis no wouh;
Haue þou no doute, I rede, of þas,
No mon wot ho hit was.
þauh Mon make muche fare,
þer-of haue þou no care,
Ne dred no-þing þe prestes curs—
þerfore þou schalt neuere be þe wors.
Ne spare non, þer þou gest,
Nouþer þe *par*sun ne þe prest;
Tac þe part of heore tyþinge
And bere hit hom to þi wonynge.
And so þou miȝt muche good take
And be riche monnes make.
Whon þou hast þus wel bi-gonne
And muche good hast I-wonne,
þat þou hast, kep hit wel,
þerof ȝif þou neuer a del;
But men bringe two for on,
ȝiue hem not, but let hem gon!
þer wol come to þin hous

"I'll tell you how to get rich.

Take anything you can lay hold on.

Don't dread the Priest's curse,

but take part of his tithe.

Give nothing away.

"If any one comes to you for a gift,
send him away without it."

Mony on ful coueytous,
ffor to haue of þi þinge,
To bere a-wei, and nouȝt to brynge :—
So wole þei don eft-sone ;
Let hem gon riht as þei come ;
Let hem seche heor owne biȝete
As þou dudest, or elles lete ;
Let hem fare neer and ferre
And for þe neuer be þe nerre ! "

The Good Man answerd :

ÞE gode mon wel vnderstod
þat at opur seide was not good.
" Couetyse is not good : ffor hit is forbode,
So seiþ þe prest on his bok : þorw biddyng of gode.

"Men may be rich rightfully,

Men mowe wel be riche : Whose hit may wynne
Wiþ rihte & wiþ treuþe : And wiþ-outen synne ;
Wiþ trewe craft and Marchaundise : Wel wynnen he may,

but not by falseness and usury.

But Robbe ne to-reue : Nouþer niht ne day.
Mony on wiþ falsnesse : And wiþ Oker also
Haþ so muche good : þat he not wher hit do ;
þat may ben here his heuene— : At his endynge
In to þe put of helle : Sone hit wole hym bringe.

What each gets himself,

ȝif Mon haþ eny þing : Bi-gete wiþ trewenesse
Of worldliche good : More oþer lesse,

let him use for his own needs, for the Church, and

Tac to his nedfulnesse : þer-of what he wile,
And do to holi chirche : þat riht wole and skile :
Of al þat neweþ him be ȝere : Do his tiþinge,
And foure tyme in þe ȝere : ȝif his Offringe ;

the Poor.

þe pore schal he helpe : Also, þat haþ nede,
ȝif hem mete and drinke : And cloþe hem wiþ wede.

Whoever doesn't pay Tithe has God's curse.

Hose wol not tiþe : þat god him haþ I-lent,
His lyf and his soule : Boþe schul be schent ;
He schal for þe synne : Haue Godes curs,
And eke alle his goodes : Schul fare wel þe wors ;
His godes schulen at-falle : And faste a-wey go,
And for þat ilke synne : Mony on haueþ wo.
þat is in toune and felde : Seene, sikerli,
þat fewe aren in londe : þat liuen rihtfuli :
þe eorþe ȝeldeþ not fruit : As hit wont was,
Of Corn of þe feld : Ne of þe Medewe Gras,

Ne non oþer-cunne fruit : þe folk for to frore—
I-wis, hit is for synne : þat mony Mon is pore.—
Haue þou neuer so muche : Of worldes good here, "All worldly wealth shall pass away.
Al schal passen a-wey : As fantum hit were.
ffor to haue þin herte : To muche þer-Inne,
Of þi mok to make þi god : Hit is dedly synne. To make a god of it, is sin.
And ȝit, ar þow war be : ffrom þe wol hit fare,
Þenne schalt þou haue þerfore : Boþe serwe and care,
And ȝit at þin ende : Gret stryf in cas,
And puite þe out : Of al þat þin was;
Þin Executours schul take : þi goodes at heore wille Your Executors 'll take your goods
And lete þi soule ligge : In pyne ful stille.
Beo þou in þi put i-brouȝt : Wormes schul eten þe, while worms eat you.
And sone schalt þou be for-ȝeten : Siker mayȝt þou be.
Þerfore I rede, as Salamon his sone bad,
Þat vche Mon skilfuli of his god mak him glad,
Mete and drynke and cloþ : Catel and oþer þyng
Þat nedful is to haue : Wiþ-outen wastyng;
Þe pore schal he helpe : Wher þat is nede, Therefore help the poor yourself,
Of þat god haþ him sent : Don his Almes-dede,
ȝif him mete and drynk : And cloþe him wiþ wede— feed him,
In al þi werkes, be þe[1] syker : þe better schalt þou spede;
[1] r. þou
ȝif him of þi Cuppe : Of þat is þer-in,
Water to drynke : Ale oþer Wyn; give him wine,
And ȝif he haþ nede : Clepe him þe neer
And make him sitte & warme him : Bi þyn hote fuyr; warm him
Bedde hym esyliche : ȝif þat he seek be, and bed him.
And serue him wel, for his loue : þat al haþ ȝeuen þe.
Worldes wele is wonderful : Wel may I seyn, Worldly wealth ebbs and flows like the sea.
Lyk þe se þat floweþ : And ebbeþ a-ȝeyn;
Þer nis no sikernesse : In þis worldes won,
No-mon not whon hit wole : A-wei from him gon,
Ne how longe hit wol laste : Ne how luytel while—
Þulke þat hit loueþ most : Ofte hit doþ hem gyle.
He þat loueþ catel wel : And bounden is in Couetyse,
He schal ben I-bounden : In þreo-kynne wyse :
Þouȝt and drede are þe two : þat schul bynden hym faste,
Þe þridde is muche serwe : þat euermore schal laste.

"For gain, men travel in rain and snow,

Ofte for his catel : Mon moot wake of slepe,
Trauaylen in reyn and in snowh : Beo þe weyes neuer so depe,
ffrom toune to toune : Boþe fer and neer,
As Chapmen mote don : To heore mesteer;

go over the salt sea,

Ouer þe salte séé ofte þei fare
ffor heor Marchaundise, in gret peril and care,
And ofte and mony a tyme : [leseþ][1] Catel and heore lyf

[1] MS. heore

And makeþ vuel to fare : Boþe Chyld and Wyf.

and ditch and delve.

Oþer Men dyke and delue : And gon to þe plouh,
To Cart and to þreschynge : And oþur swynk I-nouh.
Whon he wiþ his swynk : Haþ wonne gret be-ȝete,

They fear to lose their goods.

Euere he is afert : þat he schal hit forleete;
And ȝif he hit leten schal : Hym is wo þerfore,
And is so sori þenne : þat euer was he bore.
Þouȝt and drede & sorinesse : Aren Monnes fo—
He ouȝte neuere loue : þing þat doþ hym so wo.

If they do lose, let them think of Job.

ȝif he leose eny þing : And he gret good con,
Beo-þenk hym of Iob : þat was a good mon:
He hedde of alle richesses : Swiþe muche won
And in a luytel while : He nedde riht non;
Þo he hedde riht nouȝt : But al was a-go,
Ne seide he for his harm : Enes 'me is wo,'

[1] = praised

He still thankt God,

But louede[1] God wel : And þonkede hym þon—
He dude as þe wyse : So schulde eueri mon;—
Nolde he not for his los : Noþing sori be,
'God,' he seide, 'hit me ȝaf : And bi-raft hit me;'
Ne grucched he nouȝt, but þonked godes sonde

and blest His name."

And seide 'blesset be his nome, in water & in londe.'"

The Devil said, "As to Lechery,

Þe wikked gost onswerde þon
And seide þat he was a folted mon.
"Þou spekest of Lecherie
And of fewe wordes makest monye;
ffalse wordes wolt þou leeue & here hem gladli—
Þou nost what þou menest, i sigge þe sikerli!
Of luytel wit hastou Mynde:

mayn't a man do as Nature prompts?

Ne mot a Mon don his kynde?
Hit was ordeynd þorw Godes biddyng
At þe worldes be-gynnyng.

Beo þi tale þow woldest hit bringe
Al to-gedere in to spousynge
Or elles leue þat game,
þat me nedde of God blame.
Whose aftur þi counseil doþ,
Repente him schal, I sei for soþ:
He þat takeþ hym to spousyng,
Mai not lyuen for[1] no þing,
Bote holden he mot to his wyf
And ben in Cuntek and in stryf—
Betere him were dihte and go—
ffor weddyng is þe longe wo.
Whon he haþ a wyf I-take,
He mai hire nouȝt forsake';
He þat haþ a schrewe to wyue,
Of vche a day him þinkeþ fyue;
Of muche Murþe he schal misse
And euere ha serwe and neuer blisse,
þer anoþer mai leue and take
Wher he wole, and eke forsake;
Lihtliche and glad may he go,
Whon he þat is bounden schal be ful wo,
And be liht and Iolyf
More þen on þat haþ a wyf.
ffor-þi I rede þat men do so
And lete weddynge a-wey go."

[1] r. fre?

A married man is always in strife.

Another can leave and take when he likes,

and be jollier than one with a wife."

ÞE goode Mon wel vnderstod
þat his counseil was not good.
"He is a fol and noþing wys: þat foleweþ þi Red:
þe Mon þat foleweþ his flesches lust: His soule schal be ded;
But ȝif he do kuyndely: And wiþ spoused fere,
In helle he schal a-buggen: His flessches lyking here.
þer beoþ þorw godes lawen: Ten Comaundemens,
þat vche mon ouȝte kepe: Elles he brekeþ his defens;
Spous-bruche, forsoþe: Is þe grettest of alle—
þo þat aren I-weddet, kep hem wel: þat þei þer-Inne ne falle;
He þat wol folewen his flessches lust: And þe lawe breke,

The Good Man answered:

"The Fornicator shall pay for his pleasure in Hell.

Ne þinke him no wonder þenne : þauȝ god on hym a-wreke.

"Man may have one wife, for childbearing.

Mon in Godes lawe : Mai wel haue a Make,
To do wiþ hire his wille : ffor childberynge sake,
And louen eiþer oþer : Whon tyme is and leue,
And holden hem wel to-gedere : As Adam dude and Eue.

But leave the game of Fornication,

But hit beo in wedlac : In alle wyse lef þat game
And liue in chastite : And be wiþ-outen blame!
Gret schome hit is and synne : I swere þe be heuene,
To spende þi fyue wittes : In eny of þe synnes seuene,
þat God þe haþ I-ȝiuen : And þine lymes alle,
ffor to kepe þe wiþ : In synne þat þou ne falle.

or you'll change Heaven for Hell.

A foul chaunge hit is, forsoþe : And a gret vuel,
To chaunge heuene for helle : And God for þe deuel;
þat dostou, as ofte as þou syngest dedli
And brekest god*us* comau*n*dem*e*n*s* & dost a *gret* foli;

You become the Devil's thrall when

þe deueles þral þou be-comest : Whon þou dost þi miht
To foule þi clene soule : Bi daye or be niht . . . (some vv. om.)
Niht and day he studieþ : And casteþ his gynne
How he may bi alle weyes : A wommons loue wynne;
Nil he neuer stunten : He swereþ his oþ, [1] om. Ben

you seduce a woman,

Ar he haue his wille i-don : Be god neuer so wroþ.
And heo wol haue hi*m*, heo seiþ : Eu*er*more to dwelle,
Raþer þen heo hym for-go : Ben[1] in þe put of helle.
But wusten heo what hit were : þe leste pyne þer-Inne,
ffor al þe good in eorþe : þei nolde don dedly synne!
ffor þei nolde not be war : Er þei coome þare,

and you shall be punisht everlastingly.

In pyne schul þei eu*er* be : In serwe and in care.
þo þat aren gode : Liuen in muche wynne;
þe gode gon a Godeshalf : þe deueles limes to synne.
Whon þei comen to-gedere : Eiþer on oþer wynkeþ;
þat þei ne hedde heor synne i-do : Longe þer-to hem þinkeþ;
Whon þei seo heore tyme : Wol þei not longe dwelle,
Bote þei do þe dede : þat eheþ þe fuir of helle.
þe fuir þat is in helle : Is euer Brennynge,
þe synful wrecche soules : þer-Inne pynynge;
þe Mo þat are þer-Inne : þe hattore is þe lye,
And þe pyne hardore : þat þe soules drye.

Heo beoþ grete foles : ffor soþe I sigge, I-wis,
Þat makeþ þe pyne more : And hattore þen hit is.
Þulke þat brekeþ godes word : þorw heor dedly synne,
Þei lihten þe fuir : þat þei schulen brennen Inne.
Godes Comaundement þei breke : Al þat doþ lecherie :
In helle-fuir schul þei euer be : Heore peynes to drie."

"They are great fools

who light the fire that they shall burn in."

ÞE wikkede gost onswerede þo
And seide þat hit was not so.
"So þou seist as false men do :
Þat Sleuþe is synne, and is not so.
Men[1] mot haue, ȝif þei may,
Ese and reste, niȝt and day,
In Bedde, in Mete beo al at his ese
And mak þe bodi euer wel at ese.
After þi deþ wost þou not what,
What þou schalt haue, þenk wel on þat!
While þou miȝt, make þe glad and muri!
Lengor liueþ a glad mon þen a sori.
Al knowe I wel þi resun
And what be-tokneþ þi lessun :
ffor Men scholde to chirche gonge,
To here Matins, Masse, and Euensonge,
Heore pater noster to sigge, Aue Marie, & Crede,
And ete of prestes holy brede.
What, wenest þou for such þing
Þi soule in to heuene bring?
Ho bi-gon furst to worche,
And whi was maad, holichirche?
Of Prestes couetise hit was biþouht
Þat churche was furst I-wrouht,
ffor he wolde haue offryng
And liue bi oþur mennes þing.
He wole a-Morwe Belle rynge,
And þenne wol he Matyns synge;
And ȝif þer luite folk comeþ þerto,
He wol hiȝe faste and haue I-do;
And ȝif þer muche folk come, I sigge þe,
He wol make gret solempnite :
Reuesten him þenne wole he wel
Wiþ riche pal and sendel,

[1] r. Mon?

The Devil said:

"Sloth isn't sin. Men may take their ease.

Be merry while you can!

Holy Church was devised only for Priests' gain.

If few folk come to Matins, the Priest soon stops; but if many come, great ceremony is made;

He wol don on his canter-cope[1] [1] ags. cantelcapa pallium
And gon as he were a Pope;
holy water is sprinkled, Siþen he wole wiþ springel-stikke
3iuen holy water a-bouten þikke,
And syngen loude wiþ schil þrote,
And seiþ hit is þe soule note
þat þe prest seiþ and doþ—
þe folk weneþ þat hit be soþ;
the Priest holds up his hands, Bi-fore his Auter he wol stonden
And holde vp an hei3 boþe his honden,
and sings away He wol synge mony a þrowe,
Sum-time hei3e & sum-time lowe,
He wole him *tur*ne & take good hede
3if eny Mon him bringe mede.
3if muche folk come and þringe
if folk bring Offerings; Offringe faste him to brynge,
He wole amende faste his song—
þat tyme þinkeþ him not long.
And whon þei wole h*im* no-þing brynge,
Lust him no-þing for to synge,
ffaste he hi3eþ hym to spede
then gives 'em holy bread, And 3iueþ hem of his holy brede—
þat is þe beste of al his dede,
ffor hit helpeþ to monnes nede;
þau3 hit be luytel, hit *tur*neþ to gode,
ffor hit helpeþ to Monnes foode.
Whon he haþ al I-do,
and lets 'em go. He 3iueþ heom leue and let hem go;
But euer a-Mong al o*þur* nede
But he always says, 'bring your offerings and tithes.' His oune erende wol he bede,
þat þei brynge heore offrynges
To Chirche, and heore tyþinges.
Wel þou wost þat þis is soþ:
Al for his owne gode he hit doþ;
Kepeþ he nou3t of heore comynge,
But 3if þei wole h*im* eni good bringe.—
If you want to hear Service, But, 3if þou wolt on eny wyse
At Chirche here þi seruyse,
A-tome þou mai3t ful wel abyde
Til he haue seid þe laste tyde;

And ȝit maiȝt þou lengore dwelle
And come be tyme to þe gospelle;
A-tome maiȝt þow do good nede
And come to þe Masse crede;
And ȝif þe luste riȝt wel slope,
Cum whon he doþ of his Masse-cope;
And þeiȝ þou ne come, ne ȝif no tale,
Til he halibred be-ginne to dale:
þenne maiȝt þou ben al ȝare,
And hom wiþ þi neiȝebors fare."

drop-in late,

any time before the bread is divided."

þE goode Mon wel vnderstod
þat his techynge was not good.
"Al þat þou spekest hit is nouȝt: þow miȝtest wel be stille,
Al þat þe bodi lykeþ wel: Is aȝeyn þe soule wille.
Ese and reste and muri lyf: Men lykeþ wel and wymmenne,
But þei brynge þe soule in strif: Aȝeyn þei wenden henne.
þe bodi and þe soule beþ: Wel neih euere wroþ:
ffor þat þe bodi lykeþ wel: Is to þe soule loþ.
Muche tale þou makest: þe foule bodi to queme,
But of þe seli soule: Takest þow no ȝemė.
Aftur þat þe bodi doþ: Schal þe soule fynde
And in peyne or in Ioye: Euere þerof haue mynde.
ȝif Men loue to slepe: Whon þei scholden wake,
þenne schal þe soule: In stude of Ioye haue wrake.
Monnes lyf nis bote schort: Sone wol hit go,
Bote þe sely soule: Duyreþ euer-mo;
þe soule schal faren his wey: þe bodi schal a-byde
And not nouȝt of þe soule: What hit schal be-tyde.
But wel I wot, and soþ hit is: After monnes dede,
Whon he is forþ faren: He schal hauen his mede:
ȝif he haue loued god: And kept his biddynge,
þe blisse of heuene schal he haue: Wiþ-outen endynge;
Ouþur in to peyne schal he be brouȝt,
ȝif he haue þer-aftur wrouȝt.—
þerfore is ned on alle wyse
Men to go to Godes seruyse
And wake þe more and slepe þe lasse,

The Good Man answerd:

"Merry life brings the Soul in strife.

You care for the Body, not the Soul,

which lasts for ever,

and goes to Heaven or Hell.

So men must go to Service early and late,

To here Matyns, Euensong, and Masse.
Whon men han aȝeyn god : In dedly synne falle,
Heo ouȝten for to wepe : And Merci to God calle,
And wenden to þe prest : Hastiliche and sone
and confess their sins at once; And tellen him in schrif : What synne he haþ i-done.
A fool he is þat a-bydeþ : Eny gret stounde,
Til þer come more sor : And cleue to þe wounde.
Also hit fareþ bi synne : I wot wiþ-outen wene,
As doþ be þe wounde : While hit is newe and grene.
þe leche clanseþ þe wounde : Clene in þe ground
And leiþ salue a-boue : And makeþ hit hol and sound;
Mon may for a wounde : Or for a luitel sor,
Bote hit be sone I-heled : Be worse and wel mor:
ȝif o sor come to anoþer : þenne are þer two,
And ȝif he longe a-byde : þen wol þer be mo;
His owne bone mai hit be : Longe for to abyde—
*þer*fore I rede, sech leche-craft : Soone, what be-tyde.
as, for sin hidden Also hit fareþ bi synne : ȝif hit I-hud is;
Bote hit be to þe prest : Soone I-told, I-wis,
Hit draweþ hem to helle-grounde : And byndeþ hem to peynes stronge;
þe hardore peyne schal he haue : ȝif he þer-Inne ligge longe.
þe lengor þat men a-byde : þe latere comeþ bote;
þei stonde wel þe fastore : Whon þei haue take rote.
þauȝ Men fallen in synne : Gret wonder hit nis;
and continued, they 'll lie in fire. But ligge stille þer-Inne : þat is wonder gret, I-wis!
ȝif þow liggest in þe fuir : And brennest on eny wyse,
Who is for to wyte : þi-self wolt nouȝt arise?
Mynde haþ he non : Of God þat hym wrouhte
And on þe Roode-tre : Wiþ his passion him bouhte.
Wel hit is I-seene : þat þei are ful slowe
þat to þe prest nil not : Heore synnes ben a-knowe,
And luytel þonk þei cunne god : ffor his goode seruyse,
Whon þei wole not for his loue : Out of synne aryse.
þinke no mon wonder : þauh god wiþ hem[1] be wroþ
And take vengeaunce on hem : Beo hem neuer so loþ!
Schriueþ ow be-tyme : ffor loue or for feer,
ffor God takeþ wreche : Heer or elleswher;
Bi-weopeþ ȝoure synnes : And criȝeþ God Merci,

[1] MS. him

And to alle his werkes : Beoþ euere redi!
Whon hit is halyday : Vche Mon ouhte wiþ rihte
To heere his seruyse in chirche : ȝif he on eny wyse mihte,
And not in sleuþe ligge, : In bed a-tome abyde
Til þe prest haue I-seid : þe laste non-tyde.
ȝif þou go at morwe : And Matyns here erliche,
Hit is þe soule profyt : I sigge þe sikerliche;
þeih þi flesch grucche : Lette nouht þerfore—
þe ofter þow ouercomest hit : þi Meede schal beo þe more;
ȝif þow herest Matyns and Masse : And takest haly brede,
To Bodi and to soule : þow wynnest muchel Mede.
After Mete loke þou go to þe *pre*chynge,
ȝif eny beo in toune—lette for no þynge—
And þat þe prechur precheþ : Vnderstonde hit wel,
And do as he þe techeþ : I rede þe, vche a del.
ȝif þer no prechyng be : Go visyte þe seke,
Cumforte hem wiþ þin Almes : And wiþ þi wordes Meke.
Aftur, whon þei rynge : Go to Euen-song,
And lette for no cu*m*paignye : þat þow art aMong;
ȝif þow do not, for soþe : þou dost þe deueles wille,
Whon þou in ganglyng and drynkyng : Dwellest wiþ hem stille.
Whon Euensong & cu*m*plyn boþe be*n* ido,
Ho*m* to þi sope*r* þe*n* wel maiȝt þou go.
I rede þenne, ar þow go : ffulliche in to[1] þi bed,
þonke crist of þat day : þat þow hast wel I-sped;
And ȝif þou ouȝt hast mis-done,
Aske him merci, I rede, sone;
Be-teche þi lyf and þi soule : To God Almihti :
And þenne maiȝt þou slepe : wel and sikerly.
Whon þow risest vp, þonke god : Inwardliche wiþ al þi miht,
þat þe haþ saued from encu*m*brem*e*nt : Of þe ffend þat niht;
Be-teche al in godes hond : þi preyers and þi dedes,
þi wittes and þi willes : And al þyn oþer nedes.

On Holy days
go to Matins early.
After your meal, hear Preaching, if there is any;
if not, visit the sick.
Go to Even-song
and Compline, and then home to supper and bed,
committing yourself to God.

[1] overl.

Avise þe in al þi werkes : þow saue þe from dedli synne,
And do as I counseyle þe : And heuene schalt þou winne.

"Do all your work truely."

In what werk, Mon, þat þou be : worche euer trewli,
Or þou schalt haue peine þerfore : ȝif þou worche falsli ;
ȝif þow take here þi fulle huyre : And dost not fulliche þi werk þerfore,
In helle or in purgatorie : þi peyne schal be wel þe more.

Be true in all things."

Of what condicion so þou art : Trewe in alle þing þou be,
And do so to vche mon : As þou woldest he dude to þe ;
And loke in al þat þou seist & dost : þat God be euere apayd,
And lef sleuþe & al oþer synnes : As Ich haue I-seid ! "

The Devil said :

ÞE wikked gost onswerde þon
And seide : " þou art a Mad mon !
þauȝ þou woldest now be-ginne

"Gluttony is no sin.

And sigge þat glotenye were sinne,
Beter þe were þi Ianglyng lete.

Men 'ud die if they didn't eat and drink.

Men scholde dye, ȝif þei ne ete,
And bote þei drinke wel, also ;
No Mon mai liue wiþ-outen hem two.
To Badde counseil art þou euer ȝare,
To ffastyng and to vuel fare.

What's the good of Fasting?

What good comeþ of fastyng ?
ffeyntyse, Idelnesse, & non oþur þing.
þat maiȝt þow wel wite be skil.
Whon þe flesch haþ Mete & drinke at wil,
þen is he redi to fihte and chide
Wiþ alle þo þat gon and ride.

Who can work without a good meal?

Ho mai duire for to swynke,
But ȝif he ete wel and drinke ?
Hunger makeþ men beo bi-hynde
In vche a werk, as I fynde.
Gode drinkes & Metes wel I-diht
Are wel I-loued, and þat is riht.

If a man eats till he's sick,

ȝif he beo a stout sweyn,
He eteþ til hit come vp aȝeyn.
Al-þauh hit be so þat he caste—
So he mihte, þauh he faste—

Hit nis for no dronkenesse,
But for oþer seknesse.
Whon he is heled of þat sore,
He may ete and drinke more,
And make glad and bliþe chere—
ffor euere is ale and wyn good fere.
Et faste and drink wel : And sleep euere a-mong :
And þenne mayht þow lyue : ȝeres monye and long."

þE gode Mon, þat in god was stable,
Vnderstod, þat he seide, was fable.
"Wel I wot þat men mote liue : Be Mete and be drynk,
As skile is and resun : And Mesure in alle þyng.
Þei þat liuen as beestes : Aren wiþ-outen lay,
þat erliche eteþ and drynkeþ : And holdeþ on al day.
þe beest doþ his kynde : And þe glotun synne
Doþ aȝeyn his kynde : þat wol neuer blynne.
Suche foule glotounes : Doþ a-ȝeyn þe lawe.
Ar þe wombe be ful : Beo þei neuer fawe ;
þenne wol þei chiden and fiȝten also—
Serwe on heore hedes, but þei wel do !
Mete and drynke is ȝiuen to mon : As salue to sore,
þat neodful is to take þerof : And neuere a del more.
ȝif þow to muche salue : Leyst to þi sar,
Hit wol beo þi deþ : Bote þow sone be war ;
So wol hit of Mete & of drinke be :
þi soule bone, ȝif þou take mor þen nedeþ þe.
Whon mon haþ at Meel-tyme : Such as he wile,
Tak þat he haþ neode of : Be Mesure and bi skile,
And parte wiþ þe pore : Of þat is on [his][1] bord,
And not in his wombe : Make al his hord—
ffor þer is foul tresorie : And al ful of stinke.
Al þat þou takest mor þen neod is : In peyne þou schalt of-þinke.
In þe Bok of priuetes : Glotons are Manased so :
'Aȝeyn O drauȝt þei drinke ouer-muche : þei schul han þre or two
Of hot led and walled bras. : þei schul beo ful wo,
ffor stynkyng brumston and for pich : þat in heore þrotes schal go.'
þus seide þe prest þat god wol take wreche,

[1] MS. þy

Gluttons

chide and fight.

But 3if 3e leue sy*n*ne and do as I ow teche."

The Devil got wild with anger,

Þe wikkede gost, þer he stood,
Wox for wraþþe wel-nei3 wood,
ffor he was ouer-comen and be-hynde—
as he couldn't answer more.
ffor mo onsweres couþe he not fynde.
Þe gode Mon þe*n*ne was a-bascht
And lokede on þe wikkede gast
The Good Man
And seide: "now wot I, þow art non
Mon mad of flesch and bon;
I vnderstonde wel be þi spelle
told him he was a devil,
Þat þou art þe deuel of helle.
I þe Comaunde, foule þing,
In þe nome of heuene kyng,
Þat þow me noþing drecche,
and orderd him show his ugliness.
But bi-cum now, foule wrecche,
As foul as þou were
In helle wiþ þi feere."
Ne mihte he no leng*ur*e a-byde,
Bote bi-com þo also-tyde
ffoul as helle-Sathanas,
As Blac as eny pich he was—
How foul he was con I not telle,
But foul he sto*n*k as stunch of helle.
The Good Man crost himself,
Þe gode mon blessed hi*m* wiþ þe Crois
And cri3ed on God wiþ loud vois,
Bi-fore, be-hynde he blessed him fast,
and orderd him go back to Hell;
And Comau*n*dede þat sori gast
ffor to we*n*den: and so he dude þo,
To þat stude þat he com fro.
Pouwer hedde he no lengore dwelle,
But wente dou*n* riht in to helle.
went home,
Þe gode Mon wente hom his way,
And serued god wel to pay,
and thankt God.
And þonked hi*m*—so ouhte he wel—
Þat him sauede from þe deuel.
Christ, grant us the bliss of Heaven!
Ihesu Crist such grace vs sende
Hym to serue to vre lyues ende,
And kep vs from þe sy*n*nes seuene,
And grau*n*t vs alle þe blisse of heuene![1]

[1] Then follows in MS. Vern. þe ri3te put of helle, 3rd part of the legend of St. Michael in the South Engl. Legendary, fol. CCXCI, here written in half lines.

XXXVIII. Castel of Loue.[1]

fol. CCXCII. *The Castle of Love*, by Bp. Grosteste.

Her bygi*n*net a tretys
þat is yclept Castel off Loue,
þat bisschop Grosteyȝt made, ywis,
ffor lewede mennes by-houe.

[1] þAt good þenkeþ, good may do,
And God wol helpe him þerto;
ffor nas neue*r*e good werk wrouȝt
Wiþ-oute be-ginninge of good þouȝt,
Ne neue*r* was wrouȝt non vuel þing
þat vuel þouȝt nas þe biginnyng.
God ffader and Sone and Holigost,
þat alle þi*n*g on eorþe sixt and wost,
þat O God art and þrilli-hod,
And þreo p*er*sones in on-hod,
Wiþ-outen ende and biginninge;
To whom we ouȝten ouer alle þinge
Worschupe him wiþ trewe loue,
þat kineworþe kyng art vs aboue;
In whom, of whom, þorw whom beoþ
Al þe goodschipes þat we here i-seoþ:
He leue vs þenche and worchen so
þat he vs schylde from vre fo.

[1] Alle we habbeþ to help neode,
þat[2] we ne beþ alle of one þeode
Ne I-boren In one londe
Ne one speche vnderstonde.
Ne mowe we alle Latin wite,
Ne Ebreu ne Gru þat beþ I-write,

[1] vv. 1-18 cf. Fr. text:
Ky bien pense bien puet dire;
Sanz penser ne peut suffire
De nul bien fet comencer.
Deu nus doint a li penser,
De ki, par ki, en ki sunt
Touz les biens ki sunt el mund,
Deu le pere e deu le fiz
E deu li seinz esperiz,
Persones treis en trinite
E un sul deu en unite,
Sanz fin, sanz comencement,
A ki honur e gloire apent.
Il nus doint ses oures fere
E nus defende de contrere.
(The Engl. text does not give a favourable idea of the translator's intelligence.)

May God, one and three,

[1] vv. 19-37 cf. Fr.:
Tuz avum mester d'aie,
E trestuz ne poeut mie
Saver le langage en fin
D'Ebreu, de griu ne de latin,
Pur loer son creat[e]ur,
Ne la buche de chanteur
Ne soit clos de deu loer
Ne son seint nom nuncier.
Ke chescun en son langage
Le conuisse sanz folage

[2] r. þah

shield us from our Foe!

We can't all know Hebrew,

[1] Ed. before by Weymouth, Philol. Soc. 1864, and from another (unknown) MS., by Halliwell, 1849. The poem is a very old translation of Rob. Groshed's († 1253) *Chasteau d'amour*, or *Carmen de creatione mundi* (ed. by M. Cooke, R. Grossetete Carmina anglo-normannica, Caxton Soc. 1852), and was made in the latter half of the 13th cent., in the dialect and perhaps by the author of the 'Harrowing of Hell' and 'Marina' (MS. Harl. 2253). The subject, with its personification of the 4 cardinal virtues, resting ultimately on Psalm 88, 11, became a great favourite in medieval literature: it is treated in the Cursor Mundi, in the Abbey of the Holy Ghost, and in Lydgate's Life of St. Mary, and his Court of Sapience. Later translations are extant in MS. Egerton 927, made by a monk of Sawley in Yorkshire (ed. in the Appendix), and in MS. Ashm. 61, fol. 78 (ed. in Altengl. Legenden, Neue Folge, p. 349—354), which contains only the first part (to v. 554). Cooke's ed. of the French text is quite insufficient, and full of mistakes.

French, or other tongues,

Ne ffrench ne þis oþer spechen
þat me mihte in world sechen,
To herie god, vre derworþe drihte ;
Ac[1] vche mon ouȝte wiþ al his mihte
Lof[1]-song syngen to god ȝerne
Wiþ such speche as he con lerne ;
No Monnes Mouþ ne be I-dut
Ne his ledene I-hud
To seruen[1] his god, þat him wrouȝte
And maade al þe world of nouȝte.

Son deu, e sa redempciun.
En romanz comenz ma reison
Por ceus ki ne sevent mie
Ne lettrure ne clergie.

[1] MS. As; om. in H.

[1] MS. Loft

[1] H. herien

so I shall tell in English,

ON Englisch I-chul mi resun schowen,
ffor him þat con not I-knowen
Nouþer ffrench ne Latyn.
On Englisch I-chulle tellen him

of the Creation,

Wherfore[1] þe world was[2] I-wrouht,
þer-aftur how he was bi-tauht

[1] H. For why
[2] H. was furst

of Adam in Paradise,

Adam vre ffader, to ben his,
Wiþ al þe merþe of paradys,
To wonen and welden to such ende,
Til þat he scholde to heuene wende ;

and how he lost it,

And hou sone he hit for-les ;
And seþþen, hou hit for-bouht wes

of Christ's regaining it,

[1]þorw þe heiȝe kynges sone,
þat here on eorþe wolde come
ffor his Sustren þat were to-boren,
And for a prison þat was for-loren,[1]
And hou he made, as ȝe schul heeren,
þat heo I-custe and sauht weren ;

[1] vv. 47-82 wanting in the Fr. poem, but taken from its Latin title or index.

[1] vv. 49 & 50 to be transp.?

thro' alighting in a Castle,

And to wȝuche a Castel he alihte
þo he wolde here for vs fihte—

Mary's body;

þat þe Marie bodi wes,
þer[1] he alihte and his in ches.

[1] MS. þat, H. Therin; cf. v. 666.

(and herein) of Isaiah,

And tellen we schulen of Ysay,[1]
þat vs tolde trewely

[1] Is. 9, 6.

who foretold Christ's birth,

"A Child þer is iboren to vs
And a Sone I-ȝiuen vs,
Whos nome schal I-nempned beon
Wonderful, as me may I-seon,
And God, mihtful, and right wys,[1]
Of þe world þat [to][1] comen is

[1] Lat. consiliarius

[1] om.; Lat. Pater futuri seculi.

LOrd þe ffader, and Prince of pes."[1]
Alle þeos nomen, hou he wes,
ȝe schulen I-heren and I-witen.
[1]And of dom*us*-day hou hit is I-writen;
And of heuene we schulen telle,
And sum*m*del of þe pynen of helle.[1]

[1] In the MS. written in 2 vv.

[1—1] This last part is om. at the end, but extant in H.

of Doomsday,
of Heaven
and Hell.

ÞAuh hit on Englisch be dim and derk
Ne nabbe no sau*ur* bi-fore [a] clerk,
ffor lewed Men þat luitel connen
On Englisch hit is þus bi-gonnen.
Ac whose is witer and wys of wit
And ȝerne bi-holdeþ þis ilke writ,
And con þat muchel of luitel[1] vnlouken
And Hony of þe harde ston souken,
Alle poyntes he fynde may
Of vre be-leeue and godes lay
þat bi-falleþ to Godes Godhede
As wel as to his Monhede.—

[1] H. lintel. Cf. Fr. Latin Index: prudens lector qui norit sugere mel de petra oleumque de saxo durissimo, scriptum inveniet plenum dulcedine celesti.

I write in English for unlearned Laylolk.

The Creation.

OFfte ȝe habbeþ I-herd ar þis
Hou þe world I-maked is;
ffor-þi ne kep I nouȝt to telle
Bote þat falleþ to my spelle:
In Sixe dayes and seue niht
God hedde al þe world I-diht;
And þo al was derworþliche I-do,
þe seueþe day he tok reste and ro.

The World was made
in 6 days and 7 nights.
On the 7th day God rested.

LUstneþ to me, lordynges.
Þo God atte begynnynges
Hedde I-maad heuene wiþ ginne,
And þe Angeles so briht wiþ-Inne,
And þe eorþe *þer*-after þer-wiþ,
And al þat euere in hire bi-lyþ:

(Before, God made Heaven and the Angels,

[1]Lucifer in heuene wox so proud
þat[1] he was a-non I-cast out,
And mo Angeles þe*n* eni tonge mai telle
ffullen a-doun wiþ him to helle.

[1] vv. 94, 97-100 added to the French.
[1] MS. And, H. That

but Lucifer grew proud, and was cast, with many Angels, down to Hell.)

And ȝit was þe So*n*ne þo seuesyþe I-wis
Brihtore forsoþe þen heo now is;
Also schon þe Mone a-niht
So doþ þe So*n*ne on day-liht.

The world was then more beautiful and perfect than now.

Ne holde ȝe hit not for folye,
ffor so seiþ þe prophete Ysaye.
Alle þe schaftes þat þo[1] weren
More miȝt and strengþe beren
Bi-fore þat Adam þe world for-les.
Allas, wȝuch serwe and deol þer wes!

[1] H. shupte

Now I'll tell why Adam and his offspring were banisht Heaven, and doomd to die.

Alle heo beoþ I-brouh[t] to grounde
þat of his of-springe beoþ I-founde;
Of heuene-blisse heo beoþ I-flemed
And to deolful deþ I-demed,—
þe Reson is good and feir for whi,
As I-chulle ow telle for-þi
þat ȝe schule loue God þe more
And him seruen and clepe to his ore.

Of Adam.

þO God hedde al þe world I-wrouȝt,
þat þer ne faylede riȝt nouȝt,
Beest ne ffisch, ne ffoul to fleon,
And vche þing as hit ouȝte to beon,
Blosme on Bouȝ and Breer on Rys,
And alle þing betere þen hit nou is;
And þo he hedde al wel I-don,

God made Adam in the vale of Hebron,

He com to þe valeye of Ebron;
þer he made Adam and last[1] so Riche
Of eorþe, after hym-self I-liche,
And aftur his holy þrilli-hod
He schop his soule feir and good.

[1] MS. laft, H. at the last, Fr. auderrain.

How miȝte he him more loue schowen
þen his oune liknesse habben and owen?

took him to Paradise;

To paradys he ladde him þo,
And caste sleep on him al-so

and of one of his ribs made him a wife, Eve;

þat of his syde A Rib he nom,
And þer-of Eue, his feere, com,
He ȝaf Adam Eue to wyue,
To helpen; he ȝaf him wittes fyue,[1]
To delen þat vuel from þe good,
ȝif he wel him vnderstood;
He ȝaf him ȝit more worschipe:[1]

[1] Fr. saveir. 139-144 added to the Fr.

[1] 141, 143-4, 146, 150-1 added.

and put the whole world under his lordship,

Of al þe world þe lordschipe,
And alle þe schaftes of water and lond
Scholden ben vnder his hond;

ffeirlek, and freodam, and muche miht,
And þe world to delen and diht,
And paradys, to wonen In
Wiþ-outen wo and serwe and pyn,
Wiþ-outen deþ, In goode lyue,
Þer Ioye and Blisse is so ryue,
And euere to libben I-liche ȝong,
Q þat[1] of hem to weren and-sprong[2]
Þe noumbre[3] of þe soule*n* þat fro*m* heuene felle
Þorw Lucifer a-doun to helle;
And whon hit forþ com al þe stren,
So briȝt heo scholden I-Blessed[1] ben
So was þe Sonne, as I er tolde,
Brihtore þen heo now is seuen-folde,
And so heo scholden to heuene wende
To þe Blisse wiþ-outen ende
Wiþ-outen drede of deþes dome;
And al þe of-spring þat of hem come,
ffrom þat ilke day to þis,
Scholde so steyȝen to heuene-blis,
To þe heritage of wynne and wele,
A-Mong þe Murþe of Aungeles fele.

Two lawen Adam scholde I-wis
Witen and holden In Paradis:
Þat on him was þorw kynde i-let,
Þat oþer was clept lawe I-set.
Þat on him tauȝte atte leste
Þorw kynde to holden godes heste;
Þat o*þur* lawe þat[1] him was set:
"Of þe Appel þow neuer ne et
Of þe tre þat is for-bode."
So him[1] seide and[2] hiȝte Gode
Þat whon he of þe Appel ete,
Þorw deþ he scholde þe lyf forlete,
And al þe kynde þat of him com
Scholde þole þulke dom;[1]
And ȝif he heolde his heste riht,
God ȝaf him so muche miht
To welden al þis worldes winne,
Wiþ-outen wo and serwe and sinne.

[1] o þat, until, cf. 472, 1404, 1412, Marina 210, Harr. 128. 148.
[2] r. at-sprong? Sim. at-sprong
[3] H. tale
[1] Fr. glorifiez
[1] H. was that
[1] MS. he, H. hym
[2] MS. þat, H. and
[1] 179-180 added.

with Paradise to dwell in.

Adam's offspring were to supply the number of fallen angels.

Adam and his offspring were to go to Heaven without dying.

God gave Adam 2 laws:

1. the natural,

2. the positive: not to eat an apple from the Forbidden Tree,

or he should die, and his issue too.

Þe Seisyn hedde Adam þo
To wonen in blisse eu*er*e and O.
In Muche Murþe and Ioye he wes.
A-wei, to sone he hit for-les,
His worschipe and his wel-fare,
Brouȝte vs alle in muche care!

Alas, Adam ate the Apple,
Þo he of þe Appel eet,
Godes heste he to-brek;
Þe kuyndeliche and þe set ek,
Boþe his lawen he to-brek,

obeyd his wife, not God,
And ra*þur*e he dude his wyues bode
Þen he heold þe heste of gode.

Þus Adam þorw reuþful rage
Was cast out of his heritage,

and was cast out of Paradise, to swink and sweat, and die.
And out of P*ar*adys I-driue,
In swynk and swot *in* world to liue.
Þe Blisse of lyf he haþ forsaken,
And to deolful deþ I-taken.
Carfuliche he haþ I-Coren!
Now he þorw riȝt haþ I-loren
Þe Murþe þat he miȝte hauen,
Whom mai he to helpe crauen
Out of his heritage he is pult,
ffor synne and for his owne gult.

Lucifer and his Friends were glad,
[1]Lucifer gon wel lyke þo
Þo Adam was bi-swiken so—
ffor alle þe ffendes hedden onde
Þat he scholde come to þ*at* blisful londe
Þat he hedde þorw pruide for-lore;
Wel hit likede hem þer-fore.

and made sure that all folk
So muche wox heore miht þo
Þat al þe world moste after hem go;[1]
And whon mon hedde I-liued in care,
Atte last he moste dyen & forþ-fare—
Ne miȝte him helpe no good dede

must come to Hell.
Þat his soule moste[1] to helle neede;
ffor so hit was to[1] Adam bi-speke,
And god nolde no forward breke.
ffor[1] eyle and hard and muche hit wes
Þe synne þ*at* þ*us* þe world for-les,

[1] vv. 209-222 added to the Fr. (H. has same vv.)

[1] same vv., 1315-4.

[1] H. ne most

[1] MS. þo, H. to

[1] H. ffull, Fr. Trop

Þat vche þing vnder heuene-driht — Thro' sin,
So muche les of strengþe and miht! — every thing lost might.
God ne wrouhte neuer þat þing
Þat out[1] les þorw his wonyng[2]—
ffor nis no wone on him I-long—
3if synne nere so hard and strong;
ffor God 3af vche þing al his riht.
Ac sunne wonede heore alre miht—
ffor sunne and wone al is on. — Sin and Want
And wone dude Adam þo a-non — are the same.
Þo he godes heste at-seet,
And eke þo he þe Appel eet.
Þorw wone he lees his seysyne,
Þorw wone he brouhte him-self in pyne—
In þe kynges Court 3it vche day
Me vseþ þulke selue lay.

[1] r. mi(h)t? cf. 653.
[2] H. But hit peyred thowrgh his wonnyng. Cf. Fr.:
Deu ne fist chose si haute
Nabessast pa[r] sa defaute.
Ke terriene chose feust,
Chescune chose son dreit eust,
Ne feust pechie que tant grieue.
Pechie, a parole brieue,
Cest defaute apertement—
Defaute e peche en un sestent.
234. Par defaute ot tant de perte,
Kar defaute fist aperte;
Defaute apres defaute fine
Fet par droit perdre seisine.

Thro' want, Adam lost his seisin.

This Law is used daily in the King's Court.

NOw is Adam wiþ wo I-nome,
Sunnes þral he is bi-come,
Þat freore was er þen eny þing
Þat liuede vnder heuene-kyng.
He is þorw riht [his] þeuwe and þral
To whos seruise he vnderstod wiþ-al[1]
Whon[2] he him serwede in þe-dome
And di3ede[3] wiþ-outen fredome.
And þeuwe and þral may not craue
Þorw riht non heritage to haue:
As sone as he is þral bi-come,
His heritage is him bi-nome;
In Court ne in none londe
Me ne ou3te onswere him ne vndurstonde.
Þenne he mot a-noþer seche
ffor to schewe for him his speche,
Þat mowe his heritage craue;
And þat he þe[1] kynde haue;
Þat he beo I-boren fre,
And þat he ne eete of þe tre;
Þat he habbe I-wust wiþ-Inne
Þe þreo lawen wiþ-outen synne—
Þulke two of Paradys,
And þulke of þe Mount Synays

[1] Cf. Fr.:
Nest il son serf apertement
Au ki seruice il entent?
Pus kil le seit, (est) en servage
E sanz franchise a estage.
H. vnderstondeth

Adam became the Devil's thrall,

[2] H. And when he him servid thorgh thewdome,
He dede withoute fredome.
[3] r. dede?

and as thrall, lost his heritage.

[1] r. his? H. that

So some free-born man must claim it,

some one who's kept the 3 Laws,

2 of Paradise,

and 1 of Sinai.

Þat to Moyses I-ȝiuen was,
Þat neuer ȝute I-holde nas
Of non Þat euer dude sunne.
Who knows of such a man? Who mihte Þenne such Mon munne 268
Oþer Þenchen or I-knowe
Þat such wonder mihte schowe? [1] Fr. Ici reposera mun dit, Si vus dirrai un respit Ki bien toche ma matyre, Por co le voil ci descrifre.
Siggen I may in Þis stude H. Sey I may in Þis stede As I before dede,
Þerof, Þat ich er dude, ffor now is tyme that I hit telle,
But now I must tell you *The Parable of the 4 Sisters' Dispute.* ffor nou Ichul tellen of Þe stryf ffor it behovyth to our spelle.
Þat a-Mong Þe foure sustren liþ.[1]

HIt was a kyng of muche miht,
Of good wille and gret in-siht. 276
A great King (God) had a Son And Þis kyng hedde a Sone,
Of such wit and of such wone,
Of such strengÞe and of such chere
equal to himself, As was his ffader in his manere; 280
Of on wille heo weoren bo,
And of on studefastschipe also,
Of on fulnesse[1] heo weoren out-riht [1] Fr. substance
and as mighty. And boÞe heo weoren of on miht. 284
Þorw Þe Sone Þe ffader al be-gon[1] [1] Fr. ordineit
Þat bi-lay to his kynedom; [1] Fr. Quankil voleit comenceir Par son fiz le vout cheveir.
Wiþ wit was his be-gynnynge, H. Alle that was of his b. The fadur hit wolde to ende b.
Þe ffader wolde to ende bringe.[1] 288

This King had 4 Daughters: FOure douhtren hedde Þe kyng,
And to vchone sunderlyng
He ȝaf a dole of his fulnesse,
Of his miht and of his wysnesse, 292
As wolde bi-fallen to vch on;
And ȝit was al Þe folnesse on,
Þat to him-self bi-lay;
Wiþ-oute whom he ne mai 296
His kindom wiþ pees wysen,
Ne wiþ rihte hit Iustisen.
Good is to nempnen hem forÞi.
1. Mercy, Þe furste douȝter hette Merci— 300
Þe kynges eldeste douȝter heo is;
2. Truth, Þat oÞer hette SoÞ, I-wis;
3. Right, Þe Þridde soster Is cleped Riȝt;
4. Peace, Pees hette Þe feorÞe a-pliȝt. 304

Wiþ-outen þeos foure wiþ worschipe
Mai no kyng lede gret lordschipe.
Þis kyng, as þou herdest ar þis,
Hedde a þral þat dude amis,
þat for his gult strong and gret
Wiþ his lord was so I-vet,[1]
þat þorw be-siht of riht dom
To strong prison was I-don
And bi-taken to alle his fon,
þat sore him pyneden euerichon;
þat of no þing heo nedden onde[1]
Bote hi*m* to habben vnder honde;
Heo him duden in prisun of deþ,
And pyneden *him* sore wiþ-outen meþ.

and a Thrall (Adam) who did wrong,

[1] = i-fed, odiosus? Fr.: Ke ver son seignur ot fet

and who was put in prison

[1] Fr. envie (forced meaning)

and sorely punisht.

De misericordia.

Merci þat a-non I-seiȝ;
Hit eode hire he*r*te swiþe neih,
Ne mai hire no þi*n*g lengore holde,
By-foren þe kyng comen heo wolde
To schewen forþ hire Resoun
And to dilyuere þe prisoun.
"Vnderstond," quaþ heo, "ffader myn!
þow wost þat I am douȝter þyn,
And am ful of Boxumnes,
Of Milce and of Swetnes,
And al Ich habbe, ffader, of þe.
I beo-seche þat þou here me,
þat þe [sorful][1] wrecche prisoun
Mote come to sum Rau*n*sum
þat a-Midden alle his fon
In strong prison [þou] hast I-don.
Heo hi*m* made agulte, þulke vnwreste,
And bi-swikede hi*m* þorw heor feire beheste,
And seiden him ȝif he wolde þe Appel ete,
þat whon he hedde al I-ete,[1]
He scholde habbe al þe miht of gode
Of þe treo þat him was forbode;[1]
And be-gylen[1] hi*m* þero*f*, and heo[2] luytel rouȝte*n*—
ffor falshede euerȝite heo souhten.

Mercy argued for the prisoner's delivery:

[1] so H.; Fr. dolent

she wanted to ransom him.

He was beguild into eating the Apple.

[1] H. And Goddis lawes forleten

[1] vv. 337-340 added to the Fr.

[1] Sim. begilede; H. lyed
[2] om. in H.

And falshede hem I-ȝolde be,
And þe wrecche *pr*isun I-sold to me! 344

Mercy asks that the prisoner be pardond.

ffor þow art kyng of Boxumnes,
Of Milce and of Swetnes,
And I þi douhter alre eldest, 347
Ouer alle þe oþere beldest;[1] [1] Fr.: Sur tuz tes oures nomee.
Neu*er*e I þi douhter neore
Bote Milce[2] toward him were. [2] H. my swetnesse. Fr. Si de celui pitie neusse.
Milce and Merci he schal haue,
Þorw Milce I-chulle þe *pr*isun craue;[3] [3] Fr. Ta merci le doit salveir
ffor þin owne swete pite 353
I[4] schal him bringe to sauete. [4] om. I? Fr.: E ta tres doce pitie Le doit mettre a sauvete.
Þi Milce for him I crie eu*er*more,
And[5] haue of him Milce and ore!" 356

[5] And = until? or r. O þou? H. Tylle he have i-funde thyne ore. Fr. Tant ke merci troverai.

TRUTH *De veritate.*

ANon whon Soþ þis I-seiȝ
Hou Merci, hire soster, hir herte beiȝ[6] [6] Fr. se plie
And wolde þis þral of *pr*isun bringe
Þat Riht hedde him I-demet wiþ-outen endinge: 360
Al heo chaunged hire mood,
And bi-foren þe kyng heo stood.

besought the King not to

"ffader, I þe bi-seche, herkne to me!
I ne may for-bere to telle hit þe 364
Hou hit[1] me þinkeþ a wonder þing [1] om. in H.; cf. v. 645.
Of Merci, my suster,[1] wilnyng, [1] H. Of my syster Mercyes
Þat wolde wiþ hire Milsful sarmon
Diliu*er*e þe þral out of prison 368
Þat swiþe agulte, þer ich hit seih
And tolde hit to Riht þat stood me neih.[1]
ffader, ich sigge þe for-þi: [1] *al.* Fr.; Right is here introduced by the Engl. poet.

listen to Mercy,

Þou ouhtes nouȝt to heere Merci, 372
Of no boone þat heo bi-seche þe,
Bote Riht[1] and Sooþ þer-mide be. [1] om. in Fr.
And þow louest soþ and hatest lees,
ffor of þi fulnesse I-comen Ich wes; 376
And eke þow art kyng Rihtwys,[1] [7] vv. 377-8 added.
And Merci herte so reuþful is
Þat, ȝif heo mai saue wiþ hire mylde speche
Al þat heo wole fore bi-seche, 380

Neuer schal be mis-dede abouht, who would forgive every misdeed.
And þou, kyng, schalt be douted riȝt nouht.
Þou art also so trewe a kyng,[1] [1] H. And thou art all sothefaste k. Fr.: Mes tu es rois si veritables, De corage si estables, Ke rien ne quers fors verite.
And stable of þouȝt in alle þyng.
ffor-þi me þinkeþ Merci wilneþ wouȝ,
And speke þ to-ȝeynes Riȝt[1] I-nouȝ; [1] H. me
ffor Riht con hym in prison bynde The Prisoner was rightly judgd,
He ouȝte neuere Milce to fynde,[1] [1] vv. 385-8 added. 388
Milce and Merci he haþ for-loren—
He was warned þerof bi-foren; after forewarning,
Whi scholde me helpe þulke mon
Þat nedde of hi*m*-self pite non? 392
His dom he mot habbe as Soþ con sugge, and must pay for his fault.
And al his mis-dede a-bugge."

De Iusticia. JUSTICE said

RIht I-herde þis talkyng:
Anon heo stod bi-fore þe kyng, 396
"Þi douȝt*ur*," heo seiþ, "I am, I wot bi þon,
ffor þou art, kyng, Riht domes-mon;
Þe[1] beþ rihte domes mitte, [1] MS. þer. (W. takes mitte = mid þe.)
Alle þine werkes beþ ful of witte. [2] H. mevyn, Fr. dont parler oi the Thrall deserved his doom.
Þis þral of who*m* my sustren deeþ mene,[2]
Haþ deseruet as at ene;[3] [3] H. Hath dome deserved as ȝe ȝevyn. Fr. Iugement ad deserui.
ffor i*n* tyme, while þ*at* he freo wes,
He hedde wi*þ* him boþe Merci and pees, 404
And soþ and riht he hedde bo,
And wi*þ* his wille he wente hem fro
And tyed hym to wraþþe and wouȝ,
To wreccheddam and serwe I-nouȝ. 408
So þat, ȝif Riht geþ, By Right he should suffer Death.
He schal euere[1] þolyen deþ; [1] H. for ever
ffor þo þow him þe heste hiȝtest,
Þorw Soþ þou him þe deþ[1] diȝtest,[2] [1] MS. deþ him [2] H. adds 2 vv. 412
And I my-self him ȝaf þe dom,
As sone as he hedde þe gult I-don;
ffor Soþ bereþ witnesse þer-to, [3] v. 409 ff. cf. Fr.: Pur doit suffrir la mort, Kar tu anceis li promis. Ore soit en prison mis. Kar iustice le destine, Deske vienge le termine Ke tu le voilles relever E devant ta cort iuger He was condemd by Truth.
And elles nedde I no dom I-do.
ȝif he in Court bi-foren vs were,
Þe dom þou scholdest sone I-here.[3]

ffor Riht ne spareþ for to Iugge
What-so-euere Soþ wol sugge;
Þorw wisdam heo demeþ alle,
As wole to his[1] gult bi-falle."— [1] r. heor

The Thrall, thus judgd by Truth and Right,

SOþ and Riht, lo þus heo suggeþ,
And þis þral to deþe Iuggeþ;
Neuer nouþer ne spekeþ *him* good,
Ne[1] non þat[2] Merci vnderstood. [1] r. nes? [2] H. of hem. Fr.: Puiske pitie nest oie.
Ac as a Mon mis-I-rad[3] [3] H. As a diswaryed mon mysrad
On vche half he is mis-bilad.
Ne helpeþ *him* no þing wher-so he wende,
þat his fo fetteþ[1] hi*m* In vche ende

was stript,

And I-strupt him al start-naked, [1] Fr. Ke l'ennemi nel assaut
Of miȝt and strengþe al bare I-maked;
Him and al þat of him sprong

and enslaved in sin.

He dude a þeuwedam vyl and strong
And made agult[en] swiþe I-lome,
And Riht com after wiþ hire dome;
Wiþ-oute*n* *Merci* and Pees heo con Iugge,

Mercy and Peace

Euer aftur þat Soþ wol sugge.
Ne Pees mot not mid hem be,

fled from the land.

Out of londe heo mot fle,
ffor pees bi-leueþ in no londe
Wher þ*er* is werre, nuy and onde;
Ne Merci mot not a-Mong hem liue,
Ac boþe heo beþ of londe I-driue.

All the world was drownd,

Nis þer nout in world bi-leued
þat nis destrued and to-dreued,
And dreynt, for-loren and for-demed,

save 8 souls,

But Eiȝte soulen, þ*at* weren I-ȝemed
In þe Schup, and þat weoren heo:

Noah, his 3 sons and their wives.

Noe, and his sones þreo,
And heore wyues þ*at* heo hedden bi-fore—
Of al þe world nas be-leued more.
Careful herte him ouȝte come
þat þencheþ vppon þe[1] dredful dome! [1] r. þet? H. so
And al hit is þorw Riht and Soþ,
þat wiþ-outen Pees and *Merci* doþ.

De pace. PEACE

SO þat Pees a last vp breek
And þus to hire ffader speek :
"I am þi douȝter sauȝt and some,
And of þi fulnesse am I-come.
To-fore þe my playnt I make :
Mi two sustren me habbeþ forsake,
Wiþ-outen me heo doþ heore dom,
Ne *Merci* a-mong hem nouȝt ne com.
[1]ffor no þing þat I[2] miȝte do
Ne moste Merci hem come to,
Ne for none kunnes fey
Ne moste ich hem come neyȝ,
Ak þat dom is al heore owen.
ffor-þi Ich am of londe I-flowen,
And wole wiþ þe lede my lyf,
Euer o[1] þat Ilke stryf
þat a-mong my sustren Is a-wake,
þorw sauhtnesse mowe sum ende take.
Ac what is hit euer þe bet
þat Riht and Soþ ben I-set,
Bote heo wite wel pees[1] ?
Rihtes Mester hit is and wes
In vche dom pees to maken.
Schal I þenne beo forsaken
Whon eueriche good for me[1] is wrouht
And to habben me bi-þouht[1] ?
And[1] he me[2] louede neuere to fere
þat *Merci*, my suster, nul not here.
Off vs foure, ffader, I-chul telle þe
Hou me þinkeþ hit ouȝte to be.
Whon ffoure[1] beþ to-gedere I-sent
To don an euene Iuggement,
And schul þorw skil alle and some
ȝiuen and demen euene dome,
þer ne ouȝte no dom forþ gon
Er þen þe foure ben aton ;
At on heo moten at-stonden alle
And loken seþþen hou dom wol falle.

said that Truth and Justice had driven Mercy and her away.

But Peace should always be the end of truth and justice.

No Judgment should be given unless Mercy, Truth, Justice, and Peace all agreed in it.

[1] Fr.: Onkes apelee ne feu,
Pur co ne peut avoir refu
Nus home ke soit en vie :
Pur co sui diloec fuie.
(The translator used a corrupted text.)
[2] H. eny mon

[1] MS. on; cf. v. 152.

[1] MS. þeos

[1] MS. fourme

[1] orig. bitouht. H. be in thowght, Fr. retreit

[1] Sim. Ac, H. But, Fr. Mes
[2] MS. ne

[1] MS. þe ff.

Be vs ffoure þis I telle :
We beoþ not alle of on spelle ;
Boþe Ich and Merci
Peace appeals against the judgment of Truth and Right. We be-clepeþ þe dom forþi ;
Hit is al as Riȝt and Soþ wol deme,
Merci ne me nis hit not qweme.
Wiþ-outen vs þer is bale to breme :[1]
ffor-þi, ffader, þow nime ȝeme !
[1]Of vche goodschipe Pees is ende,
Ne fayleþ no weole *þer* heo wol lende,
Wisdom was naught without Peace. Ne wisdam nis not worþ an hawe
þer Pees fayleþ to felawe ;
And hose Pees loueþ, wiþ-outen gabbe,
Pees wiþ-outen ende he schal habbe.
Mi word ouȝte ben of good reles,[1]
ffor þou art kyng and prince of pes.
ffor-þi þou ouȝtest to here me,
And Merci my suster, *þat* clepeþ to þe
The Thrall ought to be ransomd. þat þe þral, þe prisoun,
Mote come to sum Raunsoun.
Vre wille, ffader, þou do sone
And here vre rihte bone !
ffor Merci eu*ere* clepeþ to þe
Til þat þe prison dilyuered be,
And I-chul fleon and neu*ere* come
Bote my sustren ben sauȝt and some."

The King's Son heard his 4 Sisters dispute, þE kynges sone al þis con heren
Hou his sustren hem to-beeren,
And seiȝ þis strif so strong awaken,
And Pees and Merci al forsaken ;
þat wiþ-outen help of his wisdome
Ne mihten heo neu*ere* to-gedere come.
and told his Father "Leoue ffader," quaþ he, "Ich am þi sone,
Of þi wit and of þi wone,
And þi wisdam [me] clepeþ me ;
And so muche þou louedest[1] me
þat al þe world for[1] me þou wrouȝtest,
And so þou me in werke bouȝtest ;[1]
ffor we beoþ on in one fulnesse,
In miht, in strengþe, and in heiȝnesse ;

[1] vv. 500-1 om. in Sim. Fr. :
Sanz nus est trop flaellez,
Pur co doit troveir pitiez.

[1] In the Fr. vv. 503-512 precede v. 485, and vv. 509-10 precede v. 503.

[1] Fr. Mon dit doit porter grant fes.

[1] H. louest

[1] r. þorȝ, Fr. par moi.

[1] H. in thy werk browghtest. Fr. Dont tes fez tuz me ovres sunt. r. brouȝtest, from brouken = use (forced form)?

I-chulle al don þat þi wille is,
ffor þou art kyng Rihtwis.
So muche, ffader, ich nyme ȝeme
Of þis strif þat is so breme,
þat for þe tale þat Merci tolde þe
fful sore þe *pr*isun reweþ me;
ffor-þi he reweþ me wel þe more
ffor Merci eu*er*e clepeþ þin ore.
þou art, ffader, so milsful kyng:
Hire we schul heren of alle þing.[1]
Al i-chul[2] hire wille done
And sauhten Soþ and hire ful sone.
Nimen I-chulle þe þralles weden,
As Soþ & Riht hit wolden and beoden,[1]
And al one I-chul holde þe doom
As Iustise ouhte to don,[1]
And maken I-chule Pees to londe come,[2]
And Pees & Riht cussen & be sauȝt & some,
And druyuen[1] out Werre, Nuy and Onde,
And sauen al þe[1] folk in londe."

[1] 541-4 cf. Fr.: Misericorde merci crie: Premerement serad oie.
[2] MS. ȝe schulen, H. Alle here wyll I chull done. Fr. Trestut son uoler ferai.
[1] Fr. En verite e en dreiture
[1] Fr.: Sustendrai le iugement E kank 'a iustice apent,
[2] E peis en terre frai crier
[1] r. dryuen
[1] H. thi, Fr. ta

that he pitied the Prisoner.

He would take the Thrall's clothes,

and make Peace and Right kiss, and save all folk.

HOse þis forbysene con,
He may openliche i-seo bi þon
þat al þis ilke tokenynge[1]
Is Godes in-siht, Almihti kynge.
Wiþ-[out][1] God þe ffader nis maked nouht,
þorw God þe Sone is al þing wrouht,[2]
And alle þing is folfuld out-riht
þorw God þe holigostes miht:
And alle þreo beþ on, þouh hit be so,
In one fulnesse and in no mo.
He ȝiue[1] his Blessynge wiþ Mouþ & honde
To alle þat þis writ vnderstonde.

[1] Fr. K'iceste signefiance Est en dieu une puissance.
[1] r. But?
[2] Fr.: De deu le pere est tute riens, Par deu le fiz sunt fet tuz biens,
[1] MS. ȝiueþ, H. ȝeue

This Parable is of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three in one.

ȜE habbeþ I-herd as ich ow tolde,
ffor whi God þe world maken wolde,
And hou Adam forles þorw synne
World and Heuene, and al Mon-kynne:
þat for miȝt ne strengþe ne for no þing
No[1] mon nedde of him-self a Couryng,[2]
Ne Angel miȝte Mon helpe on none wyse,
Ne Mon miȝte hi*m*-self fro deþe aryse.[3]

[1] om. in H.
[2] Fr. recoverance
[3] Fr.: Ne angle nel pout rechater Ne home de mort relever.

You've now heard how Adam and men lost Heaven.

Angels couldn't help them,

Þenne moste nede beo þorw vche doom
so God must become man, die, and rise to life. Þat God of heuene Mon bi-com,
Mon þe deþ þolen þorw serwen ryue,
And God vp rysen from deþ to lyue—
Elles were alle for-lore to nouht
Þat God hedde in þe world I-brouht.[1]
Herkeneþ [whuch][1] Loue and Boxumnesse,
Whuch Milce and eke Swetnesse,
Þat God from heuene alihte[n] chees[1]
ffor O [seli shep][2] þat he lees!
[Ninti nine he leuede][3] and eode
To sechen on in vncouþ þeode.

[1] H. i-wrowght. Fr. Kar autrement peri feust Tut quank'en siecle eust.
[1] MS. vchone
[1] MS. and chees; H. to alyȝt ches; cf. v. 1404.
[2] MS. Mon, H. sele shepe, Fr. s'owaille.
[3] MS. þritti ȝeer he liuede, H. Hic fadur blisse he leuede, Fr. Nonante noef i laissa; *see* Weymouth.

We've no such herd-man now. Þenne nis þer such herde-mon non,
Ne non[1] so milsful[2] lord as he is on!
Whose wolde his herte on such lord holde
Þat so muche loue him kuiþe wolde,
Þat lyk him-self wolde him make
And siþen deþ þolyen for his sake:
Er him ouȝte þe herte to springe
Þen he scholde him wraþþe for eny þinge.

[1] om. in H.
[2] MS. miȝtful, Fr. merciable

Of Christ. HErkeneþ now forþure atte frome
How vr Saueor wolde come.

Tidings of Him came to Abraham, To Abraham þe tiþinges comen;
Þe prophetes hit vnder-nomen,
Þat is Moyses and Ionas,
Abacuk and Helyas,
Daniel, David, and Isaiah, Daniel and Ieremye,
Dauid and Ysaye,
And Eliseu[1] and Samuel
Siggeþ Godes comynge wel.
Wonder hit were hem alle to telle;
Ac herkeneþ hou Ysaye con spelle:

[1] MS. Elisen

who said, "A Child is born to us, *Puer natus est nobis, filius datus est nobis*
"A child þer is I-boren to vs,
And a sone I-ȝeuen vs,
Þat schal vp holden his kynedome;
And al þus schal ben his nome:
wonderful, God, mighty, counsellor, father of the world to come, Wondurful, God, and of miht,
And redeful, and fader ariht
Of al þe world þat her-aftur schal ben,

Prince of Pees me schal him sen"— and prince of Peace."
Þeos beþ þe nomen, as ȝe mowe leeuen,
Þat þe *pro*phetes him[1] ȝeeuen. [1] H. to him 616
ȝif ȝe wolen heren, tellen I-chulle How the Child was "wonderful."
How þat child is wonderfolle.
Such wonder nas neu*er* I-herd in sawe,
Ne neuere schal bi none dawe 620
ffor no tyme[1] þat euer schal come, [1] r. þinge? Fr. Pur riens ke peust avenir
As, God of heuene Mon bi-come.
ffor hose now I-seȝe heere Ex*emplum* If you saw a child born with 3 feet and 3 hands,
A child þat riht I-limed nere, 624
Þat þreo ffeet and þreo honde*n* beere;
And a-noþer þat oþerweis weere,
Þat hedde ffoot or Hond forlore; or no foot or hand,
And heo weore boþe so I-bore: 628
Weoren heo wonderfol, þeose two?
Nay, forsoþe, neoren heo, no, you'd not wonder.
ffor þe on hedde kuynde ouer meþ,
And þat oþer to luyte, and so hit geþ, 632
Ac hit is as hit mot nede ben,
Of vn-mete kuynde a forschipte streon.[1] [1] Fr. mustre, monster
Ak þat mihte Muche wonder ben Ex*emplum* But you would be astonisht if one were half man and
ȝif me miȝte eny [mon][1] I-seon [1] H. seche a mon, Fr. un home 636
Þat Monnes kuynde hedde al ariht,
Þat hi*m* neore to luite ne to muche wiht,
So þat he were al soþfast mon
Þat no forschippyng weore hi*m* on, 640
And eke were good hors wi*þ*-alle! half horse.
Such þing may neuer bi-falle;
ffor[1] hose seȝe a such gederyng, [1] Fr. mes
He mihte hit clepe a wonder þing. 644
And ȝit is more wonder a þousend-folde Yet that Child is more wonderful who is true God and true Man,
Of þe child þat Ysayȝe of tolde
And clepede hi*m* wonderful, for þon
Þat he is soþ God and soþ Mon. 648
ffor of Monhede ne wonteþ hi*m* nouht;
And þorw him is al þing I-wrouht; [1] H. withoute synne he is Fr.: D'umanite ne li faut rien, E kil est plein deu, co veum bien: Par lui tute rien est fet, E sanz li nule rien n'est, Kar en defaute n'est pas fet Com auant vous ai retret.
And wi*þ*-outen hi*m* is synne[1] euere,
ffor wone[2] dude he neuere, [2] H. wone therof
Ne no schaft þorw him miȝte lees,

As bi-foren I-rad wes.[1] [1] cf. v. 228.
Opur God nis þen he þat heuene dihte,[1] [1] r. drihte? cf. v. 915.
who came from Heaven, and took our nature. þat from heuene dude[1] alihte [1] H. to erthe 656
And vnder vre wede vre kynde nom
And al soþfast Mon bi-com.
And whon he wolde alles bi-come Mon,
He moste be boren of a wommon, 660
þulke schaft to vnderfonge wiþ-alle
þat ouȝte to Monnes kynde bi-falle.
God would alight only in a God nolde[1] alihte in none Manere [1] H. myȝht, Fr. pout
But in feir stude and in clere. 664
In feir stude and clene siker hit wes
þer god al-mihti his In ches:
fair Castle, In a Castel wel comeliche,
Muche and ffeir[1] and loueliche; [1] r. fer *or* siker? Fr. Bien fermez 668
þat is þe Castel of alle flour, [1] The same allegory of Mary as a Castle is treated in the Festial, 2nd sermon on Assumption-day.
Of Solas and of Socour.[1]
In þe Merc[1] he stont bi-twene two, 671
Ne haþ he ferlak for no fo: [1] MS. Mere; merc = border. Fr. En la marche est assis.
ffor þe tour[2] is so wel wiþ-outen, [2] = Castel
So depe I-diched al-abouten,
þat none kunnes asaylyng
Ne may him deruen for no þing. 676
fixt on a high rock, He stont on heiȝ Roche and sound,
þat[1] is I-planed *in* to þe ground,[2] [1] MS. And [2] Fr. E bien polie de ci quaval
þat *þer* ne mai wone non vuel þing
Ne derue no gynnes castyng.[1] [1] Fr.: Ne engin ni peut geter Ki de rien le peust grever.
And þauȝ he be so loueliche, 681
He is so dredful and hateliche
To alle þulke þat ben his foũ,
þat heo flen hi*m* euerichon.[1] [1] 681-4 om. in Fr. 684
defended by forts, ffo[u]r smale toures þer[2] beþ abouten [2] MS. þat
To witen þe heiȝe tour wiþ-outen.
and three Baileys, Seþþe beoþ þre Bayles wiþ-alle,
So[1] feir I-diht wiþ strong walle, [1] om. in H. & Fr. 688
As heo beoþ here-after I-write—
Ne may no mon þe feirschipe I-wite,
Ne no tonge ne may hit telle,
Ne þouȝt þenche, ne Mouþ spelle. 692
On trusti Roche heo stondeþ faste,

And wiþ depe diches beþ bi-caste ;
And þe carnels so[1] stondeþ vp-riht[2]
Wel I-planed and feir i-diht.
Seue Berbicans þer beoþ I-wrouht,
Wiþ gret ginne al bi-þouht,
And eue*r*ichon haþ ȝat and tour :
þer neuer ne fayleþ socour ;
Neuer schal fo[1] him stonde wiþ
þat þider wol flen to sechen griþ.
þis Castel is siker and feir abouten,
And is al depeynted wiþ-outen
Wiþ þreo heowes þ*a*t wel beþ sene.
So is þe foundement al grene
þat to þe Roche faste liþ ;
Wel is þat þer murþe I-sihþ ![1]
ffor þe greneschipe lasteþ euere
And his heuh ne leoseþ neuere.
Seþþen a-bouten[1] þat oþer heuȝ
So is Inde and eke Bleu,
þat þe Middel heuȝ we clepeþ ariht,
And schyneþ so feire and so briȝt.
þe þridde heuȝ an-ouemast,
Ouer-wriȝeþ al and so is I-cast[1]
þat wiþ-Innen and wiþ-outen
þe castel lihteþ al-abouten,
And is Raddore þ*e*n eue*r*e eny Rose schal,
þat[2] þuncheþ as hit barnde al.
Wiþ-Inne, þe Castel is whit schinynge
So þe snowȝ þat is sneuwynge,
And casteþ þat liȝt so wyde
After long[1] þe tour and be-syde ;
þat[1] neuer comeþ þer wo ne wouȝ,
Ac swetnesse þer is eue*r*e I-nouȝ.
A-Midde þe heiȝe[1] Tour Is spri*n*gynge
A welle þat eue*r*e is eornynge,
Wiþ foure stremes, þat strikeþ wel
And erneþ vppon þe grauel
And fulleþ þe diches a-boute þe wal.
Muche Blisse þer is ouer-al !
Ne dar he seche non oþer leche

[1] om. in H.
[2] Fr. E aurne de gran kerneaus

with Battlements,

and 7 Barbicans.

[1] Fr. Ne ja n'averat ennui Ki là veut quere refui. (the translator read ennemi).

This Castle is painted with 3 colours;

the foundation green,

[1] Fr. De grant docour ni faut point.

[1] r. aboue? om. in H.

the middle

blue,

the upper

[1] Fr. La tierce colur par enson
Les karneaus covre environ ;
Plus est vermeille que nest rose,
E piert une ardante chose ;
Tant reflambeie environ
Ke tut covre le dongon.

rose-red.

[2] H. Hit

Within, all is snow-white.

[1] r. Andelong? H. Enlong on; Fr. De lung

[1] H. Ther

In the Castle is a well,

[1] Fr. En mi la tur plus hauteine
Est surdant une fonteigne

þat mai riht of þis water cleche!
In þulke derworþe feire tour
and an ivory Throne þer stont a Trone wiþ muche honour,
Of whit Iuori, and feirore of liht
þen þe someres-day whon hee[1] is briht; [1] orig. heo
Wiþ Cumpas I-þrowen and wiþ gin al I-do[1];
with 7 steps, Seuene steppes þer beoþ þer-to, [1] Fr.: Par engin est compassez.
þat oo[2] feire wiþ Ordre I-tiȝed[3] beoþ. [2] MS. so, H. oo [3] H. i-joyned
ffeiror þing In world no mon seoþ:
a rainbow above it, ffor heuene-bouwe Is a-bouten I-bent,
Wiþ alle þe hewes þat him beþ I-sent.
and a Chair on it. Neuere so feir[1] Chayȝere [1] H. so f. a
Nedde kyng ne Emperere.
Muche more feirschupe I-nouȝ *þer* wes
þer God Almiȝten his In ches.
þenne nis þer such Castel non,
Ne neuer nas, but þulke on,
Ne neuer-eft after be ne schal;
God made it all. ffor God of heuene hit dihte al
And wrouȝte hit him-self, and al dude
To alihten in þulke feyre stude
ffrom his kin[e]dam aboue[1]— [1] 753 & 755 added to the Fr.
He cudde þe stude muche loue!
This Castle of Love is þis is þe Castel of loue and lisse,
Of Solace, of Socour, of Ioye and blisse,
Of Hope, Of Hele, Of Sikernesse,
the sweet And ful of alle Swetnesse.

þIs is þe Mayden[es bodi][1] so freo; [1] H. maydons body, Fr. Cest le cors de la pucele
þer[2] neuer nas non bote heo [2] MS. þat
þat wiþ so fele þewes I-warned[1] wes[2] [1] Fr. garnie [2] r. nes
Maid Mary. So þat swete Mayden Marie wes.
Heo stont in þe Merc[1] bi-twene two: [1] MS. Mere
Heo schilde[1] vs alle from vre fo [1] = schilt, 3 pr. ind.; Fr. Si nus est escu e targe Contre tuz nos enemis
þat vs a-wayteþ day and niht,
Heo vs helpeþ wiþ al hire miht.
The Rock is her pure heart. þe Roche þat is so trewe and trusti,[1] [1] Fr. si bien polie
þat is þe Maydenes herte, forþi
þat neuer synne þer-wiþ-Inne com,[1] [1] Fr. Konques en mal ne mollist
Ac heo to seruen God al hire nom
And wuste hire[1] wiþ muche boxu*m*nesse, [1] om. hire

Hire Maidenhod wiþ swetnesse.
Þe ffoundeme*n*t þ*a*t faste to þe Roche liȝþ,
And þe feire greneschipe þer-wiþ,
[Is] þe Maydenes bi-leeue so riht,[1]
Þat haþ al hire bodi I-liht;
ffor hire bi-leeue þ*a*t is so trewe,
Þat euere is grene and eu*e*re newe,[1]
ffor hire[2] bi-leeue is apertement
Of alle vertues foundement.

Of þe Middel heuȝ Is to wite[1]
Þe swetnesse and þe feirschipe;
Þat is þe bi-tokenyng:
In goode hope, as so ȝong þing,[2]
[Heo] was oo[3] bisy In swetnesse
To seruen God In Boxumnesse.

Þe þridde heuȝ and þe on-ouemast,
Þat haþ ouer-al his liht I-cast
And as þauȝ hit barnde al hit is—
Nis non of so muche pris:
Þat is þe clere loue and briht
Þat heo is al wiþ I-liht,
And I-tent wiþ þe fuir of loue,
To serue god þat is hire aboue.

ÞE ffoure smale toures abouten
Þat wi[te]þ[1] þe heiȝe Tour w*i*þ-outen,
ffoure hed-þewes þ*a*t aboute hire [me] i-seoþ,
ffoure vertues cardinals þei[1] beoþ:
Þat is Strengþe and Sleihschupe,
Rihtfulnesse and Warschupe;[1]
Eue*r*ichon w*i*þ a ȝat w*i*þ ginne,
Þat may non vuel come þ*er*-Inne.

And whuche beoþ [þe] þreo bayles ȝet
Þ*a*t w*i*þ þe carnels beþ so wel I-set,
And I-cast w*i*þ cu*m*pas and walled a-bouten,[1]
Þat witeþ þe heiȝe tour wiþ-outen?
[B]ote þe Inemaste[2] Bayle, I wot,
Bi-tokneþ hire holy Maidenhod,
Þat neuer for no-þing I-worsed nas—
So ful of Godes grace heo was.

ÞE Middel Bayle, þat wite ȝe,

[1] Fr. La verdour que tant est bele
Sa foi tut tens renovele.
H. For here beleve is so true
That ever hit is grene and newe.

[2] om. in H. and Fr.

[1] Fr. E puis est la meine colour,
De si tres bele doucour.
C'est la signefiance
Ke od tendrur[2] en esperance
Servi tut tens son seignor
En humilite e en doucor

[2] The translator read tendron.
H. wes here lyvyng.

[3] MS. so

[1] MS. wiþ, cf. v. 686.

[1] MS. þer, H. thei

[1] MS. worschupe,
H. warship, Fr. temperance

[1] Fr. A beau compas environ
Si defendent le dongon

[2] Fr. Cele a la plus haut estage

The green hue is her belief.

The middle hue (blue) is the Virgin's hope.

The upper hue (red)

is her love

The 4 Forts are the

Cardinal Virtues: Strength, Skill, Rightfulness, Temperance.

The 3 Baileys with battlements

are the Virgin's Maidenhood,

her Chastity, Bi-tokneþ hire holy chastite.
And seþþen þe ou[t]emaste[1] Bayle [1] Fr. foreine
and her Wedding. Bi-tokneþ hire holy sposayle. 816
Riht me clepeþ hem Bayles, for-þi
þat heo habbeþ þis ladi in here Bayli,
þat hire-self one, Makeles,[1] [1] sanz per
Is Mayden chast and weddet wes. 820
Þorw on of þeos bayles he mot teon
þat wol on ende I-borwed beon.

The 7 Barbicans þE Seue [Berbicans][1] abouten, [1] MS. Carnels
þat wiþ gret gin beon I-wrouȝt wiþ-outen 824
And witeþ þis Castel so wel
Wiþ[1] Arwe and wiþ Qwarel: [1] = against, Fr. de
are the 7 Virtues: þat beþ þe seuen *ver*tues wiþ winne
To ouercome þe seuen dedly sinne. 828
þat is: pruide, þe biginnynge
And þe Roote of al vuel þinge,
Al maat and ouer-comen wes
1. Obedience, Þorw Boxumnes þat heo ches; 832
2. Love, And hire trewe loue ou*er*-com Envye;
3. Abstinence, And hire Abstinence Glotonye;
And Lecherye heo made fle
4. Chastity, Þo[r]uȝ hire holy chastite; 836
And was[1] distruyed Couetyse [1] MS. was was, H. all-so she
5. Generosity, Þorw hire Largesse in vche wyse;
And eu*er*[1] wraþþe heo ouer-com [1] MS. eu*eri*, H. evermore
6. Meekness, Þorw Mekenesse[1] þat heo nom; [1] Fr. & H. pacience 840
7. Gladness. And hire gostliche gladynge
Destruyed Sleuþe þorw alle þ*in*ge.

The Wells are springs of Grace. þE welle springeþ of alle[1] grace [1] H. alle of
þat fulleþ þe diches i*n* vche a place.[2] 844
Godes grace to-deleþ þis[3] [2] Fr. La fontaigne isurt de grace, Ki tut le chastel embrace; Deu sa grace i ad done E par mesure devise.
Þorw Meth wiþ-al as his wille is.
Ac he louede so þis mayden apliȝt [3] H. so deled is
þe folle of grace he hire ȝaf out-riht; 848
Þorwh whom þe grace þat ouer-fleot
Socoureþ al þe world ȝut.
ffor-þi me may hire riht clepe and calle 851
O Blessed ladi[1] ouer oþere alle. [1] H. One i-blessed; ladi om. Fr. Sur tutes autres benuree.
And what mowe þe diches be

But hire þolemode[1] pouerte, 854 The Castle's Ditches are suffering poverty.
Þat nones kunnes[1] assaylyng
Ne may derue þe tour for no þing—
Þorw whom[1] þe fend is ouer-comen,
And his miht al by-nomen.[2]

[1] Fr. volentrive
[1] r. ginnes? cf. vv. 680, 675. Fr.: Dont nul engin ne peut geter Ke le chasteu peust rien grever.
[1] r. whon?
[2] Fr. has 4 vv. more.

FOr þis is þe ladi so gent & fre
Þat God seide of to þe Neddre on þe tre, 860 Mary is the Lady spoken of by God to the Serpent in Paradise.
Þat *þer* scholde comen a wommon blyþe[1]
Þat scholde al his pouste[1] to-dryue.
I-blessed be þis Buyrde of prys,
Þat ouer al o*þ*ure I-blessed is, 864
Þat so feir was and good so sone
Þat of hir bodi[1] God made his trone
To his owne gistenynge,
And nom flesch & blod of hire, to bri*n*ge 868
His folk out of prisou*n*;
Þat was vre Garysoun.
[1]Þis ladi is feir & good & fre
Whon heo haþ so muche bou*n*te,
More þen eny schaft þat wes;
ffor-þi[1] þe Rihtwys sone[2] hire ches
And schadewede on hire in wolde,[3]
And[4] feirede hir more a þousend-folde. 876
Þoruȝ[1] þe faste ȝat he con in teo,
And[1] at þe out-ȝong he lette [hit] faste beo.
How so þat was beo we stille,
ffor of alle þing God may don his wille. 880

[1] Fr. Iceste dame est bele assez
Kant tant par ad de bontez,
Plus ke nule creature;
Meis quant li solaus de droiture,
Deuz, son seint cors enumbrat,
Mil itant embeli lad.
[1] H. blyve
[1] Fr. chief, H. hed
[1] Fr. alme, H. soule
Of her body God made His throne, and redeemd us.
[1] H. And tho
[2] H. the sonne of ryȝhtwesnes,
[3] = in virtue; *or* f. holde = flesh?
H. And on heere when he shadowe wolde
[4] H. He
[1] MS. þoruȝ
He left her immaculate, unbroken.
[1] om. in H.

A, derworþe qween so gent & fre,
Þat helpest[1] alle þat fleoþ to þe:
Mi soule is come*n* to þe for nede;
Þat at þi ȝate bat & loude doþ[1] grede, 884
Bat & gredeþ and loude gon[1] crye:
"Helpe me, Swete Mayden Marie!
Vndo, Ladi! I þe bi-seche.
Þou lete me a luitel cleche 888
Of þulke [grace] þat alle [con] frouere
Þat gostliche beoþ in herte pou*e*re.
Lo hou I am bi-set heer-oute
Wiþ my þreo fon al-a-boute: 892
þe fend, *þa*t wiþ me fihteþ eu*e*re,

[1] MS. helpeþ
[1] H. con
[1] H. con
Help me, sweet Mary!
I am beset by 3 foes,
the Devil,

the World, my Flesh.

Þe world, my flesch—heo ne stunteþ neuere,
Wiþ-outen eny Meþ on me heo foþ,[1] [1] H. voth
Swiþe gret harm heo me doþ.
Gret parlement heo habbeþ I-nome.

The Devil harms me with Pride, Wrath, Sloth.

Þe fend furst is[1] forþ I-come, [1] H. is formest
Wiþ þreo hostes he deþ me gret wo:
Wiþ pruide, & wraþþe, & sleuþe also.

The World attacks me with Covetousness and Envy. My Flesh tempts me with Gluttony and Lechery.

Þe world me haþ wiþ two hostes bi-stonde:
Þat is wiþ couetyse and Onde.
And my fflesch me fondeþ to spille [1] H. foule, Fr. fou delit
Wiþ Glotenye and wiþ vuel[1] wille. [2] H. fyȝht; Fr. Grant damage (*al.* Bataile) m'ont esmu
Gret wraþþe[2] heo habbeþ to me I-nome;
I am as campion ouer-come[3]; [3] Fr. Champiun sui ja recru.
But þou me helpe, Mayde Marie,
Ichabbe I-lore þe Maystrie . . .[4] [4] 2 vv. om., cf. H.:
Thow that art to alle febulle leche,
Thow let me of thy dyches cleche,
Fr. Tu que fiebles redrescez,
Fai me poser au fossez,
Ou li chastel est estable
E charite rest conestable.

Charity is the Constable of the Castle.

Þer þe Castel is faste & stable,
And Charite is Constable."

Of þis castel ichabbe a luitel told,
Ac more me miȝte a þousend-fold:
ffor alle þe godschupus þat in þe world is
Out of þis Castel I-comen is.

By this ladder God came down to earth, and took manhood.

Þorw þis laddre God, heuene d[r]ihte,[1] [1] H. God Allmyȝht
ffrom heuene in to eorþe alihte
And nom of hire his Monhede,
Þorw whom[1] he wrey[2] his Godhede. [1] r. whon? [2] Fr. covri
Þis is þe ȝard þat bereþ þe flour,
Þat[1] Maiden þat bar hire creatour. [1] H. The

Thus the Child was born to us, the "Wonderful."

And þus þe "child is I-boren to vs,
And such a Sone I-ȝeue to vs."
And nis he "wonderful" þerfore,
Whon he is þus for vs I-bore?
So muche wonder nis of no þinge
As two kuynden to-geder bringe,
And þat eiþer kuynde wiþ-alle
Habbe þat wole to heom bi-falle,
Þat neuer nouþer ne wonte no wiht,
Ac þat eiþer habbe al his riht.

Jesus, Son of God,

Þat Is Ihesu, Godes sone,
Þat from heuene to eorþe wolde come
To sauȝten his sustren þat were to-boren,

And dilyue*r*en þe p*r*ison þ*a*t was for-loren ;
Two kuynden he haþ, we wite*n* bi þon,
þ*a*t[1] he is soþ God and soþ Mon. . . . .[2]

BI-hold now, Mon, to Godes miht
And his deden hou heo beoþ diht[1]—
þ*a*t þou a-boute nou3t fer se,[2]
Ac[3] bi-hold hou Boxum he wolde be
þat he wolde be boren of wo*m*mon
And for vre sake bi-comen mon.
And seþþen be-hold hou he vs redeþ
And in to sauete vs ledeþ,
On ful swete mane*r*e & on non oþur,
And seiþ þus to vs : " leue broþur,
I seo þe mis-lyken[1] & al for-3emed[2]
And out of þin owne lond I-flemed,
And þou seost wel þat for no þing
þow hast of þi-self no keueryng.
Ne beo þou in wonhope non,
Ac ful siker þou beo þeron :
3if þou wole me louen[1] and vnderstonde,
I-chul þe bringe in to þin owne londe.
Ententyfliche[1] þou herken to me
And do þat ich comaunde þe.
Mi 3ok is softe I-nowh to weren,
And my burþene li3t I-nouh to beren.
To Merci bi-houe[1] I am al I-nome,
And þus I am for þe I-come.
And ich þe rede þou suwe me,
I-chulle[1] þe batayle nyme for þe.
To ple I-chulle þis princes[1] hauen,
And þi rihte I-chulle crauen.
ffor Icham of þi lynage :
I may crauen þin heritage ;
And Icham of freo nacion :
Me oute I-here my reson ;
And Ichabbe I-wust wi*þ* wynne
þe þreo lawen wi*þ*-outen synne.[1]
ffor þe Ichulle to Batayle wende.
siker[1] beo þou of ful good ende :
ffor Ichulle an ende ou*ur*come þ*a*t fiht

[1] H. for
[2] A passage of the Fr. text, vv. 845—912, is om. here and in H.

both God and Man. (How he was "counsellor.")

[1] Fr. Regardez, homme, sa puissance
E sa grandor sanz finance,
Ou circumscrip n'est mie,
E veez com il s'umilie.

[2] H. And this all-abowte thou well be-se
[3] H. And

For our sake He became man,

and says to us,

[1] H. myslyche i-gon
[2] Fr. Io te voi ci esgarez

"Thou art banisht from thy home ;

[1] r. leuen, H. leve, Fr. crerre

but have faith in Me, and I'll bring thee back.

[1] Fr. Oez moi tut sulement

[1] H. To mercies bone ; Fr. Pitie pur toi m'ad esmu.

Follow Me,

[1] H. And I-ch.

[1] i. e. Merci ; Fr. Primes por toi voil pleider

I am thy kin,

[1] vv. 969-70 added.

I'll fight for thee,

[1] MS. ffor siker

and win.

And to-dreynen[1] al þi riht. [1] = dereynen, prove
Ne darstou on erþe þenchen elles nouht 975
Love God and thy fellow-Christian!" But God and þin euencristen to loue in trewe þouȝt."
Lord, wȝuch freschipe[1]—hose nome ȝeme—
Whon he þat welde[2] al þing & al mai deme,
What an example of liberality Christ showd us! Vs schewed such frenschip & swetnes [1] MS. frenschipe. Fr. franchise
And a forbysne of Boxumnes! [2] 3 sgl. ind. 980
Ac þulke forbisne me luitel telleþ to,
But worldly folk don't follow it. And selden in þe world [is] I-seȝen, ne ȝore haþ do.[1]
ffor þe worldlich mon euere I-liche [1] H. And selden in the world this vertu is do.
Loueþ þing þat is worldliche, Fr. Mes cele ensamp est poi tenue E trop reument el mund veue.
Ac þe gost of charite & of þolemodnesse 985
Loueþ euer goodschipe & Boxumnesse.
ffor whon to þe world him ȝeueþ þe mon
When a man begins to grow rich, And þe worldes good him waxeþ on, 988
He ne þenkeþ on God ne non oþer þynge
he cares only for money-getting, Bote worldes catel to-geder bringe;
And whon þe catel haþ þe Maystrie a last,[1] [1] H. om. a last
Hit[2] is in his cofre bi-loke so fast,[3] [2] MS. þat hit 992
becomes proud, þat al he bicomeþ ouergart proud
And mis-doþ his neiȝebors boþe stille & loud;
and gives nothing away. No-þing ne wilneþ he largesse, [3] H. Hit maketh mon so rebell and hye
But lordschupe and heiȝnesse; Fr. Si ferm enz ses laz le lie (laz = lacs; the translator understood laie = coffer)
þe forbysne of Boxumnesse I-wys
Al þorw pruyde forȝeten is.
þeose ne mowen Ihesus suwen wiþ, 999
ffor heore dede al to-lyth,[1] [1] cf. Fr.: Icous ihesum ne siwent mie, Kar lur fet les contralie.
Ne his red ne leeueþ heo nouȝt.
These shall not inherit Christ's Kingdom. Whi þenne wolden heo wilnen ouȝt
Of heritage in his kyn[e]dom— 1003
þauȝ he in Batayle þe ple bi-won[1]— [1] v. 1004 om. in Fr. H. That he thorgh plee & bataylle wane
Whon heo doþ al þat he for-bat,[2]
And no-þing doþ of þat he hat,[3] [2] r. forbet [3] r. het
Ac euer secheþ pride and heiȝnesse, 1007
Ne biddeþ[1] heo nouȝt of boxumnesse? [1] Sim. kepeþ, H. loveth, Fr. voillent
ffor-þi Lucifer, as ȝe habbeþ herd telle,
ffel from heuene a-doun to helle;
And also, I drede, heo scholden[1] anende, [1] r. schullen
þulke þat suche werkes doþ, aftur him wende.[2] 1012
Ac I ne sigge hit not for þon [2] H. adds 2 vv.

Þat mai ful wel euériche goode mon
Habbe gret lordschupe & heiȝnesse,
Castels & toures & gret richesse,
And may wel don[1] & godes wille holde
And libbe God to queme, wel, ȝif he wolde,
ȝif he lyueþ *in* loue[1] & *in* Boxu*m*nesse,
In Soþschupe & in Rihtwysnes;
ffor God wilneþ no-þi*n*g on eorþe her
But al mo*n*nes herte wiþ trewe loue & cler.

Nou mihte su*m* Mon asken þus:
Hou wolde God plede for vs,
Hou he eny batayle ꝺom
And won vre riȝte & [þe][1] fend ouer-com.
Lustneþ þenne to me nou,
And I-chulle ow tellen hou.

[1]Þo Ihesu, Godes sone, in þe world was I-bore,
So stille & derne he was þe fend fore
Þat he of his come riht nouȝt nuste,
Ac[1] to beo lord and syre ȝit eu*ere*[2] he truste
As he hedde ben—ac his miht was bi-nome
Þo þat Ihesu was I-bore & *in* to þe world I-come.[1]
Wel þe fend hi*m* seiȝ In mo*n*nes weeden,
Ac he nust what he was, ne wȝuch were*n* his deden.[1]
He hi*m* seiȝ wel Mon &[1] I-come*n* of Mo*n*kunne,
Ac eu*ere* *in* þe world he liuede wiþ-oute si*n*ne:
þe fend wondrede swiþe & seide: "what artou?
Wher þou be Godes sone þat art I-comen nou?
Al þis wyde world I-chul ȝeuen þe,
So þat þou bouwe & honoure[1] me."

Respondit Iesus:

Þo seide Ihesu: "go a-wei, Sathan, go!
Þi kuynde lord ne schalt þow fonde so."

Diabolus dicit:

"What, wenestou I ne mowe vnderstonde
Þat Icham pr*i*nce & lord of þis londe,
And in þe Seisyne habbe longe I-be,
Þorw þe heiȝe kyng þat gr*a*nt hit me?
Alle þing I seo, and alle þi*n*g Ich wot,
But one þi þouȝt no-þing I not.

[1] MS. welden
[1] MS. londe
[1] MS. a
[1] MS. As
[1] Here is a change in the metre.
[2] r. eiwher? Fr. par tot
[1] v. 1034 om. in Fr.
[1] H. ne of what dede. Fr.: E riens ne sout de quel affere
[1] om. in Sim.
[1] r. adore; Fr. aorer, H. worship

But I don't say that a good man mayn't have riches and yet do God's will;

for God wants only man's love.

Now I'll tell you how God pleaded for us and overcame the Devil.

After Jesus was born,

the Devil saw Him in man's clothes,

but sinless,

and offerd Him all the world if He'd worship him.

Jesus said, "Go away, Satan!"

The Devil answerd, "I am Lord here;

I know all things.

Þou nymest ful muche an hond
To be-nymen me eny þing in þis lond.
Þauȝ I nabbe miht ouer þe,
Do you mean to take my prey from me?
Wenestou my preie to be-nyme me?
Nay, for þat foreward þorw Soþ & Riht
ffaste *in* godes court is congraffet[1] apliht [1] Fr. cyrografez
God has given all sinners to me.
Þat hose passede godes heste,[2] [2] MS. repeats Hose passede godes heste,
He scholde be myn and in sunne leste,
An ende dyen þorw hard deþ I-nouh;
And þe kyng of heuene nul do no wouh.
Will you break His promise?"
What, wenestou such foreward breke[1] [1] Fr.: Mes bien tendra le covenant
Þat was In Godes court I-speke?"
Respondit Ihesus:
Jesus said,
And þo swete Ihesu him onswerde and tolde:
"Þat foreward on ende wel[1] was I-holde; [1] MS. god wel Fr.: Li covenanz fu bien tenu
"You first broke the promise
Ac þou hit bi-gonne formast to breke,
þo þou þorw treson to Monkuynde speke
And seidest þat treo him was forbode[1] [1] vv. 1067-70 added.
Lest he hedde þe miht of Gode,
when you led man to eat the Apple,
Ac, wolde he of þe Appel ete,
þenne þou seidest he hedde I-gete,[1] [1] H. And wolde Goddys beheste lete
ffor[2] he scholde konnen al þat god con, [2] om. in H.
And he scholde neuer die for þon.
and sin.
He agulte þorw þe, & elles he wer skere.
Vnderstond my reson: ȝif hit skile were
The promise doesn't hold."
Þat[1] þou heddest alle forward of me, [1] MS. þauȝ
And þou noldest holden hem[2] as anont þe[3]?" [2] om. hem? [3] H. adds 2 vv.
Diabolus dicit:
The Devil confesses he's beaten.
"A, Ich am bi-trayȝed," quod[1] þe fend þo, [1] r. quaþ; MS. qd
"Nou Ich am þorw ple ouercomen so.[2] [2] Fr. O, dist le diables, trai sui Kant en pleidant sui vencui.
Of whom & hou comeþ hit,
Such reson & such wit,
Þat þou so baldeliche darst nymen þe
fforte dispute a-ȝeynes me?
Þorw ple Ichabbe I-loren al anon.
Ac[1] so ne may hit nouȝt gon, [1] MS. And, H. But, Fr. mes
Algate he haþ mis-don,
But unless Man is redeemd, he can't be freed.
Þorw whon[1] he is in my prison; [1] MS. whom
And bote he beo for-bouȝt of me, [2] Fr.: Ne sanz redempcion por li Ne serrai a tort deseisi.
He ne ouȝte from wo disseysed be."[2]

Respondit Iesus:

Þo swete Ihesu to him con sugge:
"And Ichulle him þenne for-bugge." — Jesus will redeem him.
[*Diab.*] "ʒif þou wolt him bugge to his feore,[1]
He schal costen þe ful deore." [1] = price 1092
[*Jes.*] "Hou deore?" quaþ Ihesu þo.
[*Diab.*] "As he is worþ; er þenne he go
Out of bonde of my prison." 1095
[*Jes.*] "Þat is skile," quaþ Ihesu, "and good reson; — Jesus will pay man's worth for him,
Ne kep I nouʒt to-ʒeynes riht
Þorw Maystrie bi-nyme þe no wiht."[1]
[1] Fr. 2 vv. more: "Fai me le donc volentiers!" "Kest co donc ke tu quiers?"
Diabolus dicit:
"No; ac er he dilyuered be,
Þou most also muche [worþ] delyuere me
As al þis world is nou [worþ] atte frome,
Wiþ alle þulke þat schulen heraftur come."[2] 1102
[2] Fr.: Rendez moi donc que tant vaille Com font ore tuz cil del mund E quanka pres tuz iurs vendrunt. — from the first to the last:
Ihesus dixit:
"Bleþeliche," quod Ihesus, "al ichul don þis.
ffor my luttel fynger more worþ is 1104
Þen such an hondred worldes ben,
Wiþ al þat folk þat me may herafter sen." — Jesus's little finger is worth 100 worlds and their folk.
Diabolus dicit:
Þe fend þo to Ihesu onswere con: 1107
"Þat is al soþ, I seo bi þon,
ffor þou maiʒt al þe world demen & dihte;
ffor[1] nou ouer þe nabbe I no mihte.[2]
[1] r. But
[2] Fr.: Kar tut le mund pus iustiser, Mes toi ne pus riens aprimer.
And woldestou þi fynger ʒeue, þauʒ þou so sugge, — For such vile stuff as man
So vnworþ & so vyl chaffare to bugge?" 1112
Respondit Iesus:
"ʒe, and al my bodi, for his raunsoun, — Jesus will give His whole body,
But I-chul him habbe out of prisoun."[1]
[1] v. 1114 added.
[*Diab.*] "Þou most ʒit more do ar þou him habbe so:
Þolen on eorþe wandreþe & wo; 1116 — and suffer woe and
And, ʒif þou wole a-menden his wouʒ,
Þou most deþ þolen þorw strong pyne I-nouʒ."[1]
[1] Fr. has 4 vv. more. — death.
[*Jes.*] And þo swete Ihesu him onswerde to[1]: [1] MS. þo
"Al þat þat þou hast seid, al schal be do,— 1120
ffor Soþ seide hit ouʒte ben so,
And Riht com after [& ʒef] þe dom þo.[2]
[2] so H. Fr.: Kar verite le devise E puis si ad iuge iustise.
And more þen þou hast i-seid I-chulle don,

To diliuere þe þral out of prison." 1124

The Devil thought he'd made a good bargain; but he'd only swallowd the worm; there was a hook inside it.

Þo was þe fend siker, & wende wel eþe
fforte haue bi-ʒeten þorw his deþe;—
Ac he was cauʒt and ouer-comen,
As fisch þat is wiþ hok I-nomen, 1128
Þat whon þe worm he swoleweþ a last
He is bi þe hok I-tiʒed fast.

Man, take heed how Christ lovd thee, to die for thee,

A, Mon, nim ʒeme & vnderstond þe
Hou fynliche *in* her*te* god loueþ þe,[1] 1132
Þat wolde deþ þolen þorw pyne wiþ-outen meþ
To saue þi soule from pyne of deþ!
Al vre gult on him he wolde take,
And lodliche was bi-lad al for vre sake. 1136
ffor he þat neuer no sunne dude
Ne neuer nas wiþ fulþe I-founden in no stude
In alle þe lymes þat haþ þe mon
Seþþen Adam formest sunne bi-gon, 1140
Wolde þat his lymes alle I-pyned were,

[1] Fr. Ore esgardez la doucor
E le conseil al sauveor:
Ke tant est leger a suffrir
Dont garisun peut venir.

and set thee free from sin!

To maken vs of sunne al quit & skere.
ffor vre vnwrestschupe[1] here

[1] Fr. iniquite

He was crownd with thorns,

þe coroune of þornes on his hed he beere[1]; 1144

[1] r. ber

blindfolded,

And for vre folye[1] also
His Eʒen weore blyntwharuet[1] bo;

[1] H. syʒht myspende, Fr. pur le nos fous regarz. r. fol eʒe

[1] H. blynwherued, Fr. bendez

And al was his face bi-foulet wiþ spot,

buffeted,

And eke grete boffetes among me him smot; 1148
And for vre speche vnwreste & vyl
Atter heo him dude to drinke I-meynt wiþ Eisil;[1]
þe otewyse werkes as þere-anonden[1]

[1] H. adds 2 vv.

pierst in hands, feet,

He lette boþe þurlen his feet and honden[2]; 1152

[2] r. honde, plur.

and side;

And for vre woke þouʒtes he þolede smerte,
Þat me his syde þurlede riʒt to þe herte.
What miht he þenne do for vs more?
No tonge may tellen of þat fore[3]
Ne no monnes herte ne mihte þenche so
As he þolede for vs pyne and wo.
And ho is þat ne miʒte habbe pite
Of such frendschupe & charite? 1160
Suche beo þe duntes of Batayle
Þat he þolede for vs wiþ-outen fayle.
Ac [þo][1] he þolede to deþe ben I-brouʒt,

[1] r. anonde, H. ffor vnlawfull werk us avonde (!) Fr. Et pur nos mavois fez foreins Se lessa percer piez e meins.

[3] H. of his soore

[1] om., Fr. Mes quant, H. And he

Vre deþ þorw his deþ he haþ for-bouȝt. 1164
ffor more þolede he an hundret-folde
Serwe & pyne, þo he dyen wolde,
Þen þe fend mihte for eny synne 1167
Leggen hond[1] vppon monkunne.
ffor þe soule loueþ þe bodi so
Þat neuere heo nule hi*m* wende fro,
ffor no pyne ne for[1] sore, 1172
Þauȝ me hit to-hewe eue*r*more,
Er þe fyf wittes ben[1] loren out-riht,
Al heore ve*r*tue and al heore miȝt;
Þat is, þe Siht and þe herynge,
Þe speche and þe Smellynge, 1176
And þe felynge, he schal leosen an[1] ende
Ar he wole from þe bodi wende;
Kuynde ne may for no þinge
Þole*n* her þe tiþelynge.[1] 1180
Ac he þat alle þing mai welde,
Doublede his peyne an hondred-felde:
ffor þo he pynede[1] on þe Crois, 1184
He ȝaf his soule wiþ loud vois.
Þer he schewede þ*at* he was God so,
Vre Raunsum he dude þo;
Þe bodi ȝit liuede wiþ-oute fayle, 1188
And so he oue*r*com þe Batayle.
Kuynde ne mihte þole such peyne non,
ffor þe fend ne miȝte hit neuer legen on.[1]

A,[2] Marie, Mayden schene, 1192
Mihtful Moder and Milde Qwene,
ffor deol mungen I ne may
Þe pyne þ*at* þou þoledest þulke day.
Ac þe pr*o*phecye of Symeon
Was folfuld þo bi þon, 1196
As wiþ sw*e*rd in þulke stounde
Þou heddest þo ful bitter wou*n*de.
Ac þi Ioye doublede an hondrut-folde
Þo he from deþ vp rysen wolde— 1200
ffor nouȝt worþ weore his passion,
Neore his Resurexion.
Þou seȝe openliche in alle þinge

[1] om. in H. Fr.: Ke diables neurent poeir A humeine nature charger.

[1] H. ne for no

[1] r. han? Fr.: Ainz ke le cors eit perdu De tuz cinc sens la vertu

[1] Sim. and

[1] r. to-delinge? Fr.: Kar nature ne peut soffrir L'alme einz del cors partir.

[1] Fr. pendi, H. honged

[1] 1189-90 om. in H. Fr.: Tant ne peut diable charger Ne nature endurer.

[2] MS. And

He sufferd death, to redeem us from death.

(The soul will not leave the body till its 5 Wits are all lost.)

Christ sufferd terribly when He gave up His soul with a loud cry on the Cross;

but His body livd on.

O Mary, then the sword of Simeon pierced thy heart.

Of his Batayle þe endynge,
þorw whom[1] þe fend was al mat [1] r. whon?
And þe world for-bouȝt & brouȝt in stat.
þe trouþe of vs & þe be-leeue also
Bi-leuede al in þe þo ;[1] [1] cf. XXXVII. v. 83.

When Christ was dead, our faith rested only in Thee,

In wonhope weore his disciples vchon,
Ac þou weore studefast, euer In on—
Ne miȝte þe no þing tornen out,
In trewe bileue euere þou weore, stille & loud.

Mary,

Marie, Mooder of pite,
Mayden ful of alle bounte,
Vre bi-leeue was þo in þe, I-wis :

as now our hope does.

And nou al vre hope is,
þat þou bi-seche þi sone for vs,
þat so on Rode for-bouȝt vs.—

You've heard how Jesus was "counsellor,"

ȝE habbeþ I-herd of swete Ihesu
Hou he þorw his muchel vertu
Vs redeþ to goode euer-more,

pleaded for us,

And hou he wolde vs plede fore,
And hou he wolde to Batayle wende,
And hou he hit ouer-com an ende.
Nas þis a good redes-mon
þat[1] vs so deore for-buggen con, [1] MS. þas

and showd us the way to Bliss;

And haþ I-rud[1] vs þe way [1] = prepare, so Hom. 2, 133.
þer vchone of vs þat wole he may
To þe blisful Ioye come
þat so longe þorw adam[1] was bi-nome?—

now I'll tell you how He is God.

Vnderstondeþ nou forþure noþeles [1] Fr. par Evain, through Eve.
Hou he is God, and euere wes :
And ȝe mouwe openliche I-seon
þat hit ne may not elles ben.

One God created the world, and redeemd us:

O God al þe world wrouȝte,
And þulke god vs alle forbouȝte.
Oþer God nis non þen he,
þe God of whom I seide er þe :

3 Persons and 1 God.

Persones þreo in þrille-hod
And o God cleped in on-hod.

You may see His godhead too by His deeds.

Men[1] may also, Clerkes þat[2] conne reden, [1] *al.* Me
I-seon his godhede þorw his deden : [2] om. þat. H. as clerkys con
ffor al þe deden þat he dude here Fr.: E ses fez peut hom saveir
E la puissance deu veeir :

[Were] wiþ Godhede & Monhede I-meynt[1] I-fere.
And nym nou ȝeme & þou miht sen
Hou þat ilke[2] mihte ben.
Hose hedde a swerd here
þat wel I-steled and kene were,
And he hit in to þe fuir dude,
þat hit were brennynge in þe stude:
Ho is þat penne mihte,
Whon hit barnde so brihte,
þe fuyr to-delen þe stel fro
Oþer þe Stel from þe fuir mo?
And hose wiþ þe swerd smite,
Two kuynden he miȝte sen and wite:
þe Stel þorw kuynde kerueþ apliht,
And þe fuir brande,[1] and þat is riht;[2]
And al of O swerd hit come.
Also is of Ihesu, Godes sone:
Two kuynden he haþ, we witen bi þon,
þat he is soþ God and soþ Mon.
ffor atte neces of þis princee (!)[1]
At þe Caane of Galylee
A Gistnynge he made, Architriclyn,
þer he torned water to wyn.
Sixe vessels þer weoren I-don:
Of water he bad hem fulle son;
As mon[2] he bad don water þer-In,
And as God he turned hit to wyn;
And þis ilke dede was al on[3]
Of soþfast God and soþfast mon.
And elles-wher þer he eode,
Muche folk[1] him suwede of feole þeode,
þat fyf þousend men he haþ I-set
And wiþ fyue louus & twey fissches hem fed,
And of þe Relef þat hem leuede bi-fore
Twelf cupe-ful weoren vp I-bore:
As Mon he hem þe bred to-breek,
And as God he haþ hem I-fulled ek.
Of Laȝar also þou miht i-seon eþe,
Hou[1] he him arerede from þe deþe,
þat foure dawes he leiȝ a-long

[1] H. he dede.
Fr.: Kar tuz ses fez furent mellez
De hommesce e de deitez
[2] H. this thyng

[1] H. barneth, Sim. brenneþ
[2] Fr.: L'ascer trenchant per droiture
E le feu ardant par nature

[1] Sim. ffor atte neoces of þis priuete
H. He shewed gret myraculle and privete
W. reads: ffor atte neces (r. noces) [he schewede] þis priuete.
I think, þis p.—made is a later insertion.

cf. Fr.:
As noces seint archit[r]eclin
Kant leawe changat en vin,
Sis ydres i sunt pose
E implir les deawe ad comande;
Com homme emplir les roua,
Com dieu leawe en vin changa.

[2] MS. Anon, H. As by his monhede
[3] Fr.: Et tut icest un oeur feu
E domme e de verrai deu.

[1] Fr. Kant

Put a sword in the fire till it burns.

Who can part the steel from the fire?

Both are one.

So Jesus is

both God and Man.

At a wedding in Cana of Galilee,

as Man and God,

He turnd water into wine.

He also fed 5000 men with 5 loaves and 2 fishes,

and raisd Lazarus from the grave after 4 days,

when he stank.

In þe Buriles,[1] þat he stonk ; [1] Sim. buriels 1284
Wiþ loud voys he clepede þus :
" Laȝar, a-Rys and cum out to vs : "
Riht as mon he clepede to him,
And as God he arerede him. 1288
In alle his deden me may wel I-sen

Christ is God,

þat he is God and euer schal ben.
þulke God alle þing dihte,

He who alighted in Mary.

þat in þe swete Mayden alihte. 1292
Al vre be-leeue in him is,
Vre treuþe, and vre hope, I-wis,
Persones þreo in þrillihod,
And O God þauȝ, in on-hod. 1296

How Christ was "mighty."

Nou ȝe habbeþ I-herd witterly
Hou he is god almihti.

No man can tell His strength.

Ac his strengþe ne may non telle,
Herte þenke, ne Mouþ spelle. 1300
ffor þe heiȝe nome Ihesu
Haþ in him so muche vertu,

To His name all things bow.

þat al þat is in heuene hiȝe, [1] H. in erthe, Fr. E en terre
A-bouen[1] & bi-neoþen, feor and neiȝe, 1304
Bouweþ to þilke nome vchon.
ffor-þi þer ne may hit telle non,
His miht & his strengþe hou hit geþ, 1307
But as a Mon þe Rynde fleþ.[1] [1] Fr.: Mes come en rongant lescorce
Sumwhat touchen Ichulle fonde[2] [2] Tochier la voil apertement Solunc le mieux ke jentenc.
Of þat Ich may vnderstonde.

When Adam lost Paradise,

þo Adam hedde I-loren þorw synne
Heuene & corþe & paradyses winne, 1312
þe ffend hedde such miht þo

all the world had to follow the Devil,

þat al þe world moste after him go ;
ffor whom[1] þe world was furst wrouȝt 1315
He haþ him vnder I-brouȝt. [1] MS. whon. Fr.: Celui pur ki le mund fu fet En son poeir out attreit
Such strengþe he him þo ches
þat prince of al þe world he wes.[1]
þer nas non for his goodschupe, [1] Fr. Tant de poeir dones avoit Ke prince du mund se clamoit.
ffor penaunce ne for holyschupe, 1320
þauȝ he pynede him-self in flesch and felle,

and go to Hell.

þat þe fend ne ladde him to helle.
Ac[1] þe strengþe of Ihesu, Godes sone, [1] MS. And, H. But, Fr. Mes.

Hym haþ al mated and ouer-come.
Ouercome*n* and I-mat he was ful sone,
þo he wende of him to done
As he hedde don of oþer alle
þat he lette in to helle falle—
[1]Alle he ladde herbifore after his wille
And in to helle con[2] hem spille.[3]
To þe croys he con come
And wolde habben his soule I-nome.
Ac he faylede, þe Traytour!
He was a-bated of his tour![1]
ffor Godes Godhede hi*m* haþ dou*n* cast
In to helle, and I-bounden fast.
ffor[1] þorw his Godhede his soule eode
þidere, for hise þat hedden neode,
þat 3ore hedden him a-bide
And sore longeden to gon him mide.
Helle-3ates he al to-breek,
And to-daschte al þe fendes ek,[1]
A gret bite he bot, of helle nom[1]
And drouh alle hise out, vchon,
þat leeueden his come[1] & hi*m* knewe
And serueden hi*m* wiþ herte trewe.
Such strengþe nas neuer I-herd ar þis,
Ne neu*er* schal, but of him, I-wis!
ffor þe meste strengþe he al bi-reuede,
þat þe fend in þe world heuede.[1]
He was en-Armed ful stronge,
þat his 3at wuste ful longe:
Ac þo þe strengore hi*m*[1] ouer com,
Gret preye he him bi-nom.[2]
ffor-þi him seiþ wel Ysaye,
þat seiþ in his *pro*phecye
þat he scholde "Myhtfol[1]" I-cleped ben.
His strengþe may no mon I-seon,
Ne no tonge ne mihte reden
Ne þou3t þenken his mihtful deden.
ffor his miht me ou3te him drede,
And for his swetnes hi*m* loue ful nede.
þis is vre [s]child[1] and vre help,

1324 1328 1332 1336 1340 1344 1348 1352 1356 1360

But the strength of Jesus overcame him.

When the Devil would have seizd Christ's soul,

God cast him into Hell.

Christ broke Hell's gates,

and brought out His folk.

Such strength never was before!

Isaiah foretold

His strength.

We ought to fear and love Him.

[1] 1329-30 added to the Fr.
[2] MS. com
[3] H. In helle that he myȝht hem spylle.
[1] H. anowre. Fr.: Il est de son torn abatuz
[1] Fr.: Ou il meimes est ale Od salme sa deite. 1339-40 added to the Fr.
[1] Fr. Le poer du diable a toleit,
[1] Fr. A enfern fist un grant mors, Ke tuz les soens entreit hors.
[1] MS. nome; H. comyng; Fr. venue
[1] Fr. Ke tut le greingnor poeir Ke feust el mund fist mater.
[1] om. him? Fr. Meis quant li plus fort sorveneit, Ses espoilles lui ad toleit.
[2] Fr. 2 vv. more.
[1] MS. Myldefol
[1] MS. child, H. shild

Vre strengþe and vre ȝelp, 1364
Vre be-leue and vre socour,
Vre treuþe and vre honour;
Þat so Boxum bi-com for vs, 1367
He ȝaf him-self to sauen vs.[1]
And al o God dude þis,
ffader and sone and holigost, I-wis.
Sumdel ȝe habbeþ i-herd nou riht
of his strengþe & of his miht. 1372
Isaiah also cald Christ "Father of the world to come." ac herkneþ ȝit forþure of Ysaye,
Þat cleped him in his prophecie
'ffader of þe world þat scholde come[1].'—
ffor while he walkede her atte frome, 1376
He folfulde in alle þinge
Alle holye prophetes biddynge.[1]—
In this way: Hou he Is ffader, ȝe schullen I-heren,
And hou we alle of him I-streoned weren. 1380
We each sind thro' Adam, þorw Adam we[1] sungeden furst vchon
And eeten þe Appel wiþ him anon,
And[1] alle we[2] of him I-streoned weoren,
þe cors þat he beer alle we[3] beeren;
and his curse fell on us. þorw kuynde we hedden þe curs alle—
þorw Riht ne miȝt hit elles bi-falle. 1386
Adam begat us, [1]Adam vr fader, þe forme mon,
ffleschliche streoned vs euerichon:
and this descent brought us sorrow Ac þulke flescliche streonynge
Beere vs Bale and Serwynge,
Neore þe grace of swete Ihesu,
þat vs strenede [þorw] gostliche vertu. 1392
and death. þorw Adam we weore to deþe I-demet:
Jesus raisd us, and is our Father. þorw Ihesu vp rered and al I-quemed;
He is vre ffader ariht,
And[1] so goodliche vs haþ I-diht 1396
þat wiþ his blod he vs washed[1] of sinne
And brouȝt vs out of wo to winne—
Never did Father love Child as He lovd us! Neuer ffader for no childe
Of fyn loue nas so freo ne mylde! 1400
He went to Hell, þat[1] from þe Roode for vre neode
Riht in to helle he eode,
ffourti tymen þer he wes

[1] Fr. Ki tant se vout humilier
E soi doner pur nus sauver.

[1] Fr. Pere au poeple ki vendroit,
Au siecle ke feut a venir.

[1] MS. bigynnynge, H. byddyng

[1] Fr. trestuz pecherent

[1] Fr. Kanque de lui engendre furent
La maleicon kil out eurent.
[2] H. that [3] om. in H.

[1] Fr. Kar Adam nostre pere estoit
E charnement nus engendroit.

[1] H. That

[1] MS. waked. Fr. lava

[1] r. þan? H. ffor
Fr.: Kant il nus out tuz rechatez,
Par sa mort de mort delivrez,
En enfern puis s'en ala.

O[1] þat he vp risen ches— [1] MS. þo
þat was on þe þridde day, rose on the third day,
Erliche vppon a sonenday,
þo þe niȝt fro[1] þe day to-brek— [1] r. for?
So seide seynt Austin þo he spek;
Wiþ him he drouȝ out alle hise and led out His servants.
þat diȝeden in his seruise,
ffrom þe tyme þat he Adam wrouȝte
[O][1] þat he vp ros and vs for-bouȝte. [1] om.
To his disciples he hi*m* schewede I-lome He showd Himself to His disciples,
And Eet & dronk, eode and come.
ffourti dawes he was heere fulliche,
And prechede hem godes kineriche.
Vppon[1] holy þoresday, þer on his nome [1] r. O þon = Till the Fr.: Deskes a l'ascencion Ou il estoient &c. and on Holy Thursday
Heo weren I-gedered alle I-some
Vppon a stude, þer he among hem com came among them.
And of mis-bileue hem vndernom.
In whonhope and doute heo weoren vchon,
ȝit[1] heo seȝen hi*m* alyue,[2] a lyues mon, [1] r. þet hed seȝen
þo[3] ȝit ne mihten heo for no wit [2] r. aryse? cf. Fr.: Kar tuz furent en dotance, Ki resuscite veu l'eurent E ne purkant nel creurent.
Riht to soþe I-leeuen hit.
Ac heore doute was vre bi-heue [3] r. þe ȝit
And fastnede ful wel vre bi-leeue,
ffor muche vs dude sikernesse Thomas's unbelief gave us assurance,
Of Thomas misbileuenesse,
þat nolde for no mon þat was
Bi-leeuen þat he ded and[1] arisen was [1] om. ded and
Ar he hedde hondlet þe wou*n*de so wyde
þat longeus made in his syde,[1] [1] Fr.: Desk'en ses plaies sa mein mist Ke Longis de lance fist.
And seon þe wou*n*des grene and weet[1] [1] 1433-6 added to the Fr.
Wȝuche þat weoren on honden & feet.

þO schewed Ihe*sus* hi*m* his wondes wyde for Jesus showd him His wounds in hands, feet, and side,
In hondes & feet, & þulke on his syde.
"þou art, I-chot," quaþ Thomas þo,
"Mi God and my lord also."
"ȝe, Thomas," quaþ Ihesu crist,
"þou hit leuest for þou hit sixt:
Alle heo moten I-blessed ben and blest all those who would believe without seeing Him.
þat hit leeuen þauȝ heo hit not sen."
Openliche he made þulke day

ffaste and siker vre lay.[1] [1] Fr. A ceu iur vout apertement La foi ferner de tute gent. 1444
Wiþ his disciples he set þo
As he was er I-wont to do,
He sent His disciples to preach to all creatures, And sette tweyne & tweyne to gon
ʒond al þe world, to prechen vchon 1448
To alle schaft and to alle wihte— [1] 1449-50 om. in H.
þat is to mon þorw rihte[1]— Fr. A universe creature, (cf. Marc. 16) Cest a homme par droiture
and to baptize them. þat heo bi-leeue*n in* godes sone—þ*at* is, in him[2]— [2] r. he
And þat vche mon folwede him,[3] [3] r. fulwed be 1452
In þe ffader [nome] and in þe sone also Fr. Kil en le fiz deu creussent
And in þe holy gost þat glit of hem bo; E baptizez tuz feussent.
ffor hose neore I-bore*n* eft at þe frome,
In to heuene ne miʒte he neuer come; 1456
Ac þulke þat beþ I-fulwed in Riht bi-leeue
Schulen beo brouʒt in Godes[1] bi-heue. [1] r. gode Fr. Serrunt mis en sauvetez.
In baptism we are newborn. Wel openliche he schewep vs þ*er*fore
þat vche mon mot eft ben I-bore. 1460
And ʒif we schulen eft I-boren ben, [1] MS. sunne; cf. Fr.: Mes puske rene serrum,
We mote comen of sume[1] streon: Engendrure averum,
þat is þe water of vertu, Cest del ewe e del esprit,
Ou nus engendra ihesu crist.
þer vs gostliche streneþ swete Ih*es*u; 1464
Thus He is our Father, And whon he vs haþ so strened, I-wis,
fforsoþe vre ffader he is,
and we His children. And þenne we alle his children beþ.
Sikerliche, vnwrestliche he deeþ 1468
þat such ffader ne loueþ wiþ al his þouʒt!
He ne eet of þe Appel riht nouʒt:
We may claim boldly our rights in Heaven. Baldeliche we mouwe þorw hi*m* craue
Vre Rihtes in heuene to haue; 1472
ffor he haþ alle þe lawen I-wyst,[1]— [1] or. wust
Of O poynt ne haþ he mist,—
þat neue*re* neore I-wust ne I-holde
Er[1] he him-self comen wolde. [1] H. hent 1476
þe fforme Mon þat of eorþe com,
Brouʒt vs werre, and pees bi-nom:
He came from Heaven, and gave us peace. þat o*ur* Mon from heuene com wiþ meyn
And haþ I-ʒolden vre pees aʒeyn. 1480
ffleschliche was þe forme mon,
þat muche wo vs brouʒte vppon,
þat was out of paradys I-pult,

And al his ofspring for his gult:
Ac vre gostlych ffader, swete Ihesu,
Vs brynge þ a3eyn þorw his vertu;
He þat from heuene com,
ffrom louh anhei3 he vs vp nom. [1] Fr. Ki de terre est a terre ala, Ki vint du ciel, a ciel munta.
Þat from eorþe com, to eorþe he ge þ; [1]
Þat from heuene com to heuene he ste þ.
On holy þoresday, *þer* al þe folk I-sei3 — On Holy Thursday
W3uche þat stoden a-bouten *him* neih,
Þe wey he made, vs to lede, — He made us a way-thro' the skies,
Þorw þe skewes, þer he eode, [1] cf. Fr.: La voie a ses seinz a fet Par les nuwes ou il vet— Vie, verite, et voie.
Wiþ soþnesse, and wey of liþ [1];
Þe feire cu*m*panye [1] him ladde wiþ [1] H. pray, Fr. proie — and led His company to bliss everlasting,
Þat he out of helle nom,
Þat to muche blisse com.
To þulke blisse he made hem wende
Þat euer lasteþ wiþ-outen ende;
Þer he woneþ as he dude er,
Wiþ his ffader, O God þer, — with His Father, three in one.
Persones þreo in þrillihod,
And O God þau3 in on-hod;
Þat alle þing wrou3te, as þou, mon, wost,
ffader & sone & holygost;
Þau3 [1] vche nome of þise þre [1] H. And thawgh
Sinderliche [be seid] [2] as he ou3te to be,
O God hit is wiþ-outen care, [2] H. Byn syndry seyd Fr. E s'il i a distinctiun De trois persones par nun, Ne purkant un sul deu dure
Of alle schaftes schuppare;
To whom Ioye & honour bi-come
Wiþ-outen ende, þe holy gome.— [1] In Halliwell's ed. here follows a last part (see p. 403-6 below): on the 15 tokens, the day of doom, and the dowers in heven, in 308 vv.; and vv. 1513-24 are wanting.
Now biseche we God for his *Merci* — May God grant
Such lyf her leden and so trusti,
Þat we his heste holden so long,
Þulke pes vs wonye among — us to dwell in His peace here,
Þat he sende fro*m* heuene to monkinne,
And Þ*at* he wone w*iþ* vs w*iþ*-Inne,
And aftur þis lyf to Ioye wende. — and go to His Joy when we die!
Þis writ in god nimeþ nou ende,
Þer is ende and byginnynge,
So holy writ seyþ, of alle þinge:

God leeue vs here so ende
þat we ben worþi to heuene wende. Amen.[1] 1524

[1] Then follows Ypotys, fol. CCXCVI, ed. before in *Altengl. Leg.*, N. F., p. 341-8, and from another MS., Cott. Calig. A II, with readings from Arund. 140, Ashm. 61, Cott. Tit. A XXVI, ib. p. 511—526; 2 other MSS., Ashm. 750 and Douce 323, were ed. in a dissertation, Berlin, 1887.

Various Readings to XXXVIII from Halliwell's MS.[1]

(*Ed.* 1849 *for private circulation.*)

Title in verse om. 1 He that. 2 wille helpene 3 ffor ther was . i-wrowght 5 ther was . evyl 6 But evyl . wes . þe om. 7 ffadur 8 ever inst. of on eorþe . syst 9 oone . art in trinite 10 in unite 11 Withoute 12 ought ovre 13 Worshyp 14 crownyd kyng ys 15 throwgh . beth 16 Alle goodnesses . seth (i- om.). 17 graunt us to thencke & worken 18 fro. 19 Alle we to have helpe we nede 20 Thawgh we be not . alle om. thede 21 i-bore 22 oon 23 not inst. of we. 24 Ebru . that ofte beth wryte 25 ffrensh . spechyne 26 in this w. sechyne 27 dryht 28 As om. awght . is 29 Loovyng to synge . full ȝorne 30 syche . als . lorne 31 No mones ay ne be adrede 32 Ne his ledone shall not be hed 33 To herien God . hath wrowght 34 al om. thys w. 35 I wyl . shewe 36 hem . can . i-knowe 38 In . I-chul 39 ffor-why . was furst wrowght 40 And therafter 41 fadur hade to byn hys 42 The ioy and myrthe of p. 43 It to w. and it to welde . syche 44 shulde ther to hevyn 45 But . hit alle 46 And s. shall here how he f. w. 47 hye kyngessone sone 49 But ther werene fowre systren i-boren 50 And om. prisoner . wes 51 heryn 52 they cussyde . sawght 53 he sone lyght 55 This castel M. 56 Therin 57 telle forthe we shul 58 to us sayd wysly 59 *per* om. i- om. 60 i-ȝevyn 61 name . I-nempned om. byn 62 men . I- om. 63 myȝhti . rihtwys 64 And of . to om. 65 Lord þe om. 66 Off all the nomes how 67 Whe shulle ȝow telle that ȝe shul wyten 68 domesday . I- om. 69 shulle 70 somdele . pyne 71 it be wrytene in Englysshe . dark 72 And have no savor aforen a clark 73 lewde . lytell 75 And who so . wytur . wyce 76 ȝorne 77 michel of lintel 79 fynden 80 fay 81 byfalle . Goddys 83 ȝef ȝe . er 84 made (I- om.) 85 Tho inst. of ffor-þi. I om. 88 hathe alle 90 seventh 91 Lusteneth to my talking (lordynges om.) 92 at the begynnyng 93 Hede i-wrowght h. w. so mychel gynne 94 þe om. angels so feyre and bryght and feyre (!) w. 95 *per* om. aftur 96 in here 97 waxed 98 That . anonryȝht cast 99 ffelle 100 ȝet wes . þo om. sevyn sythe 101 Bryȝhtur . forsoþe om. she 103 And alle-so the mone shon 104 As the sonne dothe in 105 nowght 106 profyt 107 And alle . that shupte weren 110 whiche sorewe . dyel 111 they byth browght 112 osprynge 113 thay byth 114 dulfulle 116 And . telle ȝow 118 serve 119 Godhede al 120 fayled 121 flyne 122 shulde byne 123 Blossome . ryce 124 And om. bettur . yce 125 though . he om. alle welle done 126 valley . Ebrone 127 shope A. at the last 129 the holy Trynite 130 soul so f. and fre 131 showe 132 to have . owe 133 hymc

[1] Halliwell does not name the MS. he used; he only says: the text of his ed. was chiefly (!) taken from a MS. in private hands. His MS. is much younger; it omits final -e in miȝte, hiȝte, tauȝte, brouȝte, moste, wolde, wente, but adds it in come, breke, &c. Most readings are deteriorations or arbitrarily made to help the sense; some few contain the original reading or help to find it, where the Vernon-text is spoiled; none can with certainty be ascribed to a later or new revision with the French text.

ladde 134 cast slepe . al om. 135 nome 136 come 137 ȝef . to byne is wyfe 138 h. hyme . ȝef hyme is wytte fyfe 139 dele the evyll fro . goode 140 hem wel 141 ȝef . ȝet . worship 142 lordship 143 That . londe 144 Shulde byne . his owne honde 145 And feyrelak . myche 146 And alle 147 wonyne inne 148 and ¹ om. sorowe 149 god 150 byth 151 lyven . ȝonge 152 And all tho that of hem two spronge 153 tale . sowles . fro hevyn 155-6 Tho Adam and hys osprynge shulle hevyne aȝeyne fulfylle, So blessed and bryȝht be thowrgh Goddys wylle 157 Ryȝht as the s. . told 158 Bryȝhtur . is nowe by s. 159 they . hevyn wynde 160 To ioy and bl. . eynde 161 dethis 162 alle 163 ffro . ilke om. 164 styen 166 Among gret myrthe . angels 167 To lawes 169 Thet . wes . thowgh 170 Thet . wes i-cleped 171 Thet . at l. 172 holde Goddys 173 Thet . was that to hym 174 appull he shuld never ete 175 Of that 176 So hym s. and hyȝht 177 Thet whensoever the appull he ȝete 178 that lyfe he shulde 179 alle the kynne . come 180 have the same dome 181 heoled . hest aryȝht 182 hym ȝef . mychel 183 welde . worldis 184 Withoute . sorewe 185 Seysone to Adam delyuerd wes tho 186 wonnen 187 myche 188 Away full s. hit all 190 And browght . myche 191 appul ȝete 192 Goddys hest he dede forlete 193-4 And sethyn his lawes he breke, The lawe of kynde and the lawe set eke 195 he om. dede aftur is wyfys 196 heoled . hest 197 Thus is . rufull 198 Was om. I-cast 199 i-dryven 200 in the w. to lyvyne 201 forsakyn 202 dylfull . himself i-takyne 203 hath hym boryne 204 Mirth wyth ryȝht he hath forloryn 205 That m. . þat om. welle have 206 shall he now . crave 207 Out om. i-pult 209 con 210 That A. had trespast so 211 hadyn hocowre 212 That mon shuld wonyn in the blessed honowre 213 Hit he hade . prude 215 mychel . here 216 alle . aftur 217 when . hade i-l. here longe in c. 218 At the l. dye 219 helpe here 220 ne most 221 to . bespekyn 222 wold not foreward brekyn 223 ffulle evull . mychel he 224 þus om. this w. 226 mychell 227 ne om. 228 But hit peyred thowrgh his wonnyng 229 But for the wonnyng of him hit was not long 230 Nere that synne was so. 231 ȝef . alle 232 And synne w. h. by all his myȝht 233 synne . is alle oon 234 And Adam dede wone 235 Goddys hest breke 236 the appul he ȝete 237 lost is 238 to pyne 239 þe om. kynkes . ȝet 240 usyth thilke 242 synnes 243 feyror wes . er om. thynk 245 Now is he . is servaunt and 246 understondeth 247 And when . servid thorgh thewdome 248 He dede withoute 249 And servise ne thrall they mow 250 eritage 251 is om. 252 So sone his er. is 253 Ne in curt. noo 254 Me owed not to answer ne him u. 255 mote 256 That myȝht swewe (!) 257 myȝht 258 that kynde 259 be boren 260 ne om. ȝete none of 261 And that have I-wyst with wynne 262 lawes withoutyn 263 Theke too 264 And the tother. M. of S. 265 Moysen ȝeven 266 ȝet i-holdyn nes 267 Of mon . evir dede synne 268 of syche mon mynne 269 thenk other k. 270 Who seche a wondur myȝht do or 271 Sey . stede 272 As I before dede 273 ffor now is tyme that I hit telle 274 ffor it behovyth to our spelle. 275 Ther wes . myche 277 hede 278 Of alle seche wyt of alle syche wone 279 And of all seche chere 280 his fadur dere (in his manere om.) 281 oone . they were 282 oone studfastnes 283 volnes . they were ful ryȝht 284 thei werene 285 fadur . alle begoon 286 belye . kyndome 287 Alle that was of hys b. 288 hit wolde 289 And foure dowghtryne hede this k. 290 And to uche he wes lovyng 291 ȝef one . fulnes 292 wit . wysnes 293 befalle 294 ȝet wes alle this volnesse 297 kyndam 298 hit om. iustisyn 299 nomen 300 dowghtur is M. 301 douȝter om. 302 Sothe 303 systur we clepon 304 And Pes . fourth 305 Withoute these . worship 306 Ther may . lordship 307 er 308 Hede . dede 309 bothe str. 310 wes 311 insyȝht . ryȝhdome 312 he wes 313 delyverd 314 That in sorewe h. pyned ichoon 315 And of . thei hadyn dowte 316 But hadde him in here rowte 317 And thei deden him 318 pyned . sore om. withoute. Title om. 319 she syȝh 320 The prison hede here hert swyth nyȝh 321 She myȝght here no lenger hold 322 Tofore . come sheo wold 323 shewe . here 324 ffor to 325 quod sheo . fadur myne 326

dowghtur thyne 328 grace . goodnesse 329 alle I haue . thorgh the 331 sorfull wrecche p. 333 among 334 pyne thu hast him doon 335 Thei maden him a. in theke gret synne 336 Thorgh here feyre behest withoute blynne 337 him om. and inst. of ȝif . appulle eten 338 And Goddis lawes forleten 339 have alle . God 340 Therfore they seyde that tre wes him forbode 341 And lyed to him therof. heo om. rowghton 342 falsnes . they 343 Therfore let falsnes ȝelden be 344 wrecche om. prisoner thou ȝeve to me. 346 grace 347 And of alle thi dowghtryne I am the aldest 348 One hem alle I am baldest 349 They dowghtur I ne were 350 But my swetnesse 351 Grace 352 swetnes 353 And thorgh thy nowne pyte 354 I-chulle . to om. sanite 355 grace 356 Tylle he haue i-funde thyne ore. Title om. 357 So sone Sothe this werk syȝth 358 here sistur heore h. ȝyȝth 360 hade . him om. demyd (I- om.) . eynde 361 here mode 362 before . anon up stode 363 ffadur, I beseche the to here me. 364 ne om. may not. hit om. 365 hit om. a om. 366 Of my systere Mercyes w. 367 here wylsfull sermon 368 out om. 369 suche inst. of swiþe . that I hit syȝh 370 nyȝh 371 I sey . þe om. 372 owest not 373 she 374 Sothe and Ryȝht therwith 375 And om. 376 volnesse I-comyn I. 378 Mercies . rufull 379 ȝef sheo . saue om. here 380 Savyn alle . she . for besechyn 381 Then never mysdede shulde byn ab. 382 fadur shuldest be dreded 383 And thou art alle sothefaste k. 384 stabull . all 385 Therfore . wowgh 386 aȝeyns me i-nowgh 387 him con 388 That he never grace i-fynde 389 Grace he hath alle forlore 390 wes i-warned . before 391 shulde we . thike 392 That pyte of hymself hade non. 393 Hes dome he m. stonde to . sygge. 394 alle . abygge. Title om. 395 i-hereth 396 And up her stode 397 I am heo seyth 398 kyng and ryȝht 399 Ryȝht domes byth with the 400 And alle thy werkys byth 401 deeþ om. mevyn 402 Hath dome deserved as ȝe ȝevyn 403 þat om. fre was 405 hede hem boo 406 went 407 betoke . wrath . wo 408 And to synne and wrecchedome his fo 409 for ever thole dethe 411 to him thy hest hestyst 412 Thorgh sothe then deth to him thou hettyst . After 412 H has 2 vv. more : And he dede thi hestes breke, And oon him thou wolldest by ryȝht be wreke. 413 ȝef 414 gylt 415 And Sothe beryth 416 And els nedlyche no d. 417 ȝef 418 Then dome . i- om. 419 not to 420 wolle sygge 422 Aftur here gult as hit heore doth befalle 423 this . syggeth 424 And allso . they iuggeth 425 Nere nowther . ne om. 426 Ne non of hem mercy u. 427 As a diswaryed mon mysrad 428 he his myslad 429 helpyth . whersere he wynde 430 And his foon fyȝhtyth with him in u. eynde 431 And han stripte . alle 432 him alle bare maked 433 And him . alle 434 They thenketh he shalle be in prison strong 435 His foon maden him agultyn wondur sone 436 comyth aftur . here 437 hym heo iuggeth 438 E. aftur Sothe that wolle sygge 439 And Pes with hem may not byn 440 he . flyn 441 ne bydyth 442 Ther as werre is nyȝh-honde 443 myȝht 444 And so of londe they byn i-d. 445 Ther where not in the w. i-levyd 446 Nothyng but it wes dystryed. 447 drownt 448 Save . soules . where 449 In Noeis flood in the shippe wer heo 450 sonys 451 haden 452 alle . is ther leved no more 453 owght to 454 on so drury dome 456 withoute. Title om. 457 So longe that . atte last 458 here fadur she 459 dowghtur and of the i-nome 460 volnesse . I am i-come 462 too systren . han 463 they 464 neuer come 465 ffor thing that eny mon may do 466 Mercy myȝht not hem. 467 And . no kynnes thyng 468 I myȝht not come hem amyng (!) 469 And the . alle . owne 470 Therfore I am owt of 472 tyll that 473 sustres 474 sawghtnes . so ende 475 And 476 Thawgh . byn set 477 wyten and knowe Pes 478 maystur sheo is 479 In reste and pes I con maken 480 Whi shalle 481 When eny g. dede . for me om. 482 have me be in thowght 483 But . ne om. lovyd me 484 systur nyll 485 I-chylle 486 He (!) . oweth 487 þe om. byth . i-send 488 a evyn 489 shullen 490 ȝevyn . demyn evyn 491 ne om. dome 492 we f. byn 493 stonden (at- om.) 494 loke sethin 495 foure fadur 496 ne byth not of 497 But I . 498 We clepyn aȝeyne the d. 499 al om. Sothe and Ryȝht wold 500 To Mercy and me hit doth not q. 502 Therfore fadur myne thou hit

ȝeme 503 goodnesse 504 Ther wonteth . Pes woll 505 Wyt ꝥ w. is 506 But Pes therwyth be f. 507 lovyth . withoute 508 withoute 509 oweth to byn . gret 510 lord of 511 Therfore . owest 512 systur that prayeth the 513—517 om. 518 Til om. d. shuld be 519 flyn 520 Tylle my systryn byn at oone 522 is . tho beren 523 sye 524 were inst. of al. 526 Thei myȝht never togedur c. 527 Leve fadur . I 528 wyt . wysdome 529 And om. Wysdam men 530 mychell . lovest 532 in thy werk browghtest 533 byth oon . volnesse 534 and strengthe and hyenesse 535 All I chull 536 kyng more of ryȝhtwesnys 537 In so myche fadur I take more ȝ. 539 furste inst. of for þe 540 of the p. rueth 541 And therfore me rueth well 542 cleputh 543 ffadur thou art . mekefulle 544 Heere . here over 545 Alle here wyll I chull don 546 And make at oone S. & heere. 547 Taken 548 wollen it . beden 549 And I alle one woll dome the dome 550 a i. oweth 551 make 552 to cusse . sawght sone 553 dryvyn . werre with myn honde 554 thi 555 Who so this afore bese con 556 openly i-se 557 betokenyng 558 Is the insyȝht of God 559 ffadur, withoute God is m. n. 560 hath alle 561 hath fulled utryȝht 563 thawgh 564 volnesse 565 ȝeve . blesseng 567 han . I owe t. 568 make 569 Adam om. forlest hit was 570 The world . alle 572 Mon myȝht not himself do keveryng 573 ne myȝht him . no 574 And . myȝht not 575 most it nede 576 Goddys sone shuld m. 577 And mon shuld deth tholyn with sorewe r. 578 shuld uprysen aȝeyn fro 579 ffor ells . forloren 580 i-wrowght. 581 wheche l. wych b. 582 grace and whiche s. 583 to alyȝht ches 584 ffor oon sele shepe 585 His fadur blysse he levede and ther-fro ȝeode 586 To seche theke shepe in uncowthe ȝode 587 Ther is not seche an h. non om. 588 non om. mercyfulle a l. 589 syche a 590 meche l. on him 591 ilyke . him wolde 592 sothen suffre deth 593 Sore he awght his handys to wrynge 594 That this lord wold greve for enythyng. 595 Herketh . at this frome 596 this sheperd 597 tydyngus comyn 598 prophetys 600 Elias 601 Ant D. . Ieromie 602 And D. 603 Eliseu 604 Thei seyn . ryȝht well 605 Long . of hem 606 But herkynth. The Latin quotation om. 607 I-boryn 608 son . i-ȝevyn 609 shulle 610 alle this shull byn 612 rewfull . of ryȝht 613 al om. byn 614 And prince . seyn 615 These buth . nomes . nowe i-leven 616 to him ȝevyn 617 ȝef . wolle heryn telle 618 wondurfulle 619 Seche . wes . I- om. ny saye 620 Ne n. weryn by no monis day 621 Ne never shull come 622 As was when God mon b. 623 sye (I- om.) 624 I- om. 625 fete . bere 627 hede his fote or his hond forloren 628 he weren so bothe i-boren 629 Where thei . too 630 Nay sotheli, thei nere not soo. 631 ffor thawgh the toon hede of kynde to myche 632 And that o. to lytell and beth of diverse lyche 633 ȝet . nede om. byn 634 a forshapon lym 635 And . mychill . byn 636 myȝht seche a mon i-syn 637 That monkynde hade uwtryȝht 638 That he nere to mychill ne to lytyll in syȝht. 640 forshapon thyng 641 a good h. 642 Seche . befall 643 who-so isyȝh seche a shapyng 644 clepon . wonderfulle 645 ȝet is hit . thousondfold 647 clepud 648 sothefast . and monne 649 ne om. 650 And eke . all thyng is . I- om. 651 withoute synne he is e. 652 wone therof dede 653 Ne shap therto non nes 654 I-red 655 nys non then he that is of so gret myȝht 656 to erthe inst. of dude 657 ooure . nome 658 al om. wes become. 65 als wolde 660 boryn . wymmon 661 That same shap 662 mons 663 And God myȝht not in no m. 664 Alyȝht bote . stede . in om. 665 stede . siker om. he 666 Ther God inne to alyȝhte ches 667 that is comlyche 668 Mychell . and feir om. 670 This . c. mychell of the f. 671 meere . betwynnen too 672 He hath no feyrelac. 673 withowtyn 674 And so . aboutyn 675 no maner 676 harme 677 hie . sownde 678 And . I- om. from rofe to grownde (!) 679 Ther may non evyll thyng 680 Ther to do eny grevyng 681 And eke hit is so levelych 682 So dredfull and comlyche 683 tho . beth 684 thei fleth 685 ffoure s. toure ther beth abowte 686 wyte þe hole t. withowte 687 And allso ther beth . baylys 688 So om. stronge 690 Ther may . here feyrship. I- om. 691 ne om. 692 it thenk . it spelle. 693 trysti . fast 694 dyche buth all becast. 695 cornels . so om. 697 Seven barbacanes . byth 699

toure 700 ne om. socoure 701 Ther shalle never fo stonde him wyth 702 thidur . fle seche 703 sycoure . abowte 704 alle peynted is abowte 705 colours . byth 706 The furst the fondement is all g. 707 fast lythe 708 is him that this myrthe sythe 710 colur lesseth (ne om.) 711 And sethyn . abouten om. hue 712 Is bothe . eke om. blue 713 cleputh 714 And hyt s. over all feyre and b. 715 ovenast 716 I- om. 717 withinne . withoute 718 abowte 719 raddur . euere om. 720 Hit semyth it barnede all 722 As is the swan when heo is swymbyng 723 the l. 724 After om. Enlong on the. 725 Ther never there comyth wo ny wowgh 726 But 727 Amyd the toure a walle dede sprynge 728 That never is drye but ernynge 729 stremys . strykyn 730 on 732 Mechell 733 That man nedeth non. 734 aryȝht . watur 735 thike toure 736 thorne . meche 737 As whyte as yuory 738 somers . when heo 739 all do 740 byth 741 oo feyre in order i-ioyned byth 742 So feyre thyng in erthe . i-syth 743 abowte it i-bend 744 to him . i-send 745 Ther nes never so feyre a chayere 746 To kyng ne to emperour. 747 But meche more worship . Inouȝ om. 748 Ther God to alyȝht ches 749 Suche a c. is ther non 750 wes . thyke 751 here-aftur . ne om. 752 dyȝht 753 hit om. and hit alle dede 754 a. himself in thilke . feyre om. stede 755 kyndam 756 that st. myche 757 That 759 and hele and sycornesse 761 maydons body . fre 762 Ther . nas om. hoe 763 I- om. was 764 As . mayde 765 mere betwynne too 766 That hoe shuld us shylde from 767 vs om. 768 Hoe . here. After 768 H has 2 vv. more: ffor hoe may allerbest, And hoe woll allerblyvest 769 true . trysti 770 maydons body. forþi om. 771 That therin never synne come 772 And to serve God alle here hert shoe nome 773 wyst here maydenhode . muche om. 774 With grace and wyth s. 775 to the roche fast 776 grenship 777 That is . maydonis 778 alle here 779 here . þat om. true 780 e. hit is grene and newe. 781 hire om. apertenent 782 To . and fundement 784 feyreshipe 786 That in good hope wes here lyvyng 787 Hoe wes 788 serve . with 789 and þe om. 791 brande 792 Ther is noon . mychill 794 hoe . alle 795 And shoe is i-tend . fyre 796 To servyn here God ab. 798 kepyn . hie . withowtyn 799 þat om. abowten heere me syth 800 thei byth 801 strenghe . slyȝhship 802 Ryȝht-wesnes . warship 803 hath inst. of wiþ. 804 That non evylle ther may com withinne 805 what . baylys 806 cornels byth . feyre. 807 throwen inst. of I-cast . abowte 808 the hoole toure withowte 809 bayli 810 That be-tokynth heere 811 nes 812 Goddys . she 813 myddyll bayly 815 otmast 816 Betokenyth here hoole spousayle 817 ffulle ryȝht me hem clepeth b. thre (forþi om.) 818 That hadyn . here om. bayle 819 ffor hoe here-self is m. 820 ffor shoe is . weddes (!) 821 these . in inst. of teon 822 to an ende . I- om. byn 823 And the sevyn barbacanes abowte 824 so gret . byth wr. withowte 825 kepyn these 826 aroo 827 byth sevyn vertuce that han wyth w. 828 To om. 829 Prude . begynnyng 830 evyll thyng 831 The whiche al matyd and overcome w. 832 sheo 833 heore true 834 heore 835 sheo m. to 836 heere 837 And all-so she dystried 838 hire om. largenes on iche 839 evermore . hoe 840 pacyens . sheo 841 heere gostly 842 Dystryed slowth in 843 walle . alle of g. 844 fylleth . a om. 845 so deled is 846 goodnes inst. of Meth . wiþal om. 847 And . lovyd 848 That he heere ȝeve full grace outryȝht 849 þe om. gr. withoute let 850 Socur alle the w. i-ȝet 851 Therfore . here 852 One i-blessed . ladi om. 853 whiche . byn 854 Bote heere poverte that heo wes inne 855 Ther was no mon-kynnes a. 856 That myȝht dere the castell of nothyng 857 fynde was overcome 858 him all benome 859 so om. freo 860 spak . neddur . treo 861 come . blyve 862 hed inst. of pouste 863 be heo this byrd 866 Therfore of here soule . is 867 And to . gestnyng 868 of hire so ȝyng 869 To brynge him out 870 gareson 871 feyre good 872 Whill . meche 873 then other that ever made was 874 And tho the sonne of ryȝht-wesnes here ches 875 And on heere when he shadowe wolde 876 He feyred . thowsonde 877 fast ȝate 878 And om. owt-goyng . l. hit fast 879 let we be st. 881 O 882 helpest . flyth 883 comyn 884 knocked . con grede 885 He knocketh & gredyth . con 886 Help . me om. mayde 887

Thi welle ondo I the b. 888 And therof thou let me cleche 889 Of thilke grace that alle is thoor 890 To hem that in herte gostly byth poore 891 Be-se how 892 Of . alle 893 That is the fynd 894 And the w. and my f. they styntyth 895 Withoute ene mystre . voth 896 hoe 897 G. perlyment they han i-nomen 898 is formest forth i-comen 899 ostes . doth 900 prude . slowth 901 with too ostys hath me 902 with c. and hate he wold me fonde 904 gloteine . foule 905 G. fyȝht they han . i-nomen 906 as a champyon 907 swete mayde 908 I ha forloren alle the m. After 908 H. has 2 vv. more: Thow that art to alle febulle leche, Thow let me of thy dyches cleche. 909 Theras the c. is so stabull 910 And om. is there constabull 911 I have . i-told 912 And . by a thousond 913 goodnes 914 Out om. comyn (I- om.) 915 God Allmyȝht 916 alyȝht 917 And hyre he nome . monhed 918 he kend . Godhed 919 bar . floure 920 The mayde . heere creature 921 that child . I- om. 922 A . i-ȝevyn 923 I trowe this be w. 924 That he for us was thus i-b. 925 So mychill wondur I knowe of n. 926 too kyndys in oon to bryng 928 Hath that that shulde to him falle 929 And n. ne om. wonteth here myȝht 930 But ether of hem han here ryȝht 931 This . Goddys 932 fro 933 To make at oon his systryn that were at woore 934 ffor the prison that was forlore 935 To kyndes . I wotte 936 ffor he is sothefast . suthfast 938 And the ende of his dedyn i-dyȝht 939 And this all abowte thou well be-se 940 And . wold 941 boryn of a. 942 become 944 in to heele ever 945 other 946 And calleth mon his leve brother 947 myslyche i-gon and unȝemed 948 londe . i-flemyd 949 syst 950 mayst not of thiself ha k. 951 Ne om. 952 And syker be thou here-oon 953 That he that woll . leve 954 him brynge and lede to is o. lond 955 And soone herkyn thou to me 956 I 957 ffor my . weryn 958 is lyȝht . beryn 959 To mercies bone 960 forthe I am i-c. 961 I . þe om. sue 962 And I-chulle . take 963 have 964 I-chull crave 965 ffor now I am 966 Therfore I-chull crave 967 And am fre of byrth in every towne 968 Men owghton to here 969 ffor I have kept 970 lawes withowte 971 I-chylle . batell 972 And sycur make the of . ful om. 973 ffor I-chull over alle that fyȝht 974 And the maystry have alle with ryȝht 975 Ne on erthe thow nedest to thenk els n. 976 good 977 wheche frensship whose taketh 978 When God alle thys world shalle deme 979 That us sch. so meche swetnesse 980 And so gret vertu of 981 And theke bysenes . lytull tellit 982 And sylden in the w. this vertu is do 985 And . and pacyens 986 Lovyn . mekenesse & 987 ffor when a mon ȝevyth him to the worldys weele 988 And goodys fallyn to him mony and fele 989 He thenketh no good in maner thyng 990 to bryng 991 And when worldly godys han the mastri (a last om.) 992 Hit maketh mon so rebell and hye 993 That he waxeth wonder prowde 994 mysdyth . boþe om. 995 He wylneth no thyng of largenessse 996 lordship . hyenesse 997 vertu of 998 Alle . prude . forȝetyn 999 Thes synnes mow not Crist sue 1000 ffor thei beth of evyll vertue 1001 And whos his vertu levyth nowght 1002 Whi shuld he wyllen o. 1003 Of his . kyndome 1004 That he thorgh plee and bataylle wone 1005 And ever aȝeyns his byddyng woll do 1006 And aȝeyns here soulys allso 1007 And . prude . hienesse 1008 And loveth nothyng b. 1009 Therfore . han 1010 fro 1011 dowt for he that aftur hym don 1012 Lest they shullen the way aftur hym gon. After 1012 H. has 2 vv. more: But ȝef thei hem amende Of that that they dude God afende. 1013 But to this I graunte welle thou 1014 That hit may befalle to a mon 1015 To have . lordship & gret 1016 townes . ryches 1017 And may ȝet Goddis wylle don and holde 1018 And lyve well God to plese and he w. 1019 And byn in charyte and b. 1020 sothenesse . riȝhtwesnes 1021 wyllyt not els 1022 al om. and his love so clere 1023 How . aske 1024 How that . god om. 1025 And how 1026 And by whom oure ryȝht aȝeyn come 1027 Lusteneth 1028 ȝow telle 1029 Tho that . bor (I- om.) 1030 & so d. fynde 1031 riht om. nothyng wyst 1032 But forte ha be lord & s. was his tryst 1033 ere was, but 1034 þat om. boren (I- om.). to om. was come 1035 fynde sye hym mon and in monis wede 1036 But he wyst not . ne of what dede 1037 He sey him mon and knewe that he was of monkynde

1038 But never to synne Cryst had myende 1039 devyll . swiþe om. art thou 1040 Whether . comyn art 1041 Alle . wyde om. ȝeve. 1042 And thou wolle abowe & worship me. Latin om. 1044 I am thy Lord thou shalt fynde me so. Lat. om. 1045 What thenketh the, mayst thou not understond 1046 Seyde the fynde, I am Lord of alle this londe 1047 And therof in sesyne longe I ha be 1048 hie . ȝeve 1049 I knowe . I wot 1050 But of the ny of thy thowght. 1051 Sykur thou takyst full mychill on honde 1052 beneme . londe 1053 na no pouer 1054 Wenest thou . beneme 1055 þorw om. 1056 ffulle fast . thei con it dyȝht 1057 wo so breke . hest 1058 ever be myne . synne lest 1059 And on endeles dethe he shuld dye 1060 And the k. of h. of ryȝht nyl not wrye 1061 What woldest thou seche f. b. 1062 bespeke. Lat. om. 1063 onswered 1064 And seyde that f. myȝht not be holde 1065 Ac om. Thow thiself formest dedest hit b. 1066 monkynne 1067 seydes the tre was him 1069 And ȝef he wolde 1070 And wolde Goddys beheste lete 1071 ffor om. alle 1072 And om. He shuld deth suffer never non 1073 or ells he hede be 1074 I trowe reson hit nere 1075 That thou hadest. 1076 And woldest not holde anont the H 2 vv. more: The covenand that thou shuldest ha do, Thou foule fynde, monis fo. Lat om. 1077 O I am . fynd 1078 I am . overcome 1079 comyth 1080 Syche . seche 1081 so bold darst be 1082 To . aȝeyns. 1083 I have all i-l. anon 1084 But so hit may not. 1086 That is in my p. 1088 I wot not with whom I shuld desseysed be. Lat. om. 1089 Swete Ihesu tho con segge 1090 And om. I wolle . for-bygge 1091 buggen here (to his f. om.) 1092 shull cost . dere 1093 quod 1094 Bote as . heere that he go 1095 Vt 1096 ryȝht, quod . good om. 1097 Ne om. I kepe no thyng to-ȝeyns r. 1098 Ne thorgh mastry beneme the hit 1099 Lat. om. Quod the fynde and er he delyverd be 1100 Thu . as myche worth 1101 is worth at thys f. 1102 thyke . shulle. Lat. om. 1103 Blythelyche . al om. do. 1104 lytille fyngur 1105 seche a 1106 alle the . i-syn. Lat. om. 1107 fynde to Ihesu tho 1108 I wot 1109 ffor all the world deme thou myȝht 1110 ffor of the my pouere is lost by ryȝht. 1111 ȝeve thi fyngur . sygge 1112 So fowle and unworthy chaffere to bygge. Lat. om. 1113 O quod Ihesus and alle . to h. ransom 1114 han him 1115 ȝit om. don er . have him 1116 Thow most suffre on e. wondur & wo 1117 amende 1118 suffre dethe . strong om. 1119 onswered to 1120 Alle . i-sayde hit shall. 1121 to be 1122 aftur and ȝef the dome tho 1123 I woll ȝet 1124 that thrall 1125-6 Tho the fynde wyst well this That thorwgh is deth mon shulld ha blys 1127 And so the fynde wes overcome 1128 i-nome 1129 And the worme swolewe that the last 1130 Then he is . i-teyed 1131 O . take hede . me inst. of þe 1132 truly . loved 1133 thole deth and pyne withowte 1134 fro p. and 1135 misdede 1136 evyll inst. of lodliche . ur 1137 synne dede 1138 Ne with fylth was fownde . stede 1139 ffor alle . lymys . ever hade mon 1140 Seth A. to syenge furst b. 1141 He wolde . alle om. I- om. 1142 makyn . al om. 1143 ffor oure gret gult here 1144 A crowne . thorne 1145 oure syȝht myspende allso 1146 eynen . blynwherved 1147 alle . was om. defouled 1148 And allso with g. boffettys they him s. 1149 vnwreste & om. so vyle 1150 They ȝevyn him galle to dryng and eysile. After 1150 H has 2 vv. more: The Iewes deden this to him for gret vylny, Bote he suffred hit alle pacyently. 1151 ffor unlawfull werk us avonde 1152 He was peersed thorgh foot & honde. 1153 evyll thowghtys . ful smert 1154 A speere was smyte thorgh is syde to is hert. 1155 thonne for us do 1156 telle of his soore 1157 No mon is hit may thenk hit so 1158 Syche peyne he tholed and wo. 1159 is hit but he m. ha. 1160 Of seche a frynde that hade so gre cherite. 1161 Seche buth . dyntes 1162 suffred . withoute 1163 And he suffred . to be b. 1165 he suffred . hondred fold 1166 Of sorewe . when . dye wold 1167 eny fynd 1168 Legge . hond om. 1169 lovyd 1170 That he onnethe wold weynde hit fro 1171 ne for no 1172 That he wes hurt and peyned with evermore 1173 Tyll his f. wyttys wer i-l. utryȝht 1174 strength 1175 his s. & his h. 1176 His . his 1177 his . he om. wes browght to an ende 1178 Er the soule fro . wolde wynde 1179 Kynde myȝht for no maner thyng 1180

Han suffred the halfondele of that peynyng 1181 But 1183 honged 1184 To the fadur his soule he ȝyf with mylde voyce 1185 showed 1186 payed 1187 withowtyn 1189-90 om. 1191 And ever M. 1192 Mercyfull 1193 ffor deyl I may not hit say 1194 peyne . hoe tholed theke 1195 But 1196 Wes fulfylled thon (þo bi om.) 1197 As hit were with a swyrde in theke stonde 1198 Thorghe here sowle she hade gret woonde 1199 But here . hondred 1200 Tho here sone fro d. aryse w. 1201 nowght nere the p. 1203 She sye oponly . in om. thyng 1204 and the endyng 1205 the whiche . fynde 1207 Oure trowth and oure b. 1208 Stode alle in oure Laydy tho 1209 the dysciplys were 1210 But oure Lady wes ever in on 1211-12 In fast beleve both stylle and lowde, Ther myȝht nothyng brynge here owte 1213 full of 1214 Mayde clene full of bewte 1215 Oure b. in heere tho wis (!) 1217 sheo . heere 1218 That us forbowght of thrall thus. 1219 Whan I herd now 1220 meche 1221 conselth 1222 he dede 1224 overcome hit to an e. 1225 Ther nes never no mon 1226 forbigge 1227 And he 1228 Ther we ichon come may 1229 abovone inst. of come 1231 nou om. 1233 i-syn 1234 he may . els byn 1235 But oon 1236 theke 1237 is 1238 þe God om. I er seyde . þe om. 1239 Thre persons in Trynite 1240 And oon God in Maicste 1241 Me may as clerkys con rede 1242 I-syn that he is God by his dede 1243 dedys . dede 1244 Wer om. . he dede inst. of I-meynt . in f. 1245 Now tak hede . myst i-syn 1246 That this thyng may well byn 1247 ffor who so hede . swyrd 1249 þe om. fyre dede 1250 Tyll hit w. red bernyng in that stede 1252 While . brande 1253 to-dele . styell 1254 steell fro the fyre to thro 1255 who so . þe om. 1256 Too kyendes he may syn and of w. 1257 steyll . kervyth 1258 barneth 1259 alle . one swyrde 1260 And allso hit faryth of. 1261 To kyndes . wyte 1262 very . very 1263 He shewed gret myraculle and privete 1264 chane 1265 gestnyng . he om. 1266 turned watur in to 1267 were 1268 With . bade fylle hem 1269 As by his monhede he bade do watur theryne 1270 And by his Godhede he t. the water to wyne 1271 And all this dede wes don 1273 owher that . ȝode 1274 Muche om. ffolk him sewed bothe evyll and goode 1275 þat om. ffyve thousond folk he fed 1276 Wyth tweye fysshes and fyve loovys of bred 1277 relyf . left 1278 ther were 1279 that b. to-breke 1280 haþ om. fulfylled eke 1281 syn (I- om.) 1283 That foure dayes long 1284 Lay in is towmbe that he stonk 1285 lowde 1286 come 1287 Riht om. 1288 areysed 1289 dede . i-syn 1290 byn 1291 That God . made and dyȝht 1292 that sw. mayde aliȝht 1294 hope . trowthe 1295 He is thre persons in Trynite 1296 And oon God in unite 1297 han herd 1299 And . no mon may 1300 Ne thowght 1301 this hie 1302 myche 1303 hevyn heȝh 1304 In erthe & benethen fer & nyȝh 1305 Bowen . thike 1306 Therfore this vertu no mon telle con 1307 Of his m. ne of 1308 a om. that aryvede (!) fleth 1309 towchin 1310 that that I 1311 hade i-lore 1312 The blys of paradys and hevynne 1313 fynde hede syche 1315 But for monkynde the w. was wr. 1316 And the fynde . underbrowght. 1317 Seche 1318 alle 1319 was no mon . goodshipe 1320 holyshipe 1322 And ȝet the fynde ladde 1323 But 1324 Hath him 1325 Ouercome and shent 1326 with him to ha done 1327 he dede of 1329 herbifore om. 1330 In helle that he myȝht hem spylle 1331 crosce as Cryst honged he con c. 1332 his soule ha nome 1333 But ȝet 1334 of h. anowre 1335 the inst. of Godes. 1336 and there i-bonden him f. 1337 is g. is s. ȝode 1338 To helle for hem . hade 1339 longe hadyn 1340 longed to goon out of that styde 1341 ȝatys . alle to-breke 1342 te-dasshed alle . fyndes 1343 The maystri of helle he hede anon 1344 drowgh out alle hisen 1345 beleved his comyng 1346 servid . hert trysti and true 1347 Seche streyngthe wes . I- om. er 1348 shalle be 1349 moost 1350 fynd . this 1351 The fynde was armed f. strong 1352 And wyst f. long 1353 Bote Cryst with his strengthe him o. 1354 And his gret prey 1355 Therfore thus seyth Ysay 1356 And profecyeth 1357 myȝhtfull . byn 1358 no mon may thenk ny syn 1359 ne om. redyn 1360 hert thenk is . dedyn 1361 owt him to 1362 to love. ful om. 1363 He is . shild 1364 and all oure 1368 That he ȝif . savyn 1369 alle oon . dede 1371 han herd 1373 But

herkynth . Ysay 1374 clepud . profecy 1375 is to c. 1376 ffor om. Whill he on erthe here to walk nome 1377 fulfylled . thyng 1378 holy . byddyng 1379 Now . shull i-heryn 1380 i-holpe weryn 1381 synged . furst om. 1382 ete 1383 And all that thorgh Adamis kynde gete weryn 1384 bere . we om. beryn 1385 they hadyn his cors 1386 hit myȝht not els falle 1387 furst 1388 fflesshely of him we comy[n] uchon 1389-90 And for the synne that Adam in Paradys dede, All we that of him come shuld ha byn in sory stede 1391 grave (!) 1392 ȝeynbowght thorgh gostli 1393 to om. 1394 alle quemed 1395 by alle ryȝht 1396 That us so helpeth and us so hath dyȝht 1397 he om. wassheth 1398 And forbowght us hevyn to wynne 1399 Ther was never fadur to his child 1400 nas om. meke and myld 1401 ffor from 1402 ȝede 1403 tymes 1404 Er that he to aryse ches 1405 ȝet he rose up on the 1406 Erli in the marnyng on a Sonday 1407 When . to-breke 1408 This beryȝth Seynt Austyn wytnes and thus doth speke. 1409 And Cryst with him drow 1410 levedyn 1411 ffro 1412 And then he 1413 showed sone 1414 ȝete . drong and ȝode 1415 dayes . wes . fully 1416 his lawes sycurli 1417 Opon a day the dysciples were 1418 I-gedred to-gedre all in fere 1419 In a certeyn place ther hem among he come 1420 Of here m. hem he u. 1421 wonhope . they weryn 1422 And ȝet they syen him lyves mon 1423 þo om. ȝet myȝhten they 1424 Verely belevyn hit 1425 But ȝet here dowte to us doth be-heve 1426 ffor hit fasteneth. 1427 ffor to us this dowte is sicurnesse as I fynde 1428 Of the misbeleve of Thomas of Iynde 1430 Beleve that Cryst aȝeyn rysen was 1431 Tyll he hede i-hauled (!) is wondes wyde 1432 Longes 1433 i-syn his wondes . wete 1434 That he hade with nayles thorgh the fete. 1435-6 om. 1437 I wot. 1438 Lord . God 1440 Thu levyst this . syst 1441 I-blessed mote all tho byn 1442 That this belevyth and don hit not syn 1443 Oponliche thyke same day 1444 ffast and sycor he made oure fay. 1445 dysciplys . ȝete 1447 bad . togedur to gon 1448 Thorgh the w. to prechyn uche mon 1449-50 om. 1451 That they shuld be-levyn in God Allmyȝht 1452 And his lawes folewyn as hit is ryȝht 1453 ffadur nome. in$_2$ om. 1454 holigostys that precedit hem fro 1455 Thawgh mon were now i-boren (eft at þe frome om.) 1456 To h. he myȝht not comen, H. adds: But he beleve in God ryȝht welle, And that shall him save fro helle. 1457-8 ȝef he i-folewed be and be [of] good lyfe, Thawgh he dye his soule shalle be in no stryfe. 1459 ffulle opynly . showeth us beforen 1460 iche . most twyes be boren 1461 And ȝef he shull twyes boryn byn 1462 Onus of oure modur furst we mot be boryn 1463 And efte of the watur of vertu 1464 Therto us ordeyned s. I. 1465 And om. When we this Crystendam han i-wys 1466 Vr sotheli fadur then he is 1467 we alle then . byth. 1468 Sykor un-kyndely he dyth 1469 seche a. ne om. loveth not 1470 He of the appull ȝete never r. n. 1472 Oure herytage 1473 lawes 1474 Of oon p. therof he hath not m. 1475 Ther nere never i-wyst ne holden 1476 Hent he him-selvyn come w. 1477 furst . that ever 1478 He br. . us benome 1479 But another that come fro hevyn without feyn 1480 He hath us get 1481 fflesshely wes the furst m. 1482 myche . apon 1483 out om. 1485 But o. gostili fadur 1486 Browght us aȝeyn 1487 When he downe fro hevyn come 1488 to hye 1489 He that . to the erthe him beyȝh 1490 He that fro. he om. steyȝh 1491 hali . that all folk him seyȝh 1492 That by him stode full nyȝh 1493 The way to us he made i-wys 1494 When he steyȝh to hevyn that holi blysse 1495 A sothefast way and to ever-duryng lyfe 1496 His feyre pray he hadde him wythe 1497 out of h. with him nome 1498 To meche ioy and blys he made hem come 1499 To that ioy and blysse . wynde 1500 Ther to lyvyn w. eynde 1501 dede 1502 is . and byth oon God ther 1503 Thre persons in Trinite 1504 And oon God in unite 1505 well inst. of mon 1507 And thawgh . these 1508 Byn syndry seyd as they shuld be 1509 On . w. dowte 1510 Maker of alle this world withinne and without 1511 Ioy, honoure, worship and lovyng 1512 Be to that God oure hevyn kyng.

Instead of the last vv. in MS. Vernon, H. has the following further passage explaining how Jesus is prince of peace:*

Lusteneth ȝet forther of Ysayes spelle,
ffor now ȝe han herd me telle
How swete Ihesu oure fadur wes:
Herkenyth how he is now Prince of Pes.
Beforen I tolde ȝow uchon
How he is into hevyn i-gon:
Ryȝht so, the sothe truly to syggen,
He shalle aȝeyn come this world to iuggen,
In bodi and soule and Godhede,
To deme bothe queke and dede.
[1]But fyftene dayes before the dome
ffyftene tokyns ther shull come.
The furst day the see up ryse shall
And stonden on hye as a wall,
ffourti cupetys herre i-wys
Then eny hill in the world is.
That other day heo wole i-sonkyn byn,
That eny mon unnethe may here i-syn.
The thrid day heo woll be notheles
As full as heo furst wes,
And then woll whalles and grete fysshes with fynne
And all other smale fysshes that byn ther-inne
Gedryn hem on the watur uchone;
But that wot no mon but God allone
What is the betokenyng
Of the loude cry and ȝeiyng
Thet heo wolleth with loude stevyn
ȝevyn and crye up to hevyn.
And on the fourthe day heo shall
With red fyre brennen alle,
And alle other watrys in every stede
Shullen brenne as red as eny glede.
The fyfthe day the tren that don stonde
And floures and erbis in uche londe,
Blod thei shullen blede
In stede of here dewe, withoute drede.
The sixte day byth not bold
Palyse ne pylere ne no strong-hold,
Castell, toure, boure ne halle,
But thei shulle to-ȝkatur and down-falle.
The sevynth day the stones uchon
Wolle lepe to-gedre and fyȝht anon,
That thorwgh the fyȝht that there woll byn
The stones woll breke and all to-flyn.
The eyȝhte day betokynth gret wrache,
All ȝende the world the erthe shall quake,
And men wolle flyn into uche hurne,

[1] vv. 1523-96 added to the Fr.

The erthequake shall be so loude and sturne;
And on thylke dredfull byttur day[1]
The pepull woll crye weloway,
And sey to monteynes: 'falleth on us!
Erthe to-clyf and hyde us,
That we this fere and erthequake ne syn,
How wroth oure creature woll byn.'
ffor in alle hye hevyn-blys
Non so holi ne so good is,
Patryarch, apostelle, ne martire,
Confessor, ne virgine with so feyre attyre,
Prynce, potestate, ne angell,
Ne non so bryȝht archangelle,
That nold never synne done,
But he shall dredyn aȝeyne that dome;
ffulle sore mowe heo then dreden
That byth alle full of synfull deden!
The nynthe day alle the valeis that byth,
And the hylles that we so hye syth,
Shull be made smethe and playn,
And into here kynde shull they not turne aȝeyn.
The tenthe day shull all manere men
Gon out of here holes and of here den,
And renne abowte as they were wod,
As they cowthen nowther evyll ne good,
Ne thawgh here hert shulde to-breke,
On word myȝht not oon with other speke.
The elevynth day the mone and the sterres alle
Shulle adown to erthe falle.
The twelfthe day the bones of uche ded mon
Shull come togedre uchon,
Thawgh they be dryvyn nere so wyde,
At here byrynes[1] here soules they shull abyde.
The threttenyth day all maner men
Shull dyen anoon that lyven then,
That heo mowe togedre with other aryse
And takyn here dome of God ryȝht-wyse.
The fourteneth day, ther may no thyng werne,[1]
But alle the world on fyre shall berne,

[1] From A.-S. byrgen

[1] In Fr., 1597-1618 follow after 1646.

* This passage is found in the French text, except the 15 tokens, which were added in the Engl. translation, the 2 last (vv. 1597—1612) being, however, adapted from a passage in the Fr., where vv. 1619-46 precede v. 1597.

Hevyn and erthe shull byn aleyde,[1]
And the foure elementes shull be unteyede ; [1] Fr. enflambirunt
ffor thike fyre shall clansyn the eyre
And makyn all thyng bry3ht and feyre,
And all the world shan (!) i-clansed byn ;
But watur ther shall no mon eft i-syn,
Ne never fyre in the world me syth,
When that fyre shall ben aquenchith.
The fyftenethe day God wol taken
Hevyn and erthe, and all hit newe maken,
Not otherweys then hem beforen wrowght—
Loke thou thenke ne wylle hit nowght—
But he wole newen hem i-wys
In bettur state then heo weryn i-wys.
Ther-aftur Ihesu wole his dome demyn.
The angeles shulle come and blowe the bemyn.
ffurst shull in body and soule aryse
Alle that dyedyn in his servise,
And all that eke that shull to the blysse fonde
Shul furst aryse and on the ry3ht syde stonde. [1] In Fr. 1619-46 follow after 1522.
[1]Then shall Ihesu come ry3ht this,
And his body tornen and showe to us
What peyne he suffred for ur sake
And how lodlyche he was for us i-take,
Wyth scorges i-betyn withoute gryth,
That the blode barst oute on icha lyth,
And how vylensli he wes ladde 3et,
With crowne of thornes on his hed set,
And how he suffred that the nayles stode
Thorgh fete and honden into the rode,
And how the spere that him wonded smerte
Browght blod and watur from his hert ;
And then Cryst woll clepe and calle
And sey : 'thus myche I suffre[d] for 3ow alle.'
Then helpeth ther no pledyng there,
Ne forsakyng, ny answere ;
Ne helpyth us ther castell ne toure,
Nowther palyse, halle, ne boure ;
All thyng then shall torne to nowght
That is with monis hond i-wrowght.
Ther shull the synfull quake
And here tethe togedur hacke and shake.
Ther may segge thenne no mon
But that uchon shull seyn here martyrdom,
And beforyn hym his iuggement sycorly [1] *al.* Fr.
Shall byn i-wryten apertely,[1]
And allso his synnes ther shull be knowe
Tofore alle maner men bothe hie and lowe.[1] [1] In Fr. here follow 1651-6, 1597-1618.
Then woll swete Ihesu to hem be-syn
That shull that day i-saved byn,
And sey with mylde stevyn and swete :
"When I was hongry 3e 3eve me mete,
When I was afurst 3e 3eve me dryng,
When I was nake 3e 3eve me clothyng,
When I was herberlasse 3e herberde me fayne,
Bothe in heete, in cold, in wynde and rayne,
And 3e comforted me in prison eke,
And loked to me when I was seke :
Comyth, my blessed children uchon,
And receyvyth the blysfull ioy anon
That to 3ow byth rewarded withoutyn endenge
ffro this worldis begynnyng."
Then shulle the blessed byn receyved[1] an hy3he [1] r. reysed, Fr. raui
In hevyn to walke Ihesu ny3he.
And the cursede shull in erthe byn,
Of hevyn-blys they shull no-thyng i-syn,
But 3et wyth the up-receyveng[1] they shulle agryse [1] r. reysyng, Fr. rauissement
When the saved shull upryse,
So wery, so wrecched, so lodlyche,
I-charged with synne so hevyleche,
That all hevyli on the erthe they shull steke,
When[1] thei heryn the domesmonis speke. [1] r. O þat? Fr. Deske
Wyth gret and grymfull wrathe full sone
Thei shull heryn a full hard dome :
"Goth with the develys and accurssed bestes,
ffor 3e heded not my lawes and my hestes, [1] Fr. 4 vv. more.
Into the fure that shall last for euere ;
ffor 3e han disserved here non other!"[1]
The blessed shull blysfull gon
In bodi and soule everichon,
As bry3ht as ys the sonne, withoute fayle ;
Never hem nedeth to have travayle,
But ioy and blys that shall laste evermore.
In good tyme the[i] were i-bore
That to that feste mowe takyn
That God wole with hem in hevyn makyn !
So myche ioy shall byn at theke feste,
That ever withouten ende shall leste :
3e, more ioy then hert may thenkyn,

Or eye i-syn, or ȝere i-herkyn ;
Seche ioy God hath i-grethed there
To hem that han loved him here.
And when they byth so endeles,
Thenne he is aryȝht Prince of Pes.
But theke that byth into helle i-nome,
Thei shull never out come,
And in theke stynkyng deth[1]-pytte
Thei shull byn i-pyned and to peyne i-knytte.
In gret sorewe and pyne thei byth full sore:
ffor thei lyvyn in wanhope evermore[1]—
Thei wolde dyen ȝef thei myȝhte,
But ȝet here soule may not thorgh ryȝhte.[1]
Uchon others peyne shall i-syn,
That here peyne shall dowble byn.
Another peyne they shull have of derknes,
With gret sore and gret hevynes.[1]
And the four[th]e is fyre that may not be queynte,
And in stynkynge watur they shulle be dreynte,[1]
And pycche wallyng ever among.
Wayleway ever shall byn here song.
flor hidor or thidur wher-sere heo turne,[1]
They syn the foule fynde in uche horne ;
That he lothest were to syn,
He shall ever to-foryn hem byn.
And the stenche is over-alle there so strong,[1]
And byttur wormys there styketh among,
Neddris, snakys and taddis there strykyth,
No place shall he there i-syn that him lyketh.
Evermore withoutyn ende they shull be wepyng,
And wrynge here hondes with gret weyl-yng.[1]
Then shall the systere sey to the brother,
The fremed and the sybbe uchon to other :
"A, waryed wrecche, what[1] doost thou here ?
A-cursed be the tyme thou i-boryn were !
I may not for nothyng suffre the,
So foule thy synne stynketh on me.
ffor [mi]-nowne gret synne I styke in pyne,
But a thousonde-fold more I suffer for thyne !
ȝe, but thou waryed wrecche forlore,
Accurssed be the tyme that thou were i-bore !
I am for-styfyd[1] among,
Thi synne stynketh on me so strong ! "
Thus shall uchon to other menyn his sorewe
Ever withoutyn ende on evyn and morewe.
[1]Thawgh the[r] sete[2] a mon for the nonys
And he myȝht lestyn[3] in flesshe and bonys,
Half the sorewe he myȝht not telle
Ne the peynes that byth in helle.
Ther is nowther solace ne love i-wys,
Ther is wepyng, pyne, and sorewe withoute blys.
In theke foule stynkyng pytte
They shull in sorowe for ever be knytte.
But thei shull never come out of wo.[1]
The fynde shall here prince byn that they served er,
Sore withowten ende peyned they shull be ther.—
Ihesu in hevyn, as I seyde before,
Is[1] Pryns of Pes and shall byn evermore ;
His pes shall falle[1] never,
And his ioy and his blys that is ever.
Love, swetnesse, and pley
In hevyn hit neweth fro day to day.
The furst ioy that there shall byn,
The blessed shall hit i-syn
The swete face of his Lorde there,
His God and his shapere ;
In his feyreship he may him showen,[1]
And all thyng in him may knowen.
So full he shall byn of ioy and skyle
That he shall have all that he wyle ;
What-sever he wylneth, withouten gabbe,
Be-se on him and he may it habbe.
Of hevyn he may i-se the wydnes,
The feyreshepe and the heynes ;
And he may i-se the dereworth quene,
Goddis modur so bryȝht and shene,
The swete ma[i]de Seynt Marye,
And all the feyre company
Of angels so feyre and bryȝght,
They woll makyn him ioye with here myȝht ;
The apostlys and the martiris,
The confessors and the virginis,
Alle wolle him ioy makyn—
Well is him that thidur may takyn !
And alle is fryndys he shall knowe there
That he hede in this world here,
ffadur and moder, syster and brother ;

[1] Fr. La premiere peine si ert tristesce
[1] r. dep
[1] vv. 1699-1700 added.
[1] Fr. La tierce sera peuur
[1] vv. 1706-8 added.
[1] Fr. E puis hidur de ver le diable
[1] vv. 1713 and 5 added.
[1] Fr. Cruissant de denz reschinerunt
[1] H whad
[1] = stifled
[1] vv. 1733-6 added.
[2] H the fete
[3] H leftyn
[1] 1741-2 added.
[1] H As
[1] r. faile
[1] Fr. s'esmirra

Miche ioy everichon shall make with other,
ȝe, more then eny hert may understonde,
When thei hem syn in theke londe.
So myȝhti thei shull byn everuchon
That whidur thei wolle thei may gon.[1]
And thei shull be so lyȝht and swyft
That whidur-sever they thenk they may be lyft. [1] 1780 and 1784 to be transp.
And so slye and crafty[1] they shull byn alle [1] Fr. si sotils
That thei shull do all thyng that in here hert doth falle.
And where-sere the toon the tother metyth,
With lovely chere thus he him gretyth:
'I-blessed be the Lord that the wrowght
And hidur to this blysse and ioy the browght!
I-blessed be the tyme that thou i-bore were,
So myche ioy I have that i se the here;
So myche blys I see on the
That all my blisse neweth me!'
Thet other answereth him anonryȝht:
'Ever i-blessed be God Allmyȝht,
That seche ioy hath i-ȝeve to the;
Therfore my ioy doubleth me.
On the I se mychelle ioy and blys,
That all my ioy newed is;
And ever here is myrthe and gret song,
And ever I se oure shapere among,
That i-like himselvyn us hath wrowght
And sethyn to this ioy us browght!
Mi ioy is doubled an hondred-fold,
ffor I have all that I wolde.'
Meche is the murthe that is at that feste,
That ever withoutyn ende shall leste.
He that is lest feyre there [1] r. so clere
Shall shyne as the sonne for ere[1];
No nyd is thenne that sonne[1] be there i-wys,[2] [1] H sinne [2] v. 1809-10 to be transp.
They shull[1] shyne seven-sythe bryȝhter then heo now is. [1] r. That shall
When all thei shull be so bryȝht,
Then by alle maner of ryȝht
He most be feyre and bryȝht and more clere
That more deserved that ioy here.
So mony wonynges me may ther i-syn,
And gret compani of angels that woll ther byn
In the ioy so mony and so ryche:
In diverse ioyes never oon other i-lyche.*
In which ioyes God, of his hiȝ grace,
In hevyn ȝeve ȝow alle a place. Amen.

Here endyth the Castel of Love,
Made i-wys for lewde mennis behove.

* The French text has 54 vv. more at the end.

APPENDIX TO No. XXXVIII.

The Myrour of lewed men.[1]

A free version of Robert Grosseteste's *Chateau d'Amour*, by a Monk of Sawley, in Yorkshire.

MS. Egerton 927 (*Yorkshire dialect*).

[2]IN the name of the fader and the soñ & the haly gast. Here begynnes a romance of englische of the begynnyng of the world and of al that a lewed man has nede for to knawe for hele of soule. this romance turned [a][1] Munk[i] of sallay out of a frenche romance that sire Robert, Bisschope a[2] lycolñ, made; and eked mekel therto, as him thoght spedeful to edificacion and swettenes of deuocioñ, and lering of lewed men. And here is no thing sayd bot as haly writ says and grete doctours: and therfor thou that redys this, and any comfort has ther-Inne, pray god be way of charite to haue mercy on him that turned it in this maner. And if thou couayt to loue god and to plese him, take [this] mirrour and loke oft ther-Inne.

This Romance on the Creation and what is needed for Salvation is englisht by a Monk of Sawley from Bp. Grostete's French.

[1] nume om.? [2] r. of

You who read it, pray for its Englisher!

WHo-so wele thinkes, wele may say,
ffor of gode thoghtes comes gode dedes ay.
God send vs thoght to his plesyng,
In whos fre wil hynges aH thyng. 4

[1] Edited before, but very imperfectly, by M. Cooke, *R. Grosseteste Carmina anglo-normannica*, Caxton Soc. 1852.

[2] This introduction is written in red. In the MS. final t, f, g have a thin tag (t', f'), which I omit; ll' is given by ll, h' by h, d' by d, k' by k; doñ may be doun and done.—The MS., 8, vellum, written in the latter half of the 14th cent., only contains this poem, in 28 foll., each page à 24 lines; it is written in the large, clear northern type, is carefully executed, and is most likely a fair copy of the poet's own MS. It must, however, be noted that the scribe frequently leaves out single words. "The Myrour of lewed men" is the title given at the end. The poem can hardly be called a translation: it condenses the narrative, adds from other sources, and introduces, not very happily, passages treating of points of Christian doctrine (10 Commandments, &c.).

He is god and lord of myȝtes mast,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one God in Trinity. The fader and sone and haligast;
In godhed are thise persones thre,
And aH are on god in trinite;
None is othir of thise persons thre,
Bot alle are on god and ay sal be.
Oure mede is to trowe this with stable thoght,
Al-be-hit that mannes skil proues it noght;
Bot when we sal se god clerly,
Than sal we knawe this witerly.

Of the begynnyng of the world.

God created earth and heaven in 6 days. GOd in vj dayes made bothe erthe & heuen,
And, to make haliday, cessed at the seuen.
Heuen was occupid with angeles kynde,
Euermore on god for to haue thair mynde—
Bot many thorgh pride fel in to helle,
Thar sal thei aH with-outen ende dwelle.
Bothe sunne and mone [mor] briȝt thai ware
Then seuenfold then thay now are,
And aH erthli thing more vertuous,
Bi-for Adam thurgh synne was vicious;
And ilk a best sul[d] haue bowed to mannes wiH,
Had he neuer bi way of synne don none iH.
When god had the world so parfit made
That no partie of hit defaut hade,
He made Adam, Then of erth̄ he made Adam, of man age,
To his liknes in saule he was & his ymage.
and Eve out of his rib. Of a rib of Adam syde, when he lay slepand,
God made Eue, that sho to him suld ay be kepand.
Of on god made al man-kynde, for ilkon suld loue other
And non til other do wrong mor then til his brother.[1]
What lyf myȝt mor[2] be schewed to man in charite
Then in saule make him lik to the haly trinite,
Make him lord of al the world, ful of vertueȝ, & wise,
And put him in Paradise, Make him eir of heuen-blis & sette him in paradis,
Thare he and aH that come of him myȝt leue with-outen deyng,
If thay vse the frut of lif & kepe wel godes biddyng.

[1] vv. 33-4 added. [2] r. mor ioyful?

Of aH the trees of paradis bi goddis biddyng thei suld ete,
But the frut of the tre of wetyng of gode & ille thei suld lete; but forbade him to eat the fruit of one Tree.
What tyme as thei ete of that, thai suld forfet thair heritage
& be oblischid to deth & helle-payne, thai & aH thair lynage. 44
Bot, if thai had kepid weł aH goddis biddyng,
Thai suld haue leued ioyfully, & aH thair ofspring,
Til thai had ben tan til heuen, to fille that fair place
That thurgh pride of lucifer & his feres voyde was; 48
Thare thai suld haue had mor ioye than hert may thenk or tunge telle,
& neuer non of thair kynd suld haue suffride payn of helle.

Of the losyng of the world thurgh synne.

WHen adam & eue sesyn hade in the blis of paradys,
The fende, for he hade that ioye lost, enuy had to thair delice. The Fiend, 52
Then he come in neddir liknesse to eue with a wommans face, like an adder with a woman's face,
& sayde: "whi bad god ȝe suld noȝt ete of aH trees that ther was?"
"Of aH the trees," quad eue, "that thar is, we may ete at oure liking,
Out-tan on that is forbodł, paraunter for dredł of deyng."
Than sayde the fendł: "ȝe saH noȝt deye therfore, god wot it wele, tempted Eve. 57
Bot as god[1] saH ȝe be, knawand bothe gode & yueH."
Eue sagh that the frut was gode & ful gretly lykand:
Sho tastid sone, & gaf therof tiH her owen husband. She ate the forbidden fruit and gave it to Adam,
Adam wolde noȝt greue his wyf, bot sone he ete with hir. 61
Alas, that synne oblisched vs al til wikkid heH-fire! and thereby we all were destind to Hell.
Sone thai were put fro that place to sorow & to care,
That neuer myȝt no creature recouer it mare. 64

[1] r. godis, cf. v. 576.

Alle thing vnder heuen made was to mannes solace,
And therfor, syn he synned, aH thai lesse vertue has.
AH man-kynde for-thi was put to thraldom of the fende,
And bounden aH to his prisoñ ay with-outen ende.
How may thraH with riȝt clayme a thing of fre heritage?
With his lord may he noȝt mote, ne non of his lynage.

The whole world was lost.

Thus was aH this world lost; ther was no help in creature.
Bot god wist what was his wil, that of aH thing has cure.

Of the ten commaundements.[1]

[1] This passage is added to the Fr.

Then God gave man the 10 Commandments:

THen with the x commandements god forbed aH synne
& taght man how he myȝt him gret mede wynne.

1. Worship God;

The first is, to worschipe on god and no mo.
This biddyng sal be vnderstanden so
That it forbedes aH mamettrie,
And also aH maner of sorcerie.
Mammentrie is, to do creature that honour
That thou suld do aH-onely to thi creatour,
That is, worschipe him for him-self ouer aH other thing.

you may also worship Saints.

A seint sal thou worschipe for he is his derlyng.
Ymages in the kirk that thou on lokes,
Are to the as to the clerk are his gode bokes:
Thou sal not worschipe thaim bot for thair[1] sake [1] r. that?
That thei bringe to thi mynd thi prayer to make.

2. Take not God's name in vain.

The second is: tak not the name of thi god in vayn.
Ilk fals oth, vnleful & idel[1] is ther-agayn; [1] swering om.?
He is ay in peril of synne dedly
That sweres bi goddis hert or any party.
This biddyng forbedes alle heresy,
And also aH feyned and fals ypocrisy.

3. Keep well the Holy Day.

The thrid is: thou sal kepe wel thi haliday.
That is thus mekel openly for to say:
Put fro the synne & bodely werkyng,
And gif the to god with hertly prayng.
Tak kepe here that on halyday marchandyse
Lettes man oft of goddes seruise.

4. Honour thy Father and Mother.

The ferd is: worschipe thi fader & thi moder.

Be way of kynde thes two may noȝt be the to dere;
To thaim ogħ thou buxumnes & honour,
And also in thair [nede] help and socour.
And haly kirk is thi moder gastly,
And the keper of thi saule thi fadir, sot[h]ly;
And who so is thi warldly lord or thi kyng,
Is taken for thi fadir in this byddyng.

The fift is: thou salt no man sle vnlaghfully. — 5. Do no murder.
That is to say, nother bodely ne gastly;
ffor ille ensaumple, hate, & bakbityng
Are ille to thi neghbur gastly sleyng;
Hurtyng bothe gastly & bodely is forbeȝt,
And wernyng of mete to the pour in peril of ded.

The sext is: thou sal don non auoutrie. — 6. Do not commit Adultery.
And this forbedes aħ maner of lecherie,
Bot it be betwix the & thi wyf with gode entent,
ffor to kepe the lagh of god in that sacrament.

The seuent biddes that thou sal no thing stele — 7. Steal not.
Ne non othir mannes gode agayns his wille dele.
This forbedes fals cautels, deceit, and maystrie,
That mas many to loise his gode vnriȝtwisly;
And who so harmes any man in this maner,
Sal noȝt be saf, bot he make asseth at his power.

The aghtend is: bere agayn no man fals witnes, — 8. Bear not false witness.
And in tyme & maner skilful layne thou sothfastnes
When it is noȝt lefful & nedful to say,
And al lesyng eschue as wele as thou may.

The neyghend is: thi neghbur hous sal thou noȝt coueit. — 9. Covet not thy neighbour's house.
In this is forboden assent to wrang & deceit.

The tend is: thou saħ noȝt ȝerne anothir mannes wyf, — 10. Desire not another's wife or property.
His seruant ne his other thing, that may helpe his lyue.
Here is forbeden alle maner of wikked couetyse
That myght harme thi neghbur on any-maner wise.
If slik thoght come to thi hert, thou sal noȝt assent,
Bot euer agayn-stande with gode auysement:
And then sal thou noȝt falle in dedly synne,
Bot ilk a tyme a crouñ of gret ioye wynne. — Thro' these Commandments, joy might be won,
Thurgh this ten thou may wynne gret ioye, & eschewe payn.

but to open Heaven again, a man without sin was needed.

Bot more help mot open heuen-ȝates the agayn.
Who-so suld agayn blis to man[1] wynne, [1] r. mankynd?
Him behoued be a man that myȝt noȝt synne,
And he most ay fulfille alle goddes wille
And neu*er* in thoght, word, ne dede don non ille;
Slik on myȝt, if he wald, a gode raunson wage
And bye agayn both man &[1] heritage. [1] r. & mannis?
Bot slik a man in erthꝫ myȝt neu*er* be made,
If he of aH creato*urs* aH vertues hade.

Of the restoring of the warld.

The Parable of the King,

A Kyng ther was of sou*er*ayne worthines,
ffull of m*er*cy & wysdam & aH godenes.

his Son,

A sone he hadde, knewe aH his wille,
And myȝt and wald al hit fulfille.
Thai were ay bothe al on substau*n*ce,
And betwix theim was no distaunce;
What as the fader wald haue amendyd,
By his sone godely hit suld be endid.

and 4 Daughters,

ffour doght*er*s hade this grete kyng,
That fulfillid aH his likyng;
Thai were of his substance ilkon,
And aH that substance was bot on.
Thai foure doght*er*s thurgh comune assent
P*ar*formed al his iugement.
Bot if thise foure vse ay wele thair myght,
May neu*er* no rewme be rewled right.
The names of thaim w*ith*-outen les

Mercy, Truth, Right, Peace.

Are: Mercy, Sothfastnes, Right, & Pes.
Mercy, when sho hade p*ar*ceyued
How aH man-kynde was deceyued
Thurgh the fende that be foul treson
Has geten him to his prison
And eu*er*more with enuy
WiH torment him as enemy,
Sho was so stered to compassion
That sho wald deliu*er*e that prison.

Here spak Mercy.

THus til her fader sho began — Mercy prays the King to
To pray him for synful man:
"Dere fader, kyng of myȝtes mast,
Thi doghter y am, wele thou wast,
ffull of myknes, swetnes and pite;
Dere fader, aH thes haue y of the.
Now here my praier for this prisoñ,
That he may be put til his raunsoñ.
His enemys with thair falshede
Has put him to so gret nede
That he may neuer saued be,
Bot thurgh mercy and gret pite.
Thair falshed may gretly letted be,
And that prison be ȝolden to me.
Dere fader, mercyful is thi name,
And y thin eldest doghter ame;
That y were thi doghter, myȝt y neuer say
Bot y wald euer for sinful man pray.
Thi mercy thurgh riȝt saH he haue,
And thi gret mercy sal him saue.
I sal euer crie mercy to the
Til that wreched prison deliuerd be.
Dere fader, my praier may noȝt be lette,
ffor y am ouer aH thi werkes to sette."

let Man be ransomd.

She, Mercy,

will always pray for Man

till he is deliverd.

Here spak Sothfastnes.

WHen the second sister, sothfastnes, — Soothfastness
Hade herd, mercy thurgh here swetnes
Wold sone bye the synful prisoñ agayn
That sho hade iugged to ay-lastand payne,
Sho sayde: "dere fader, thi doghter am y,
As ner sib to the as is my sister mercy.
Mercy of no thing may wele gife the dome
Bot if y, sothfastnes, with her come;
Hir praier may noȝt be herd of the
Bot if hit acordand be with me.
If aH hir prayers suld ay be herd,
Neuer no shrewe for the sul be ferd,

says that Mercy

lets off all the shrews.

Ne neu*er* punist no wikkednes :
That is gretly agayns ri3twisnes ;
Folk righteously condemnd should be shown no mercy. ffor he suld haue no mercy
That is dampned ri3twysly." 212

Here spak ri3twysnes.

Righteousness confirms this. THen ri3twisnes, the third sist*er*, sayde :
" Dere fader, in me is aH dome laide ;
I ne may no3t spare to say to the,
AH that sothfastnes telles to me 216
I mot dele to eu*er*-ilk-one,
Gode or iH after thei haue done.
The prisoner Thi wikkid seruant is in prisoñ,
As he was demed w*ith* gret resoñ. 220
I may no3t fro this sentence vary
Bot I to ri3t wald be contrary.
is not worth mercy. Mercy ne pite is non[1] worthi, [1] r. man ?
ffor that he lost thaim wilfully."— 224
So Man is Alas catyf prisoñ, now has thou no frende
Bot m*er*cy, that praies for a gode ende !
Sothfastnes has accused the,
And ri3twisnes has dampned the ; 228
Thou & aH that of the come
doomd to hell-fire. To helle-fire has herd *3our* dome.
Thin enemy gret stired the to trespas,
And ri3twisnes of the no m*er*cy has, 232
And m*er*cy may no3t be herd.
Ther-for pece may be ferd.
When no forgifnes may be,
Thai may no3t dwelle in cuntre. 236
AH mankynde dyes and is put to payn,
Bot Enok and Ely that sal come agayn.
Gret dole is to think on this,
How al mankinde fordone is ; 240
Truth and Right have judgd him. Sothfastnes & ri3t has geuen thair iuggement,
Bot m*er*cy & pees were no3t of that assent.
If aH go bi reddure of ri3t & sothfastnes,
How saH m*er*cy and pes shewe the kinges godenes ? 244
If al be thaim one deme sothfastnes & ri3t,
Mercy, pete & pece sal loise al thair my3t.

¶ *Here spake Pece.*

NOw pece to the king begynnes to say: Peace pleads
"ffaire gode dere fader, thou has loued me ay,
Thou art endles of pece prince & also king,
And eu*er* in pece salt thou be, for th*er* [is] thi dwellyng;
If y for debate suld away fle,
Thou suld haue no place lykand to the.
Mi two dere suste*rs* now haue thai me forsaken, that the verdict of Truth and Right
And m*er*cy w*ith* thaim two ȝit haue thai not taken; is of no good
W*ith*-outen vs thai be thaim-self han gyue*n* a iuggement,
That suld haue ben gyuen trewly w*ith* co*men*[1] assent.
Ther-fore hit sal noȝt ben of recorde [1] MS. cōe, r. *commune*? unless she and Mercy join in it.
Til we four ben aH of on acorde.
AH erthly thing is made for gode pece,
And w*ith*-outen[1] hit may ben non ese. Without Peace
Iustisry is neue*r*more nedeful [1] outen on the margin.
Bot when it is to pece spedeful.
How suld right & sothfastnes auaile
When thai wil noȝt caH me to thair counsaile,
Ne m*er*cy my siste*r* that ay so gode is, and Mercy, no crime can be amended.
That withouten hir no gilt amendid is[1]? [1] r. nis
Ther-fore out of cuntre wil I fle
Til my thre siste*rs* acorded be.
If sothfastnes mete w*ith* mercy,
Then saH kis riȝtwisnes & y.
The prisoñ calles eu*er* vppon m*er*cy,
And m*er*cy for h*im* wil ay to the, king, cry Mercy will plead for the prisoner till he is deliverd.
Til for him be paied al his raunsoñ
And he be deliue*r*ed out of prisoñ."

¶ *Here spak the Kinges sone.*

NOw the kinges sone has wele sene The King's Son
That debate is his siste*r*s betwene
And hit may noȝt wele be amesed
Bot in to his hande it be sesed.
He says to that myȝty kyng anoñ: tells his Father
"Dere fader, thou and I are aH on,
On substance, on wysdam, & on powere,
And god, while the holy gast is oure fere.

aH on in substance if we be,
Neuer-the-les in persons we are thre.
Thurgh me the warld thou made of noȝt:
Thurgh me agayn let hit be boght!

that Mercy has made Him pity the prisoner;

Mercy has so mekel moued me
That of that prisoñ I haue pite.
Dere fader, I wil don al thi wille
And punyscħ al that is don iH:
I sal take the clething of that wretchid prisoñ
And priuily for him sal I paye raunsoñ:

that He will take Man's nature and punishment,

Of his kynde wil I become
And for him wil y take dome;
More payn then riȝt & sothfastnes wold haue

save man,

Wil y suffre, that prisoñ for to saue.

and atone Truth and Mercy, Righteousness and Peace.

On this maner sothfastnes and mercy
Sal sone be made gode frendes verraly;
Also pece and riȝtwisnes
Thai sal kis with gret swetnes."

¶ *Here spak the autour.*

Let all readers of this Romance believe

WHo-so redes this romance,
Trowe in god with on substance.
Bot on is god & persons thre,
Non othir thing in god may be.
ffour sisters that we before rede,
Are foure vertues in the godhede:
To foure doghters thai haue lyknyng,
ffor thai procure aH gode doyng;

that Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one God, and the 4 Sisters His qualities.

Bot aH thai are on god of myȝtes mast,
He is fader and sone and haly gast.
If thou trowe this wele & stedfastly,
Thou may haue mede ay-lastan[d]ly.

¶ *Here spak the king.*[1] [1] This passage is added.

The King agrees that

THe kyng has herd his awen sones speche,
That of aH the warld is a god leche;
"Dere sone," he says, "thurgh the I made aH thing,
And aH the warld hynges in thi keping;
Thou, & the haly gast, with me
Dose aH gode dede that done sal be;

Oure dede may neuer departid be,
ffor aH on god in kynde are we thre.
AH only thou sal take manhede.
Bot aH we thre saH do the dede,
Riȝt as two virgyns clethes the third
And ȝit none of thaim bot on is cled. [1] r. althre?
Dere sone, this was oure al thre[1] purpos & curage
When we made man to oure liknes & ymage;
This hight y to Abraham and to dauid,
And my prophetes acorded ther-with.
If mankynd sal out of his prison wynne,
A man mot for him dye that has no-maner synne,
That is of myȝt to ryse fro dede to the lyue,
And his with him out of prison ryue;
And siche myȝt ther be neuer non
Bot he were bothe god & man.
Dere sone, if thou wil dye & suffre payne,
Bothe aungel & mankynde may be ful fayne.
That souerayne grace and meknes
SaH be so ful of swetnes,
That neuer may man wele haue in his mynnyng
Bot he be sterid to loue the ouer al thing,
And titter be resoñ his hert suld brest
Then he for any thing suld breken thi hest."

His Son only shall become Man, tho' He and the Holy Ghost act in and with Him.

A sinless man must die to save Man.

If His Son will suffer,

no man who considers it can fail to love Him.

¶ *Of ysaies prophecies.*

Off ihesu crist telles ysay
To aH mankynde verrayly:
How a child is born til vs,
And a sone is gyuen til vs,
His name sal be callid wonderful,
Counsellour, & god, & strenghtful,
ffader of the warld that sal come,
And prince of pece sal be his nome.

Isaiah foretells how a Son shall be given us,

and shall be cald Wonderful, Counsellor, God, Strong, Father of the world to come, and Prince of Peace.

¶ *Here spake the autour.*

Iff any best in shap passed cours of kynde,
A wonder in that wald many man fynde;
Bot if a parfit man were a parfit as,
Mikel more meruayl wald man say it was;

Christ was wonderful: A greater marvel than that a Man should be an Ass,

is it that Christ should be both God and man.

Bot more maruayl may who so can
How verraily is on bothe god & man.
ffor he wald saue mankynde that fouly was lorn,
Child of a nerthly woman wald he be born.
Syn god in erth for loue of man wald mak his halle,
Nede it was to make it best & fairest of alle.

¶ *How ihesus entred in to a castil.*

The King made a Castle.

THer-for a castel has the king made at his devys,
That thar[1] neuer drede assaut of any enemys;
He sette hit on a whit roche thik & hegh, [1] = dar
With gode dykes al aboute, depe and dregh.
Men may neuer with no craft this castil doun myne,
Ne may neuer do harme to hit no-maner engyne.

The Castle had
This castil is euer ful of loue & of grace,
To al that any nede has, socour & solace.

4 Towers,
ffour toures ay hit has & kernels fair,

3 Baileys,
Thre bailliees al-aboute that may noȝt apair.
Nouther hert may wele thinke ne tung may wel telle
Al the bounte & the bewte of this ilk casteH!

7 Barbicans.
Seuen barbicans are sette so sekirly aboute
That no maner of shoting may greue fro with-oute.

And was painted red at top,
This castel is paynted with-out with thre-maner colours:
Rede brennand colour is a-boue toward the fair tours,

blue in centre,
Meyne colour is ymyddes of ynde & of blewe,

green at foot,
Grene colour be the ground, that neuer changes hewe.
Thes colours both[1] [fer] & nere castes so mekil liȝt,
That, when men behaldes thaim, comfort mekil thair siȝt. [1] MS. beth.

white within.
The castel al with-in, who-so may hit knawe,
Ay is blaunched als whit as any dryuen snawe.

4 Streams ran from its Well.
ffour fair stremes in hit out of a welle spiinges
ffro myddes the hegh tour, thai fille the dykinges;
So fair and so gode that liquour ther is
That he that drank oght therof myȝt haue mekel blis.

7 steps led to an ivory chair.
A chaier of yuor ther was sette in this ilk tour,
With seuen grees vpward, with worschipe & gret honour;
Was neuer non half so fair in this warld sene,
Ne neuer non so semly hade prince ne quene;

Hit was made sotilly, & al be compas cast,
The raynbowe enuyround it al stedefast.
The kynges sone has made it for his awne se—
Was ther neu*er* non so fair ne neu*er*-mor*e* sal be.

¶ *What betokenes this castil.*

THis castil of solas & of soco*ur* — This Castle is Our Lady's body.
Is hir blissed body that bar our*e* saueo*ur*;
Hit was made for refuyt to aH manes kynde—
Who-so fles ther-to, soco*ur* sal he fynde.
The roche whit & fair *with* his stablenes — The white rock is her heart;
Is the hert of hir in al halynes,
That sette hir to serue god *with*-outen any drede
[1]In sou*er*ayne clene meknes & clene maydenhede.
The grene colour bi the ground, that wil so wele last, — the green, her truth;
Is the treuth of our*e* lady, that ay was stedefast.
The meyne colo*ur* in the myddest of this castil walle — the blue, her hope;
Was stable hope to come to g*r*ace, that saue mankynd saH.
The rede colo*ur* abouen, brennand in the si3t, — the red, her love;
Was brennand loue of god & man, that gyues mykil li3t.
No wonder if[1] this castil ware ful whit *with*-Inne,
ffor the h*er*t of that may was neu*er* foulyd *with* synne.
The four toures g*r*et & strong, that fair were to se, — the 4 Towers, 4 of her virtues;
Ware gastly strenght & sobernes, ri3t & sutilte;
Thes four v*er*tues stekes out al man*er* of wykkednes
And kepes fast *with*-ynne al that is godnes.
The baillies, on ay *with*-ynne a noth*er* in thre stage, — the 3 Baylies, her maidenhood, motherhood and wifehood;
Are clene maydenhed, & moderhed, & in[1] trewe spousage;
Woman *with* thes thre bot seint mary was th*er* neu*er* non;
Bot who-so sal be sauf of synne, of thes he most haue on.
Seuen barbicans fair seuen v*er*tues calle we, — the 7 Barbicans, her 7 Virtues,
That in our*e* lady suffred no vice for to be:
ffor gret meknes in hir h*er*t venquist ay al pride; — Meekness,
And hir gret charite enuy my3t not abyde; — Charity,
Hir discrete abstinens fordid al glotonye; — Abstinence,

[1] The next leaves are misplaced.
fol. 14.
[1] MS. of
[1] om. in?

Chastity, And hir clene maydenhed suffred no lecherie;
Wikkid couetyse in hir hert myȝt neuer dwelle,
Poverty, ffor wilful pouert in hir hert keped the castil;
Patience, Pacience in hir hert euer was so prest
Ghostly joy. That synne of wrath ther-in myȝt neuer haue rest;
Ther was so mekil in hir hert of comfort gastly
That ther myȝt neuer synne of slewth dwelle ther-by.
The Well is her Grace; The fair welle in the castil that filles ay the dykes,
Is grace in goddes moder that synful man ay likes.
Thou that myster has of grace, go to this spring-welle;
Who so help has of hir, sal neuer go to helle.
[1]Make the dykes of meknes & of gode wille [1] vv. 435-446 freely added.
the 4 Streams wash away sin, And four stremes of that grace sal the sone fille:
On streme euermore sal the clene wasch of synne that is past,
resist temptation, Another agayn temptacion sal make the stedefast,
stir charity, The thirde sal stere the to do werkes of charite,
ensure bliss. And the ferd sal bere the to blis that ay sal be.
This welle is euermore springand mercy & pite;
If thou haue no part therof, it is al lange on the.
The ivory Throne is Our Lady's soul. The trone of yuor is the saule of oure swete lady;
Seuen grees that lys therto, are werkes of mercy;
The raynbowe that bendes ouer with his colours thre,
Is the myȝt that couers hir of the haly trinite.
No wonder if this castel were ful fair in siȝt,
When god, the sonne of riȝtwisnes, wald ther-in liȝt!
He come thurgh the cloise ȝate, & when he went clois it was;
Riȝt as the briȝt sonne-beme comes & goos thurgh the glas. fol. 15.
Al that man nede has of [is] in this ilk castel;
He that help has of hit, has ynogh of wele.

¶ *Here spak the autour.*

Mother of Mercy, GEntil lady of this castel,
Let me my myscheue to the telle.
Moder of mercy & qwene of pite,
To synful man thou art ay avowe:
Ther-for at thi ȝates now y lye,
I cry to thee. Thi help and mercy for to crye;

Mercy sal y fast crie befor this louely tour,
Euer til I fynde sum of thi socour.
Hope of help me made hider for to fle
When thre gret enemys fast pursued me:
On is the foule fende with al his companie,
That puttes forth pride & wrath & gret enuye;
The secund is the fals warld with many schrewed gyse,
That shotes ay at me sharply with all couetise;
The third is myn awne flesch, to me a gret enemy,
That prickes me with lecherie, sleuth, & glotony.
Welle of mercy, I be ded & sone al fordon
Bot a streme of thi grace come to me sone.
Lady, let me lye in thi castel dyke
And wasch me wele ther to thi seruant like:
Then, if myn enemys wil me assaile,
In traist of thi gode help y tak that bataile.
In this castil ihesu crist tok of the mankynd:
Ther-for hope y euer her[1] socour for to fynde;
Here hid[1] god his gret power in mannes liknes
& laide enbuschement for the fend[1] & al his wikkednes.[1]
Thou art the ȝert of aaron that bar the faire flour,
When thou in clene maydenhede bar thi creatour;
Thou art the stegh of iacob thurgh wham is gate to heuen—
He may hope wele of help that deuoutly wil the neuen.
The Kinges sone of al this world ligh the with-ynne
ffor to saue & socour wel al synful man of synne.—
Now he has acorded alle his sisters foure,
And pece is cryed for man heghe vp in the toure.
Now god & man are to-geder both in O person;
Now has man ynogh wharwith to bye him fro prison;
Now on man more parfit & withouten lak
Than euer was Adam ar he goddis biddyng brak,
He is fre to plede for vs & al oure riȝt dereigne,
And no creature may haue cause vp-on him to pleyn.
In token of the prince of pees, when he til vs come,
Pees was ouer-al in the world, & reuling was in rome;
Ioye is sungen now to god vpon hegh in heuen
And pes in erthe til al man that are of gode wil euen.

[1] MS. hir — I hope for thy succour.
[1] MS. wilkednes

Help me from the Fiend,
the World,
and my Flesh!
In Christ God and Man are one.
He brought us Peace.

¶ *How ihesus was gode counseillour.* fol. 13.

Man, hear how Christ was counsellor.

NOw, man, behold thi saueo*ur*,
Howe he was gode counseillo*ur*,
To bringe the to thin heritage
That was forfet thurgh outrage.

If thou wilt follow Christ,

If thou wil ay folowe his rede,
Thou sal eschue ay-lastand dede

thou shalt regain Heaven.

And so recou*er* the ioye of heuen,
If thou wil folowe his counseiH euen.

When he for the become man here,
He fand the a thraH, of no power

When man was the Devil's thrall,

ffor to recou*er* that thou had lost,
Bot he for thi ri3t wold pay the cost.

Then sou*er*ayn meknes and charite
Schewed ih*es*u [1]*ch*rist, thi lord, for the; [1] MS. xprist

Christ promist man His

"Dere brothir," he said, "of the I haue pite grete,
That al thi fair h*er*itage fouly is forfait.
Neu*er*-the-lees fal no3t in despeir,

inheritance

ffor of that heritage y am heir;
To double ri3t hit falles to me:[1] [1] 515-522 *al.* Fr.
The ton of thaim y may wele gyf the;

if he'd keep His commandments,

If thou wil kepe my comaundement,
Thou sal ay haue it v*er*rament.
ffor I am god, blis is bounden to me so fast
That y may neu*er* fro me hit cast;
ffor I am of adam kynde & w*ith*-outen synne,
I may clayme his h*er*itage & bi skil hit wynne.

love Him,

If thou wil[1] ou*er* al thing ri3t hertly loue me, [1] overlined.

and his fellow-Christians,

And loue thin euen-cristen for the loue of me,
AH thin enemys the agayn sal no-thing auaile,
And y sal sone for thi sake to me ta this bataile,
If thou wil hald [in] thi hert how y for the sal fi3t.
Mi 3ok sal ay be swete to the, & my birthin ful li3t.

and learn of Him meekness.

Lerne at me, for I am mylde & also meke of hert."
Ther-to may mekel help ay wilful pouert:
Meknes is a v*er*ray token of h*im* that is in *gra*ce,
And p*ri*de an euidence of h*im* that charite non has;
He that settes his hert to mekel on riches,
Thai drawe him sone te p*ri*de fro v*er*tue of meknes.

¶ *Here spak the autour.*

NOw sues that man his lordes counsail
That al to the contrary dos trauail? 536
How may he soco*ur* seke of ih*es*u meknes, — How does the proud man follow Christ?
That settes hi*m*-self to mekel vpon heghnes?
Ther-for drede he may that so wil him bere
Of a foul falling dou*n* with lucifer*e*. 540
Neu*er*-the-lees a riche man w*ith* his ri3twisnes, — Still, a rich man may win
And he loue ay god wele in hertly meknes,
He may wele saue his saule w*ith* fast fleyng of synne, — [fol. 12] heaven by works of
And w*ith* werkes of m*er*cy the Ioye of heuen wynne. — mercy.

¶ *How ih*esus *mot with the fende.*

NOw here how thi lord mette [the fend] for thi ri3t,
Atte last for thi loue put him to fi3t. 546
When the godhede was hid in the mankynd
And the fende in hi*m* no synne my3t fynde, 548
He tempted him w*ith* thre thinges that made ada*m* dede.[1] — The Fiend thrice tempted Christ,
[1] 548-563 added.
"If thou be goddes sone," he saide, "make of stones brede." — by asking Him, 1. to turn stones into bread:
"Noght only thurgh brede," q*uad* ih*es*u c*rist*, "leues man, 551
Bot th*ur*gh ich̄ word that comes of goddes wysdam."
The fende sette crist on the temple & bad hi*m* lepe doun,[1] — 2. to leap from the Temple:
[1] MS. doñ
Goddes aungeles to kepe hi*m* suld be redy & bou*n*,
If he were goddes sone, in handes thai suld him bere,
So at no ston suld he stumble ne nothing suld hi*m* dere.
"Writen," q*uad* ih*es*u crist, "in haly writ y rede: 557
Thou suld not te*m*pte god thi lord, when thou has no nede."
The fend shewid hi*m* al the warld & saide: "this gif y the, — 3. to accept the world, and worship the Devil.
If thou wil bowe dou*n* to the grou*n*d & so adour me."
"Writen it is," q*uad* ih*es*u crist, "thi god sal thou adoure, 561
And only sal thou se*r*ue hi*m* w*ith* so mekil honoure.
Go, satanas," q*uad* ih*es*u crist, "for the am y no3t ferd."

The Fiend brags that he was Prince of the earth,

"And I am prince," quad the fend, "of this midlerd;
I haue gode sesyn ther-ynne & of ful lange tyme,
And be confermyng of god al mankynd is myne.
ffor man brak goddes bydding & of the appel ete,

and that man should be ever in Hell with him for breaking God's bidding.

He sal be in payn with me euermore, I the hete;
God wil not do so gret wrong to reue me my pray.
If he haue any riȝt, let se what he can say!
The couenant that god made, that sal I alway hold;
No man for to breke it sal neuer be so bold."

Christ said this was thro' the Devil's betraying Eve.

"Man," quad ihesu, "hade keped al goddes biddyng,
Hade he noȝt be lettid with [thi] betrayng,
When thou saide til eue 'for that mete sal noȝt man dye,
Bot ȝe sal be as goddes, bothe wyse & sle.'
How may thou couenant reioys[1] be resoñ
That thou made man to breke be thi foul tresoñ?"

[1] Fr. de c. jouir

The Fiend said

"Alas," then quad the fend, "wher hade thou this connyng
ffor to venquys me to-day thus with thi motyng?
Mote euermore how as thou mote wiȝt,

Man should be his, unless Christ paid the ransom he was worth.

Man sal euermore be in my prisoñ stille,
Bot if thou, be-fore he passe forth,
Paye as mekil raunson for him as he is al worth."
"That is resoñ," quad ihesu crist, "& that ful verrailye,
I wil noȝt tak man fro the with vnskilful maistrie.
Loke what his raunson sal be skilfully,
And I sal paye hit for him, & that ful largely."
"Better," then quad the fend, "sal his raunsoñ be
Then al this ilk warld is worth that thou now may se."

[fol. 10]

Christ agreed to pay it,

"I graunt," quad ihesu crist, "to this couenant;
ffor my lest fynger is mekil more vailiant
Then a thousand worldes, if that thai ware."
"Certes," quad the fend then, "that is al my care;
ffor of al this warld ay y haue sum skiȝt,
Bot in the is no thing sene at myn awen wiȝt.
And if thou wil gyue thi fynger him to bye,
Than sal thou make a febil marchandie.

to suffer as much as one who'd lain in Hell.

And ȝit most thou suffre for him als mekil payn
As he hade done & he in helle euer hade layn."
Ihesu said: "I sal do more than thou has ast,[1]

[1] = asked

And this couenant betwix vs sal be made ful fast."
Then the fend hi*m* to the dede as for his p*ri*sõ toke,
And choked on the godhede as fisch dos on the hoke.

¶ *Of cristes passiõ.*

BEhald now the passion of cristes manhede,
How he gaf al hi*m*-self to soco*ur* the at nede,
Both body & saul, & his lymes alle
Lete punysch for the, when that thou was thraH.
[1]Thre & thirty ȝere for the, to bye thi forfete,
He suffred cold, hung*ur* & thrist, & trauail wonde*r* grete.
[1] 609-624 added.
Befor that he for synne of man til his passiõ ȝode,
He p*ra*yed so he*r*tly til his fader that he swette blode.
He was tane as a thef, & bounden wonder fast,
& bette w*i*th hard knotty stringes whil thei wold last;
ffro the crouñ of the hed to the fote-sole
No pece of his skyn myȝt be founden hole.
ffete & hande were drawen out & nayled to the tre,
As straitly, for more penaunce, as euer thai myȝt be;
He was lifted vpon hegh & leten dou*n* so fast
That aH the vaynes & the synnues *in* his body brast.
AH that blissed body stremed dou*n* of blode,
ffor to wasch synne—ther was a noble flode!
His saule [was] ful drery agayn the deyng,
To make asseth for thi saule wikked likyng.
The sharpe crou*n* of thornes crouned hi*m* so fast
That the sharpnes of thaim in to the brayn brast,
And then he henged dou*n* his heued w*i*th mekel meknes,
ffor to make asseth for mannes proudnes.[1] [1] *al.* Fr.
His eghen wex fade & dym & lost al thaire myȝt,
ffor to make asseth alway for sy*n*ne of ma*n*nes siȝt.
His eres hard fals reproues w*i*th gret scornyng,
ffor to make asseth fully for synne of oure hering.
His neys smelled of the Iewes snot & foul spitting
That thei cast vpon his face to blode & sweting:
This suffrance of ihesu cr*i*st that lord is of al thing
May make asseth for aH sy*n*ne of oure smelling.
Bitter aisel and galle, when he was thristy, fol. 11.
Drank he, to make fully asseth for ma*n*nes glotony.

See now, Man, how Christ suffered for thee in all His limbs!
33 years, in hunger and travail,
bound as a thief, beaten with cords,
naild to the tree,
all veins and sinews burst!
His soul was sorrowful,
His eyes waxt dim,
His ears heard reproof,
He drank vinegar and gall.

When he was aght dayes old, *with* a culter of stone
His foreskin was cut off; Thai karf his tendre membre away—that bi the lagh was doñ : [1] 639-42 added.
This penance of that child that was so worthi
Miȝt make asseth for synne of mannes lechery.[1]
He was beaten, Al the body aboute *with* brising & beting
Was punysched ynogh for synne of touching.
naild to the Cross, His hende nayled to the crosse al for thi sake
May for synne of thin hend asseth ynogh make.
His fete nayled thurg[1] *with* yrne nayles [1] MS. thurd
Made asseth for al thi wikkid *trauayles*.
He *prayed* for man til his fader hyngand an the croys
With bittir teres, & ȝeld the gast *with* a gret voys.
He was both god & man ful *verraily*,
and yielded up the ghost. That so ȝelded the gast lyueand the body :
ffor saule goos neu*er* fro the body be the co*urs* of kynde
Whyl thou may in the body fyue wittes fynde ;
Bot god strenghed his body to suffre more reddure
Than eu*er* myȝt haue suffred any oth*er* creature.
Christ's heart was cloven to make amends for thy sin, Man. His h*ert* that was clouen thurgh *with* a sharp spere,
That may make asseth for al sy*nne* that may dere ;
His h*ert*-blode & clene wat*er* was ther-out broȝt,
To wasch away al enuy & al ille thoȝt.
This of ful gret m*er*cy is sette on comon broche,
And the welle of pite springes out of this roche.
If thou wil forsake sy*nne* & cry mercy,
Thou sal neu*er* faile ther-of, certaynly ;
How that thou may sy*nne* *with* any ly*mme* that is thine,
A ly*mme* of crist is punysched to thi medicine.—
At His death, the sun lost its light, When god thus suffred dede, as we rede in boke,
The sunne sone *with*-drogh̄ his liȝt, and the erthe whoke,[1]
And the vail of the temple euen brast in two, [1] = quoke
And the harde stones swiftly cleue also ;
and many folk rose from the dead. Many a man rose than that were before dede,
And al bare thei wittenes of his godhede.[1]
[1] vv. 667-672 added.

¶ *Of the sorowe of oure lady.*

Our Lady sorrowd, WHat sorowe hopes thou then hade his mod*ur* mary,
When thing that has no resoñ for hi*m* was so sary !

Certes, lady, Symond swerd past thurgh-out thi hert,
And the paynes of thi sone were in the ful smert,
That thi hert hade neuer lasted on non-kyn wyse
Hade thou noȝt trewed stedfastly that he suld vprise.
Lady, what nede was the for to make sorowe,
ffor thi sone dyed synful man to borowe?
Thou wote that he sal ryse agayn thurgh his awen myȝt
& with a body ful of ioye, apertely to thi siȝt.
Thou wote the fend is venquist, & wetes it noȝt,
Til thi sone out of helle haue al his chosen broȝt. fol. 16.
ffro he dyed til he rose that [men] myȝt him se,
Alle the trewthñ of halikerk was stedfast in the;
Alle his awen disciples of him thai were dredand,
Bot the faith in thi hert ay it was lastand.
Dere lady, succour vs of dedly synnyng,
ffor the ioye that thou hade of his vprising!

but believd that her Son would rise again.

Her faith was firm, tho' Christ's disciples doubted.

¶ *How ihesus is almyȝti.*[1] [1] Fr. deus omnipotent

HE rose by his awne myȝt, & that verraily,
And shewed so that he was ihesus almyghti.
He that al this warld made first of riȝt noȝt,
Man dampned agayn with his blode he boȝt.
Thus has he gyuen vs a gode counsail,
And thurgh riȝt venquist the fend in batail.
His lyf has shewed vs a ful redy gate
ffor to entre, if we wiłł, in-with heuen-ȝate.
ffor we sul traist on him in al oure nede,
He shewed vs the myȝt of god in his manhede.
Power of god and man was mellid in his dedis,
And that to stablenes of oure treuth gretly spedis.
Riȝt as a sharp swerd of the fire al glowand
The egge kerues if he smyte, the hete is brennand,
So godhede & manhede in o personñ
Shewed thair kyndnes[1] to mannes resoñ. [1] r. kyndes
We rede: when he was called til a weddyng,
Whan thaim failed wyne, sone at his bydding
Thai filled pottes of clene water in the stede of wyne:
And thai were turned in to wyne, & that gode & fyne.
When he bad fette water, he shewed his manhed,
And when he turned hit to wyne, he shewed his godhed.

Christ was God: He rose by His own might.

The power of God and man combined in His deeds,

as at the Wedding in Cana,

ffor he myȝt haue made wyne *with*-outen *water* broȝt,
Riȝt as he made, when he wald, al the warld a[1] noȝt.
at the Miracle of the Loaves and fishes, Also *with* fyue loues & only fisches two [1] r. of
He fedde, as we rede, fyue thousand & mo; 716
When thai hade eten ynogh, aH that ther were,
Twelf lepes of relef ful away thei bere.
His manhed to thaim aH delt bret & fische,
Bot his godhed ther multiplied al this. 720
ȝit we rede that lazar hade [lain] four dayes in his *grave*
and at the Raising of Lazarus. When ihesu crist fro ded to lyue wald *him* vp haue;
ffirst he grette & sithen he cryed to laȝar:
That shewed that he was *verray* man thar; [1] r. did 724
When lazare rose fro the ded & died[1] mannes dede,
Then was shewed that in crist was *verray* godhede.

¶ *Of the sacrament of the auter.*[1] [1] This passage is added.

At the Eucharist, GOd of aH his *meruailes* made vs a gode mynd
When he wold in forme of brede dweH *with* mankind. 728
Thurgh the *vertue* of *cristes* wordes of the sacrament
That the prest reherces at his messe *with* gode entent,
bread is turnd into Christ's flesh, and water into blood: Brede in to cristes flesch̄, & wyne in to his blode, fol. 17.
Sudanly is *turned*, for mannes gastly fode; 732
Nother brede ne wyne is after sacryng in the messe,
Bot *verray* goddes flesch & blode, in thair liknes.
Ther is of brede & wyne sauo*ur*, colo*ur*, & figure,
Lastand thurgh̄ goddes wil agayn co*urs* of nature; 736
But vnder this liknes is non other substance
Bot goddes body & his blode *with* thair purtenance.
In crist god & man, saul & body, flesch & blode
Are so fast knyt to-geder *with* kynde & loue gode 740
That whar that is any p*ar*ty of *cristes* awen body
Ther wiH god be & thai aH *verraily*.
Ther-for vndir liknes both̄ of wyn̄ & brede
they are real God and Man. Is *verray* both god & man that for vs was dede. 744
This is goddes dede, & passes mannes wit—
He has mekel mede that trewly trowes hit.
In this liknes gyues hit vs god, that is so gode,
ffor we wald be escheu of rawe flesch̄ & of blode. 748
Brede & wyne in the stomak taken to mete

Turnes in to flesch & blode thurgh kyndly hete :
Whi may noȝt god then, that al thing made of noȝt
And as haly writ sais many wonder wroȝt,
Turne sone in to flesch & blode both brede & wyne,
ffor to be to cristen man gastly medicine ?
If thou receyue his flesch & blode worthily,
Thou sal be as [a] quik lym of his body ;
And if thou kepe the so out of dedly synne,
As a cosyn of his thou sal heuen wynne.
The pask-lambe in the ald lawe that al men suld ete,
And man[1] that god send fro heuen til his folk [to] mete,
& blod that was euer offrid for clensyng of synne :
Was taken of his sacrament that oure help is ynne.
AH the tokens of this sacrament that we ay can fynd
In the old lawe, t[h]rugh trouth of this comes til oure mynd,
& aH the maruailes that god [wroȝt] ar he man ware
& [comen][1] of that clene mayden & modir that him bare.
If man wil with al his myȝt loue this sacrament
& vse hit out of dedly synne ay with gode entent,
Nother tunge may wel telle ne hert may wel think
The noble and gastly profit of this mete & drink.

If you receive them worthily, you are a living limb of Christ's body.

[1] i. manna, Hebr. man.

[1] om., *or* r. boren ?

The benefit of the Eucharist well receivd, no tongue can tell.

¶ *How ih*esus *is al strenghty.*

NOw hast thou herd wele how ihesus is almyȝty ;
Here now how he is ouer al other strenghty.
This name of ihesus has so gret in him[1] vertu & myȝt
That aH in heuen, erth & helle suld til him loute with riȝt ;
Oft in this name god mannes prayer spedes
Agayn the fend that hit ful mekil dredes.
This name is mirthe in hering, & comfort in siȝt,
Triacle in mouth & in hert, that is of mekil myȝt,
Socour to aH synful men, & to seke solace,
To him that is repentant ay ful of grace.
The fend was prince of this warld & hade man in prisoñ
Ay til our [lord] ihesu crist hade suffred passioñ ;
Ther was non so hely[1] that myȝt in erth dweH
Bot his saule, qwen he died, suld go to heH.
Hely men were in merknes ther thai no payn feld,
Bot the fend fro thair ioye agayn thair wil thaim held,

Christ is strong.

[1] r. in him so gret

To Christ's name all creatures bow.

It is mirth

and solace to repentant men.

[1] = haly

Paradise was shut to us till Christ re-opend it.

And the ȝate of paradys was agayn thaim stoken,
Til ihesus with his passiõ hade made it open.
When the fende sagh him wele on the crois hyngand,
He wend to haue made him forth ay in heꝺ lengand;
Bot sone the saul with the godhede as a fere lyon
And a kyng of al the warld, & noȝt as a prisõ,

He burst the bars of Hell.

Come to heꝺ & brast thair barres with his wiꝺ fre,
And toke out aꝺ anon with him that dyed in charite.
Him calles men a lord strong and myȝty
That has ay when he wil in batail the maistry.
Sone he venquist the fend & cuttyd his power,
That he suld noȝt tempt vs more then we miȝt bere.

He is our refuge and strength.

Thus is ihesus our refut, strenght & socour,
Our help & our hele, our ioye & our honour.

¶ *How crist is oure fader gastly.*

Christ is our spiritual forefather, as Adam is our fleshly one.

HEre now how crist was oure formfader gastly,
Riȝt as adam was to man formfader fleschly.
Aꝺ that was of adam born, lost heuen for his synne,
And aꝺ that cristes children wiꝺ be bi him may hit wynne;
Baptisme has the vertu of cristes hert-blode,
To make thaim his childer that wil take hit with[1] gode.

As all died by Adam, so all may live by Christ.

Thus riȝt as al men dyed thurgh adam,
So may al be quikned agayn in cristes name.
Was neuer no fader that any son so dere hade boȝt
As crist, that man wesch of synne & out of prisõ broȝt.
In fourty houres after his ded herged he helle

[1 *verse wanting.*]

And apered to his disciples in many-maner wyse,
To proue soth that he said that he suld vprise.

After His rising again, He ate with His disciples.

He ete & drank with thaim ichon, riȝt in thair siȝt,
And spak that was nedeful to thaim, mekel of gastli liȝt.
And elleuen of thaim he blamed sithen
ffor thei trowed noȝt that he was vprisen.
Bot it was til our faith ful heply
That Thomas of ynde trowed lattly,

Thomas put his hand into Christ's wounds.

Til he in to crist[es] hert-wond hade put his hand;
Than said he: "thou art my god & my lord lyuand."

[1] wil om. P

" ffor thou has sene me," q*uad* crist, " now thou trowes
ri3t;
Blissed be thai [that] trowes wele w*ith*-outen any si3t!"
When our faith was thus confe*r*med as thou has wele
hard,
Then bad *cr*ist thei suld it p*re*che thurgh-out al the warld,
And [baptize] aH that wald be in trouth stedfast,
In the name of the fader & the son & the haligast;
ffor th*er* [may] neu*er* non in heuen-blis wone
Bot he thurgh baptyme be made *cr*istes awen sone.
In this fader was neu*er* no wemme of synne,
The-for be hi*m* may [we] blis clayme & wynne.
Adam come of erth & band vs aH to prisoñ:
Crist then come fro heuen & payed for vs raunsoñ.
When he stegh vp agayn to heuen-riche blis,
He tok al the ded w*ith* hi*m* that was his.
Ther he haldes sesyn in his heritage
To al that wil folow hi*m* of his lynage.
Thar fader & sone & haligast
Are aH on god of my3tes mast.
In si3t of this thre p*er*sons in on godhede
Sal be in heuen our gret ioye & our mede;
Then sal we se in that ioyfulnes
How crist, our dere fader, is v*er*ray prince of pees.—
[1] When ihesu crist of heuen had wonnen his gret ri3t,
Then was sent the haligast anon, as he hade hi3t;
His disciples h*er*tes anon he wald enspire
In the fader liknes w*ith* tunges of fire.
So the haligast was send & sest thaim aboue,
That of the fader & the sone is the gode loue,
And is al on god w*ith* thaim in v*er*ray vnite,
Bot he is third p*er*soñ in the trinite.
When thei were thus fulfilled of the haligast,
Thai couth wele al langage & speke hit sone in hast;
Thai were so confe*r*med in trouth & al ful of grace
That for to p*re*che goddes lawe thai dred no kinges face.

Christ bade His Disciples preach the Gospel, and baptize men

that they might be made His sons.

He took His dead with Him to Heaven,

[1] vv. 845-954 added.

where we shall see Him, the Prince of Peace.

He sent his Disciples the Holy Ghost,

and made them to know all tongues.

The Articles of Belief.

¶ *Of the articles of trouth.*

HEre now of the articles of our trouth that we al traist Inne,
& the seuen sacraments that soccours vs of synne.
1. In God the Father; We sal trowen in on god of myȝtes alther-mast,
2. the Son; 3. the Holy Ghost; one God in Trinity; That is the fader & the sone & the haligast; None is other of this persones thre,
Bot aH are on god in the[1] trinite: [1] MS. thre
Thes thre are on god & on verray nature,
That made first of riȝt noȝt al-maner creature.
4. in Holy Church; We trowe in haly kirk, & haly mannes dedes,
5. in holy men's merits; That god ay with his grace thaim strenghtes wel & spedes
In trouth & sacraments & dedes of charite,
6. in forgiveness of sins; Thurgh whilk to the repentant forgifnes of synne sal be.
He that trowes noȝt as halikirk, is in dedly synne,
And mede in heuen in that state may he neuer wynne.
7. in the Day of Doom; At day of dome sal al mankynd vprise,[1] [1] This point is repeated in v. 891.
ffor to take ay-lastand dome on many diuers wise;
The gode sal go to heuen to ay-lastand blis,
And the wikkid to helle-fire that ay-lastand is.
8. that Christ was conceived by Mary, The aghtend article is of cristes manhede:
How mary conceyued him in clen maydenhede;
When the aungel gabriel come & gret hir with gode,
The haligast made a body of hir clennest blode,
& put a saul in to hit that al wysdam can;
Then god the sone toke that & become man.
9. and born; The neghend is that he of maiden mary was born
& no-thing of hir maydenhede ther-for was lorn.
10. that Christ died and was buried, The tend is that he suffred paynes wilfully,
Al to ded op-oñ the crois & biryng of body.
11. descended into Hell, The elleuend that crist in saule went doun to heH
& toke out al his awen chosen that with him suld dweH.
12. rose from the dead, The twelft is that he rose fro dede on the thrid day
And apperyd qwik in flesch with many tokens verray.
13. ascended into Heaven, The thrittend is that he stegh vp hegh in to heuen,
Ther he sittes in manhed with his fader euen.
14. and shall come to judge men at Doomsday. The fourtend is that he sal come vpon domesday
And gyue riȝtwis dome to qwik & dede, that sal last ay.

¶ *Of the seuen sacraments.*

ȝEt the seuen sacramentȝ are nedful to kenne.
ffor baptyme of al synne may soccour aƕ men; 1. Baptism.
For who as taas hit lawefully,
Of synne is clensed al fully.
The secund sacrament is confermyng: 2. Confirmation.
That agayn the fend is a gret strenghting.
The third is the sacrament of the auter, 3. Eucharist.
That is declared a litel befor here.
The ferth is penance ordaynd for mannes synne; 4. Penance.
This lawefully has thre parties him with-Inne:
Sorow of hert, schrift of mouth, & asseth making—
This thre of mede & grace bringes agayn taking.
The fift sacrament is for seke men anoynting: 5. Unction.
This is soccour agayn al uenial synnyng.
The sext is ordour that clerkes has on diuerse wise, 6. Ordination.
And ther-thurgh has diuerse power in goddes seruise.
That seuend betwix man & womman is wedding, 7. Wedding.
ffor remedie of lecherie & childer nurishing.
Thurgh gode & laweful vsyng of any of this seuen
May men wele escheu payn & liȝtly come til heuen.
Grace in this seuen heles man of al gastly sore;
And seuen vertues ables him that thou red be-fore.[1]
Seuen giftes of the haligast helpes ay his dede,
And seuen maner of blis parfourmes his mede.

[1] v. 421 ff.

¶ *Of the seuen giftes of the haligast.*

THe first gift, dreƕ of god, puttes fro man pride mast 1. Fear of God.
& makes him wele-manerd, pouer in hert and tast;
& that are thus meke in hert, & pouer gastly,
Crist blesses thaim alway, & heuen is thaires, treuly.
The second gift is pite, that puttes out enuy 2. Pity.
& makes man to worschipe god, his fader gastly,
& goddes lawe & his neghbour for goddes awen sake,
& thes gode dedes gode, benigne & myld wil him make;
Thai that has vertuously that ilk myldnes,
Ay sal haue lyuyng in mekil blissednes.
The third gift is cunnyng, that puttes away wrath 3. Knowledge.
& mas man to loue godenes, & with wikkednes to wlaƕ,

And haue sorow for his synne & taryyng of blis; 929
ffor this is man blissed, & heuen sal be his;
This gift of cunnyng may noȝt ful longe be
W*ith*-outen gastly ioye & gret charite. 932

4. Spiritual Strength. The ferth gift is gastly strenght, that puttes away slouth
& to eschape aH *per*ils mas man to haue trouth;
Hit mas man to suffre wel, & long to bide riȝt,
& riȝt be done to god & man ȝerne w*ith* al his myȝt;
& who-so has this ȝernyng & hungres riȝtwisnes, 937
Thai sal be ful-filled of hit & haue gret blissednes.

5. Counsel. That fift gift is counsail, that fordos couetise
& in hegh thing & hard mas m*an* of gode auyse; 940
Hit mas m*an* ay gode & benigne in alkyn thinge,
And rewles hym wele in warkes of m*er*cy doyng;
& aH that warkes of m*er*cy dos deuoutely, [1] = make certain
Are blissed of ih*es*u crist & ay sal haue m*er*cy. 944

6. Understanding. The sext gift is vnderstanding, that glotery fordos
& stires to c*er*tayn[1] trouth that h*im* gastly behose,
& makes h*im* of aH synne clene in h*er*t to be;
Suche men are blissid of crist, for thai sal god se. 948

7. Wisdom. The seuent gift is wysdam, that fordos lecherie
& confortes man in Ioye of god & pes swetly,
And mas man to kepe & make pees w*ith* gr*et* besines;
Siche are called goddes childer, & sal haue blissednes.
In suffring oght for riȝt standes the aghtend blis,
& who as eu*er* suffres so, the rewme of heuen is his.

[1] This passage is added.

¶ *Of antecristes commyng.*[1]

Before Doomsday Antichrist shall come. THat tyme when god wil suffre, before the [day] of dome 955
To t*em*pte & p*ur*sue cristen men antic*r*ist sal come;
He sal be born in babiloyn of the kynd of dan
That su*m* tyme here in erth of Iacob childer was an;
He shall call himself Christ, He sal regne in Ier*usal*em & h*im*-self [crist] caH. 959
Then many of ther wretched Iewes sal fast til h*im* faH.
When he mas h*im* god, his gode aungel sal h*im* forsake,
Then the fend sal h*im* enspire & hede of wikkednes make;
He sal feyne th*ur*gh fendes craft nere al cristes m*er*uailes,

Bot ay in him charite, mercy & meknes failes.
Simple men sal he deceyue with miracles doyng,
Couetous with gret giftes, & gode with punysching,
He sal make men as god to adour his ymage
& on thair [forehede][1] bere a mark of his seruage;
Who-so has noȝt that mark, sal nouther bye ne seH,
Bot antecristes tyrant sal thaim to ded queH.
Be reson & in haly writ it is goddes sawe:
Thurgh payn sal god neuer stresse man to forsake his lawe,
Bot what as any man dos here with his fre wiH,
Sal turne him, after it is, to gode or to iH.
Betwix antecristes comyng & his gret iH doyng
Sal Ely & Ennok com preche for mennes sauyng;
Then antecrist sal sle thaim in Ierusalem,
& god sal raise thaim to lif & tak thaim to his leme.
Bot thre ȝere & a half sal antecrist haue maistry—
ffor to saue his chosen that ordayns goddes mercy.
Then thurgh goddes myȝt sal that wikked be slayn,
& aH chosen that trespast then sal turne agayn.
The[n] ful many Iewes sal turne to cristes lawe,
& halikirk sal liue in pes out of tyrantȝ awe,
Shortir tyme or lenger, til that crist wil come,
To make the worldes ende & gif his grete dome.

and make men adore his image,

[1] a word om.: right hand *or* forehede, cf. Apoc. 13, 16.

and shall slay Eli and Enoch, but God shall raise them again.

Antichrist shall rule three and a half years,

till Christ ends the world.

¶ *Of the day of dome.*

IN the same fourme in whilk crist suffrid payn,
To deme both qwhik & ded he sal come agayn.
Then sal he shewe his body stremand al on blode,
& his hert clouen in two as he henge on rode,
& say: "for ȝow suffred I al this gret payn.
Telles now what ȝe to me has done ther-agayn!"
Allas, what may then til him synful man say
That neuer wele with-outen synne spendes on day?
Man sal ȝelde acompt then of al that god him sende,
Body & saul, witte & gode, how he has it spende,
& of ilk a nydel word that euer he here spak;
In wikked word & wikked dede then sal be gret lak.
After that degre of synne or of charite
That any man dyes Inne, sal he domed be.

He shall come as a man, bleeding, heart-cloven,

and ask us what we've done for Him.

As we died, so shall be our doom.

Than sal clere conscience be mekil more of told
Than any gret lordship *with* a world ful of gold:
ffor al sal then perisch that we here now make,
& synful man sal for drede sore tremble & qwak[t]. 1004
AH synne for whilk is noȝt worthily asseth made here,
Bes shewed ther al openly, to shame & gret lere.
Ilk a man then sal se his dome *ver*raily
The sinful shall cry for the mountains to fall on them. & for gret drede of god th*us* sal thei aH cry: 1008
"Montayns, falles dou*n* on vs, for to hid vs,
That we se noȝt the wrath of god that is so hedous!
Allas that eu*er* were we born any thing to craue,
ffor *with*-outen ende we are lorn, for nothing may vs saue. 1012
Alas, alas, & wele-away, wher-of may we ȝelp?
Whe are shent for eu*er* & ay, for no thing may vs help."
Before Doomsday Haly writ sais that befor this dome
Ou*er* al this wide warld a huge fire sal come; 1016
Seint Pet*er* sais[1] that then al sal brenne [1] 2 Petr. 3, 10.
Erth & wat*er* & al the warld, & al that is ther-Inne.
Heuens & ayr & aH the elements
fire shall cleanse the world, ffire th*urg*h brennyng then sal clens. 1020
ffire sal noȝt touche heuen in the whilk is blis,
Bot oth*er* heuens that vnder hit is.
The fire sal p*urg*e venial synne, [1] 1021-4 added. 1023
& ful hard pyne thai*m* that dedly [syn] is Inne;[1]
Hit sal fordo thing that sal noȝt endure,
And make al the remanant of fairer figure. [1] 1027-42 added.
all living beasts shall die, [1]Then al the qwik bestes sal tak thair endyng,
That were made bot for a tyme of ma*n*nes leuyng.
The four elements sal be fairer seuen-fold 1029
Then eu*er* thai were any tyme, oth*er* newe or old.
Ther sal be no chaunging fro cold to the hete,
Ne non oth*er* tempest of wynd & wedirs gret; 1032
Al cold & hete, foul venu*m*, fylth & stynk, [1] cf. v. 1095.
ffor to punish thai*m* in heH, sal dou*n* then synk.[1]
The heuens sal noȝt t*ur*ne aboute, bot stand ay in rest,
The sunne ay in the est, the mone in the west; 1036
Ilkon sal be more clere seuen-fold than he was,
Bot[h] to goddes worschipe & to ma*n*nes solas.

This sais god bi ysaie, that his wil wele knewe :
"Lo, I make botħ heuens & erth aħ span-newe."
This fairnes of the warld sal dampned men noȝt se,
ffor thai sal be in helle-payne or that fairnes sal be.
ffirst, when god wil, saħ aungeles a gret noyse make,
& crist thai*m* that are in blis sal *with* hi*m* take,
Then the remanant that sal be in that blis faire,
Sal be rauyst hi*m* agayn vp in to the aere.
Aħ saħ ryse fro ded to lyf of Adames lynage
Als in thair awen stat*ur* of thritty ȝer age ;
Aħ goddes chosen then sal ful p*ar*fit be,
W*ith*-outen any foulnes or super*fluite*.
Then sal cr*i*st say to thai*m* on his riȝt honde
A gode word, of aħ wordes comfortande :
"Come ȝe, my fader blissed, & haues the reume of heueñ,
That, befor the warld was made, [was] ordaynd ȝow ful eueñ.
ȝe gaf me mete whan I was hungry,
ȝe gaf me drynk whan y was thristy ;
When I hade nede ȝe harbard me ;
When I was naked ȝe cleded me ;
ȝe visit me when I was seke,
And in pr*i*son ȝe wald me seke.
That ȝe did for my loue to the lest of myne,
That same ȝe did to myself, ther*o*n sal ȝe noȝt tyne."
Then wikked men for heuenes of synne
Saħ noȝt agayn crist in to the aier wynne,
Bot thai on the erth [sal] cristes wordes here,
That sal be to thai*m* w*ith*-outen ende a lere,
When he sais : "go, waried, in to the fire of helle,
Thar ȝe in payne w*ith*-oute*n* ende w*ith* the fend sal dweħ.
ȝe s*er*ued neue*r* ioye aylastandly,
ffor ȝe fulfilled noȝt the warkes of m*er*cy."—
[1]Take now gode kepe here, wardly crist*en* man,[2]
& do thi saule p*ro*fit als wele as thou can !
Thurgħ warkes of m*er*cy may men heueñ wy*n*ne,
& thai that dos thai*m* noȝt, sal noȝt come ther-Inne.—
Bot ther are seuen warkes of m*er*cy bodely,

and as Isaiah said, the heaven and earth shall be made anew.

All men shall rise as when they were 30.

Christ shall call the good to Heaven,

because on earth they helpt His

poor for His sake.

But sinners He shall send to Hell.

Therefore, worldly men, do works of mercy here.

[1] 1071-1090 added.
[2] MS. men

*

& also other seuen warkes of mercy gastly; 1076
Thurgh trewe kepyng of any of this seuen
May a trewe cristen man wel come to heuen.
6 Bodily works above (l. 1055-60): 7th, is burying the dead. Sex bodely warkes has thou befor redde,
The [seuent] taght Tobie when he beryd the dede.
7 Spiritual Works. Seuen gastly warkes, that are of more mede, 1081
May thou hald in thi mynd to thin awen spede:
The first is for to teche the vncunnand.
The second is to counsail the doutand. 1084
The thrid is to confort him that is sorowful.
The ferth is to chasty him that is in synne wilful.
The fift is to forgif him that has iH wratthed the.
The sext is to support him that irksum is to the. 1088
The seuent is to pray to god for aH thes hertely,
That he amend thaim of thair faute thurgh his gret mercy.

[1] The next passages are treated freely: most of the particulars are added.

¶ *Of the paynes of* heH.[1]

TVrne we now agayn, sum-what for to telle
Of the orrible paynes that ay are in helle. 1092
Hell is a deep pit Helle is a depe pit stynkand, with aH myrknes:
Ther the dampned ay sal be halden in gret distres.
AH that is in the warld of filth & of stynk,
At day of dome sal doun thedir synk, 1096
ffor to eke thair stynkand payne, al be hit gret.
ffor ther sal be of heH-fire wondir huge hete;
with a fierce fire in it, That brennand fire with-outen ende so gretly hit glowes
That al the watur in the warld may not sloken his lowes. 1100
and great cold. Ther is als gret cold on another side:
Ther sudanly for more payne in to hit sal thei glide.
Thai sal noȝt haue no roume ther on be-side another,
Bot aH be cast on a hepe as of turf a fother; 1104
Sinners in it stink Ilkon sal stynk on other & double his payne,
& ilkon ay to greue other saH be ful fayne.
and gnash their teeth for pain, heartsick. Ther sal be gnasting of teth̃ for gretnes of payne,
And euer in the hert a sorowe souerayne 1108
That thai haue lost for a litil lykyng of synne
The ioye of the siȝt of god that al godenes is Inne;

& this worme of conscience sal bit thaim euermore
& ouer aⱡ paynes ay be to thaim a sore. 1112
No likyng sal thai haue, shortly for to say,
Bot al thing agayn thair wil that thaim gref may.
& thus sal thai be punist aylastandly,
With-outen hope of mercy or any remedy. 1116

The worm of conscience ever bites them.

¶ *Of the ioyes of heuen.*

Christ as Prince of Peace.

THair ioye in heuen sal wele more be
Then any hert may think or any egⱨ se,
Ne non ert[h]ly mannes ere may wele here
The Ioye that god has ordaynd til his awen dere. 1120
This ioye saⱡ haue then aylastand sekirnes,
ffor crist, kyng of ioye, sal then be prince of pes.
Ilk mannes body of thaim that god wil saue
ffour fair dowers of ioye in heuen sal haue : 1124

The blessed in Heaven shall have 4 joys:

¶ ffirst the body sal be [so] parfit there,
That no thing in al the warld myȝt him there [dere],
Aⱡ the fir of heⱡ myȝt him neuer brenne,
If he neuer so lange were laide ther-Inne. 1128

1. their bodies shall be perfect;

¶ The second dower of the body sal be briȝtnes
That man sal haue that dede[1] in gastly clennes ;
Ilk a body sal be there seuen-[fold][1] more briȝt
Then the sunne is here when it most liȝt ; 1132
& this gret briȝtnes of the body
Sal euermore cleth hit fair & honestly.

[1] = died
[1] om.

2. they shall be sevenfold brighter than the sun;

¶ The third dower of the body sal be sutilnes,
ffor hit sal be so clensid of aⱡ rudnes 1136
That non erthly body may lette hit to passe,
More then the sunne-beme is lettid be the glas.

3. they shall be subtle, able to pass thro' anything, and

¶ The ferthⱨ dower of the body sal be deliuernes,
ffor hit sal be clensid so wel of alkyn heuynes 1140
That sudanly, whedir as the saul has ȝernyng,
Thedir sal the body glide with-outen more letting.
In thes four dowers sal thi body be so parfit 1143
That of aⱡ erthly ioye of hit sal be delit. [1] 1145-1172 added.

4. thro' space at will.

[1]Thre gastly parties of thi saul ioye sal fulfiⱡ :
Thes are vnderstanding, a mynd, & a wiⱡ.
Vndirstanding that here was in trewthⱨ stedfast 1147
Of poyntes of oure faith that manes [reson past],[1]

The Saints' souls shall have 3 dowers:

1. the Understanding shall see

[1] om.

what on earth it could only believe,

Sal in clere siȝht of god al that he trowed se,
& in that souerayn fair siȝt al ful of blis be.
AH wysdam, al godenes, aH fairnes, al myȝt
Sal rauysh̄ man to the loue of god in that fair siȝt.
Man sal se in god as in a myrour
AH that he wil or may be to his honour.
Ilk man as he deserued mor or lesse here,
Sal haue ther ay the siȝt of god more or lesse clere;
Bot al sal be so fully payd in that siȝt
That couayt clerer siȝt non sal haue no myȝt.
And thus in the saul the vnderstanding

and be filld with joy;

Sal ay be fulfilled of ioye & likyng,
And this sal be in mannes saul the first dower,
After that he deserued when that he was here.

2. the Will shall be satisfied in Love;

His wiH that here loued god ouer al thing
& his euen-cristen for goddes bidding,
In the loue of god ther sal be so parfit
That al his ȝernyng sal be ful of delit;
That loue sal be ay so gret, so gode, & so faire
That nothing that may befaH sal hit oght empaire.

3. the Mind's hopes shall be realised.

His mynd that hoped to haue ioye thurgh grace & mercy
& dyed stedfast in trouth with-outen synne dedly,
Sal haue mekil more ioye then he euer wend,
& sikirnes that hit last ay with-outen end.
So sal ilk blissed saul be fulfillid of blis
That hit may nothing ȝern̄ thare that hit may mys.
He has parfit blis that has al his wiH,
& so be that he then[1] nothing wiH iH.
Ther sal nothing be that may greue, bot al liking,
That sal ay last sikirly with-outen endyng.
Sothly, [thes] thre dowers of the saul are the gret blis,
And mannes ioye is mesurd after he has of this.
This gret ioye is of gode loue & likyng & siȝt.
Al other ioye toward this [is] of litil myȝt,
As he that has the sunne-liȝt vpon a fair day,
ffor many torches if he liȝt no better se he may;
Noȝt more liȝt, bot more maners of liȝt he has,

The sight of God shall be man's food.

& that may be to him a maner of solace.
Clere siȝt of god sal ther be mannes fode

[1] MS. tben

And bri3tnes of body sal be clething gode.
Wark sal be thare, of god a mery louyng,
That neu*er* w*ith*-outen end sal haue irking.
If adam hade lyued to the warldes ende
And al the wittes of aH men god had h*im* send,
3it my3t he no3t haue told fully
The lest poynt of that ioye, v*er*raily.
Ther sal be nothing that may displese,
Bot al honeste & gode that may ese.
[Thre][1] man*er* of men sal haue a ioye special,
That is callid in haly writ of ioye a coronale;
Thes thre man*er*s are: v*er*ray martires,
Alle-clene uirgines, & haly techers.
Ilkon sal haue ther als [mekil] ioye of othir
Als he were a thousand sith his brothir;
Ilkon of oth*er* ioye sal haue a liking,
& that sal be [to] thaim of ioye a doubling;
This doubling sal be in noumbre a gretnes,
No3t to the ioye before euen mykilnes.
Aft*er* degre of loue of god that man hade here
Sal his ioye be mesurd, w*ith*-outen any were.
Man sal haue sou*er*ayne ioye in si3t of godhede,
And sithen a gret ioye of crist[*es*] manhede,
That he is both god & man that bo3t h*im* w*ith* his blode
& deyned to shewe to man so hertly mekil gode;
That his broth*er* sal eu*er* be his lord & his god,
That sal be a confort to h*im* w*ith*-outen make od.
In h*im*-self he has his ioye of al the dowers
Both of body & of saul, as clerkes vs leres.
Of the qwene of heuen, our lady mary,
That is goddes moder & weH of m*er*cy,
fflour of aH uirgines & avowe to mankynd,
May aH that are in heuen gret confort fynd;
Amang aH creatures sho has wele of aH weles,
ffor sho is moder of the king that al ioye deles.
Sithen ix. ordres of aungeles com*fortes* man in blis,
W*ith* thair gret myrth & ioyfulnes that thai may neu*er* mys;
Sithen al man*er* of men that to blis wendis,
And specialy aH gode men frendes

[1] MS. ffour

3 kinds of men shall have a special Coronal of joy: 1. Martyrs, 2. Virgins, 3. Teachers.

The Saints shall be comforted by seeing the Godhead, and Christ's manhood,

by the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady Mary,

by the 9 Orders of Angels,

by good friends,

Ekys[1] his ioye & confort when thai are mette, [1] MS. Ek ys
And that saH ay last *with*-outen any lette. 1228

and by all creation. ȝit heuen & erth & aH creatures
Sal be to mannes ioye, whiles hit endures.
AH the sorow & paynes of heH ay-lastandly
SaH confort hi*m* that eschaped thai*m* th*ur*gh m*er*cy.
Th*us* sal man in heuen ay fynd ioye & leth̄, 1233
Aboue him, w*ith*-Inne hi*m*, aboute & beneth̄.
Ay, sais seint austyn sothfastly,

To have the joy of Heaven for a day, men should forsake the world for ever. Man suld forsake resonably 1236
AH the welthes of this warld eu*er*more & ay,
ffor to haue the ioye of heuen only a day.
How mekil more then suld man ay forsake synne
While he lyued in erth, that blis for to wynne?
The godenes of god, the fairnes, the wysdam, the myȝt,
The ioye, the solace, the confort that ay is In his siȝt,
Passes aH mannes mynd, vndirstanding & wit,
Bot if he may come to blis fully & clerly se hit. 1244
Ther-for he that aH creatures first made of noȝt
And *with* his awne hert-blode al mankynd boȝt,

May God grant us to see how 3 persons are 1 God! Th*ur*gh his g*r*ace & m*er*cy g*r*aunt vs that ioye to se,
How thre p*er*sones are aH on god in trinite. 1248

Amen.

Here endes the myrour of lewed men.

A Munk made this myro*ur*, only for lewed mennes sake.
Thou that wiH se saule-hele, this thi myro*ur* thou take!

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